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THE WORKS

OF

PROFESSOR WILSON

OF THE UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH

EDITED BY HIS SON-IN-LAW

PROFESSOR FERRIER

VOL. V.

ESSAYS, CRITICAL AND IMAGINATIVE

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD AND SONS
EDINBURGH AND LONDON
MDCCCLVI

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ESSAYS

CRITICAL AND IMAGINATIVE

BY

PROFESSOR WILSON

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VOL. I.

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD AND SONS
EDINBURGH AND LONDON
MDCCCLVI

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PREFACE.

In the year 1842, Professor Wilson published in three volumes, under the title of "The Recreations of Christopher North," a collection of his miscellaneous writings selected from *Blackwood's Magazine*. These volumes (which will be reprinted in this edition of his works), were, however, very far from exhausting the materials which his prolific pen had contributed to that popular periodical. A quantity of writing much greater than that which was re-issued under his own auspices, still survives for republication; and it is now the business and duty of his Editor to place in the hands of the reader such a portion of these multifarious compositions as appears likely to amuse or interest him.

None of the Essays contained in the following volumes were prepared for republication by Professor Wilson himself. The advantage of his own deliberate selection and careful revision cannot be claimed for them: in this respect they labour under the same disadvantages which attach to the *Noctes Ambrosianæ*. Nevertheless it is certain that Professor Wilson intended, at one time or other, to republish these articles, or at least a large proportion of them. Separate copies of all his contributions to *Blackwood* had been made up for his use, and were in his hands for some years before his death. On the covers of these copies he has, in most cases, jotted down a memorandum expressing very briefly his opinion of the article in question, and signifying, either directly or inferentially, what pieces were, in his judgment, worthy, and what were not worthy, of republica-

tion. It is by these memoranda principally that I have been guided in bringing together this compilation. I have, in so far as the greater portion—indeed I might say the whole—of its contents are concerned, the Professor's own authority for sending it forth.

At the same time I have to regret, as I had in the case of the *Noctes Ambrosianæ*, that the Collection has not received the benefit of his final emendations. It has the seal of his *imprimatur*, but not the stamp of his corrections. To some extent, however, this disadvantage may be balanced by the compensating fact that, if these Essays have lost something in not having obtained the benefit of their Author's maturer judgment, they may also have gained something in having preserved, entire and undisturbed, the buoyancy and freshness of their original projection. The train of thought and feeling and humour which arose in Professor Wilson's mind under the fervent impulse of the moment, was generally such as no subsequent reflection could have inspired, and no subsequent criticism improved.

Short explanatory notices have been prefixed to such of the Essays as appeared to require them. In this place, therefore, I need only say that the chronological order in which the articles were originally published, has been adhered to *as the rule*. Where exceptions occur, the reason will either be assigned at its proper place, or will be sufficiently obvious to the reader. This may be added, that although Professor Wilson was a contributor (and a very efficient one) to *Blackwood's Magazine* from its commencement in 1817, the Essays contained in this collection are (with a few exceptions) of not older date than the year 1826: for this was the period about which he began to put forth his full strength, and to rejoice in the untrammelled exercise of his varied and peculiar powers.

J. F. F.

London, 14*th July* 1856.

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ESSAYS

CRITICAL AND IMAGINATIVE.

STREAMS.

[APRIL 1826]

How delightful, even to elders like us, to feel Spring breathing once more over air and earth! We have been quite happy and contented with Winter, however severe; nor have we ever felt the slightest inclination to be satirical on that hoary personage. On the contrary, there is not a Season of them all whom we love better than hale, honest, old Winter. But when he has migrated from the lengthening days, we think cheerfully on the last time we shook hands with him; and knowing that he is as regular as clockwork, have no doubts of his return as soon as he hears that we have again laid in our November stock of coals and corned beef. Indeed, his son, Spring, has so strong a family resemblance to his father, that were it not for the difference of their complexion, and a totally dissimilar style of dress, we should frequently mistake the one for the other. The likeness, however, wears off as we become better acquainted with the young heir-apparent, and find that, with most of his father's virtues, he possesses many peculiar to himself; while in every point of manners or lesser morals, he bears away both the bell and the palm from his sire. Like the old gentleman, he is occasionally cold to strangers—biting

in his remarks—or wrapt up within himself; but his iciness soon thaws—his face becomes animated in the extreme—his language is even flowery—and putting his arm kindly within yours, there is nothing he likes so well as to propose a walk among the pleasant banks and braes, now alive with the new-born lambs, through whose bleating you can but faintly hear the lark returning from heaven.

We seldom are exposed to any very strong temptation to leave town till about the second week in April. Up to that time the dinners have complete power over us, and we could not tear ourselves away without acute anguish. Lamb (see last paragraph) has been exquisite for weeks; and when enjoyed at the table of a friend, not expensive. Garden stuffs, too, have purified our blood, and, if that be possible, increased our appetite. Spring has agreeably affected our animal being, without having as yet made any very forcible appeal to our intellectual or moral system. To leave town during such a crisis of private affairs, would obviously be inconsistent with our judicious character. Take them on the whole, and the best dinners of a cycle of seven years will be found to fall in the months of March and April. We have verified this fact by tables of observation kept for eight-and-twenty years, now in the temporary possession of Dr Kitchener, who has been anxiously collating them with his own private Gastronomical Journal.

Yet in spite of such tender ties, by which we are bound to the urbane board well on into April, our poetical imagination is frequently tempting us away into the country. All such temptations we manfully resist; and to strengthen us in the struggle, we never refuse a dinner invitation, except when we have reason to know that we shall be asked to eat patés. Mr Coleridge, meaning to be very severe on Mr Jeffrey for having laughed at some verses of Mr Wordsworth's, about "the child being father of the man," declares somewhere or other, that not willingly would he gaze on a setting sun with a man capable of the enormity of such a criticism. On the same principles precisely, not willingly would we gaze on the setting sun with any man who, in his own house, had ever asked us to begin dinner with a paté. Such a request shows a littleness of soul and stomach, that could comprehend the glory

neither of a setting sun nor a round of beef—two of the very best things in their own way, in heaven or on earth.

But about the "very middle and waist" of April, we order a search through our wardrobe for trousers, striped and spotted waistcoats, jackets, foraging-caps, and thick-soled shoes, called by our housekeeper, Clampers. Then we venture to open our eyes and look a little abroad over the suburban gardens and nurseries. We had doggedly determined, indeed, not to take any notice of Spring symptoms before that time, for fear of pining away for the green fields. Accordingly, we wore our great-coat as faithfully as if it were part of ourselves, even during the soft days that now and then came balmy over the city gardens during the somewhat surly month of March. We rather kept our eyes on the ground in passing by rows of poplars, which we knew from the sweet scent were more than budding in the sunshine. When a bee hummed past us about the suburbs, we pretended not to hear her; and as to the sparrows, why, they twitter all the year through, almost as heartily as if they were inditing valentines, and their chatter never disturbs us. In short, we wish to enjoy the first gentle embrace of Spring in some solitary spot, where nothing will impede the mutal flow of our spirits, but where, "the world forgetting, by the world forgot," we may wander away together into the ideal lands of the Imagination, nor care if we ever more return to this weary and distracted life.

Perhaps you may be a little surprised at first, when we tell you that we do not like, on our first vernal visit to the country, to go to Buchanan Lodge. We hate having anything to do with a Flitting. These lazy, lubberly porters, pretending that their backs bend under half a load for an ordinary Girzie, try all patience; and there is no standing a whole forenoon's sight of a great blue-railed waggon, with a horse seventeen hands high in the shafts, sound asleep. A Flitting "is a thing to dream of, not to see." The servants engaged in one have a strange, wild, hurried, flustered, raised look, very alarming to a Sexagenarian: more especially the cook, armed with spit and gridiron, as with spear and shield, like Britomart. The natural impetuosity of the culinary character is exasperated into effervescence; and if she meet us hobbling down or up the front steps, she thinks no more than "Jenny dang the

weaver" of upsetting, or at least sorely jostling, her unoffending master. The chambermaids have on Flitting-day an incomprehensible giggle, through which they seem to be communicating to one another thick-coming secrets—heaven only knows about what—and "my butler" assumes a more portly and pompous air, in the consciousness of being about to act round about the Lodge as a summer land-agent. Then all within, what a dusty desolation! Only one chair, and that in the lobby, for so many wearied bottoms—"Cupboards vast, and presses idle!" To-morrow will be a fast-day to the mice—and before the week-end, dozens will have paid the forfeit of their lives to the offended laws of their country; for, next door, there is a maiden lady curious in traps, and inexorably cruel in the executive. You ring the bell by way of a dreary experiment, and a ghostlike echo answers from cellar and garret. For six months, and that is a long time for such an organ, that tongue will be mute. One dead plant is left behind in the lobby-window, close to the front door, for all the other windows in the house are closed up with shutters. No fear of the poor unhappy embers on the kitchen hearth setting fire to the tenement. Bang goes the street-door, like one of those melancholy peals of thunder followed by no other on some unsettled day that wants spirit for a storm—clunk plays the bolt to the strong-wrenched key in the hand of the porter—there is motion visible in the waggon, and the perceptive faculty finally admits that there is a Flitting.

All the miseries above has it frequently been our lot to witness and partake; but of late years it has been too much for us, and we have left the Flitting in the hands of Providence. Besides, how pleasant, on a stated day and hour, to walk into Buchanan Lodge, an expected Head of a House! All the domestics delighted to behold their beloved master hobbling towards the porch. Every window so clear, that you know not there is glass—the oil-skin on the lobby-floor glancing undimmed—nestlings in a twitter over all the clustering verandas; but all this is subject for a future leading article, whereas the title of the present is—Streams.

And first a few words in praise of running streams, and let us panegyrise them in Spates. Then the rill—pretty pigmy no longer—springs up in an hour to stream's estate. Like a stripling who has been unexpectedly left a fortune by an old

uncle, he gives his home, in a hollow of the broomy braes, the slip, and away off, in full cry and gallop, to "poos his fortune" in the world, down in the "laigh kintra." Many a tumble he gets over waterfalls, and often do you hear him shouting before he gets out of the wood. He sings although it be Sunday, and hurries past the kirk during the time of divine service, yet not without joining for a moment in the psalm. As the young lassies are returning from kirk to cottage, he behaves rudely to them, while, high-kilted, they are crossing the fords; and ere their giggle-blended shrieks subside, continues his career, as Dr Jamieson says, in his spirited ballad on the Water-kelpie, "loud nechering in a lauch." And now he is all a-foam in his fury, like a chestnut horse. The sheep and lambs stare at him in astonishment; and Mr Wordsworth's Old Ram, who is so poetically described in the *Excursion* as admiring his horns and beard, face and figure, in one of the clear pools of the Brathay, the Pride of Windermere, were he now on a visit to Scotland, would die of disappointed self-love, a heart-broken Narcissus. On he goes—the rill-rivulet—"neither to haud nor to bin'"—a most uproarious hobbletehoy. He is just at that time of life—say about seventeen—when the passions are at their worst or their best—'tis hard to say which—at their newest, certainly, and perhaps at their strongest, and when they listen to no voice but their own, which then seems to fill heaven and earth with music. But what noise is this? Thunder? No—a Corra-Linn, or a Stonebyres of a waterfall. Lo! yonder a great river sweeping along the strath. The rill-rivulet, with one shiver and shudder—for now 'tis too late to turn back, and onwards he is driven by his own weight, which is only another name for his own destiny—leaps with a sudden plunge into the red-roaring Spate, and in an instant loses his name and nature, and disappears for ever. Just so is it with the young human prodigal, lost in the Swollen River of Life thundering over the world's precipices.

Turn for a moment to the Grampians. You are all alone—quite by yourself—no object seems alive in existence—for the eagle is mute—the antlers of the red-deer, though near, invisible—not one small moorland bird is astir among the brackens—no ground bee is at work on the sullen heather—and the aspect of the earth is grim as that of heaven. Hark! From what airt moans the thunder?—'Tis like an earthquake. Now,

it growls. Yonder cloud, a minute ago, deep-blue, is now black as pitch. All the mountains seem to have gathered themselves together under it—and see—see how it flashes with fire! Ay, that *is* thunder—one peal split into a hundred—a cannonade worthy the battle of the gods and giants, when the Sons of Terra strove to storm the gates of Uranus. Would that Dan Virgil were here—or Lord Byron! O Dr Blair! Dr Blair! why didst thou object to the close of that glorious description —"DENSISSIMUS IMBER?" Jupiter Pluvius has smitten the Grampians with a rod of lightning, and in a moment they are all tumbling with cataracts. Now every great glen has its own glorious river—some red as blood, some white as snow, and some yet blue in their portentous beauty as that one thin slip of sky, that, as we are looking, is sucked into the clouds. Each rill, each torrent, each river, has its own peculiar voice; and methinks we distinguish one music from another, as we dream ourselves away into the heart of that choral anthem. Woe to the "wee bouracks o' houses," bigged on the holm-lands! Bridges! that have felt the ice-flaws of a thousand winters rebounding from your abutments, as from cliff to cliff you spanned the racing thunder, this night will be your last! Your key-stones shall be loosened, and your arches, as at the springing of a mine, heaved up into the air by the resistless waters. There is no shrieking of kelpies. That was but a passionless superstition. But there is shrieking—of widows and of orphans—and of love strong as death, stifled and strangled in the flood that all night long is sweeping corpses and carcasses to the sea.

Well, then, Streams! The unpardonable thing about Edinburgh is, that she wants a river. Two great straddling bridges without one drop of water! The stranger looks over the battlements of the one, and in the abyss sees our metropolitan markets—through the iron railing of the other, and lo! carts laden with old furniture, and a blind fiddler and his wife roaring ballads to a group of tatterdemalions. What a glory would it be were a great red river to come suddenly down in flood, and sweep away Mound and Bridge to the sea! Alas! for old Holyrood! What new life would be poured into the Gude auld Town, thus freshened at its foundations! And how beautiful to see the dwindled ship gliding under cloud of sail by the base of our castled cliff! Oh! for the sweet sea-

murmur, when torrent retreats before tide, and the birds of ocean come floating into the inland woods! Oh! that, "like Horeb's rock beneath the Prophet's hand," yonder steep would let escape into light the living waters! But this wish is a mere whim of the moment; and therefore it is our delight to escape for a week to the brooks of Peebles, or Innerleithen, or Clovenford, or Kelso.

Wherever we go to escape the Flitting, a stream or river there must be—our ears are useless without its murmurs—eyes we might as well have none, without its wimpling glitter. Early in life we fell in love with a Naiad, whom we beheld in a dream, sitting, with her long dishevelled hair veiling her pearly person, by a waterfall; and her every Spring have we in vain been seeking, and still hope to find, although she hide from our embrace in a pool far away among the hills that overshadow the lonely source of the Ettrick, or, embowered in the beautiful Beauly, delight in the solitude of the Dreme.

Once, and once only, have we been a few miles above Ettrick Manse, and memory plays us false whenever we strive to retrace the solitude. It was a misty day, and we heard without seeing the bleating lambs. Each new reach of the Ettrick, there little more than a burn, murmured in the vapours, almost like a new stream to our eyes, whenever we chanced to lose sight of it, by having gone round knoll or brae. Just as we came down upon the Kirk and Manse, the rain was over and gone, and while mist-wreaths rolled up, seemingly without any wind, to the hill-top, a strong sun brightened the vale, and bathed a grove of tall trees in a rich steady lustre. Happy residence! thought our heart, as the modest Manse partook of the sudden sunshine, and smiled upon another pleasant dwelling across the vale, yet a little gloomy in the shadow. And a happy residence it had been for upwards of half a century to the pastor, who, about a year before, had dropped the body, and gone to his reward. No record—no annals of his peaceful, inoffensive, and useful life! Death had never once visited the manse during all those quiet years,—neither sin nor sorrow had sat by the fireside—and there had been no whisperings of conscience to disturb the midnight sleep. The widow had to leave the long-hallowed hearth at her husband's death; but there is to right-thinking minds little hardship in such necessity, long calmly contemplated in foresight as a thing

that might one day be, and now submitted to with an alacrity to leave the vale for ever, that showed how dear it had been, and still was, to the old woman's heart! A new minister came to the parish, and he and his young wife were in a few months respected and beloved. Here they had let go the anchor of their earthly hopes, never to be weighed again in that calm haven. Their friends prophesied that they would live for ever—but long within the year the young minister died—and was lying a corpse at the very hour of that glorious sunshine! Many eyes wept for him, who, over his grey-headed predecessor, would have thought it foolish to shed any tears; for the grave is the fitting bed for old age, and why mourn when the curtains are drawn for ever? But when youth on the sudden dies—the voice seems stifled in the mould—and hope and affection are with difficulty reconciled to the decree. The old widow had left the manse, with quiet steps and composed eyes, and all her friends felt and knew that she would be cheerful and happy in the small town where she was going to live, near some of her own blood relations. But she who had but one year ago become a wife, and had now a fatherless baby at her bosom, left the manse during the dark hours, and was heard more than sobbing as she took an everlasting farewell of her husband's grave.

But we are in chase of the Naiad, the Musidora, whom we beheld bathing in the lucid pool, and who, more beautiful far than she of the Seasons, had no need to disrobe, veiled in the lights and shadows of her own pearl-enwoven tresses, that gave glimpses of loveliness from forehead to feet. Lo! she rises up from the green velvet couch beneath the atmosphere of St Mary's Loch, and leaning on the water as if it were a car, is wafted along the edge of the water-lilies of the Naiads' own gorgeous garden,—that Crescent Bay! What a thing it is to have a soul-deluded eye in one's head! Why, it is merely a wild swan, perhaps the identical one that Mr Wordsworth saw, when he said, in his own delightful way, let

> "The swan on still St Mary's Lake
> Float double, swan and shadow!"

Heaven preserve us from ridicule, it is a wild-goose! Lame of a leg too, evidently, as, with a discordant gabble, it stretches out its neck, and with much exertion contrives to lift up its

heavy hinder-end into flight. There's a Naiad for you—off, "slick away," to Norway at the nearest. Should the Loch Skene eagle get sight, or scent, or sound of the quack, her feathers are not worth an hour's purchase. There he comes in full sail before the wind! for although it is breathless down below here, there is a strong current flowing three thousand feet high, and the eagle has set every inch of canvass. He nears upon the chase; but suddenly, as if scorning the gabbler, puts down the helm of his tail, and bearing up in the wind's eye, beats back, in a style that would astonish a Bermuda schooner, to his eyrie.

Let us leave the loch, then (for Lochs will be well treated in another leading article), and go Naiad-angling down the Yarrow. Do you think she would be tempted to rise to this bright and beautiful butterfly, the azure fields of whose winglets are all bedropt with golden stars? What cruelty to immerge into another element the child of air! Perhaps it is Psyche herself, so let the captive free. Ha! did she not waver away into the sunshine, like a very spirit?

Here is a pool worthy of any Naiad, had she even come to visit Scotland all the way from some Grecian fountain. Look into it, and, the water disappearing, you see but the skies! A faint loch-born breeze comes rustling through the one birch tree that hangs leaning over from the sloping bank, and for a moment the vision hath evanished! Oh! what a slight breath of earth can dispel a dream of heaven! The breeze has gone by, and there is the same still, steadfast glory as before, the boundless ether pictured in a pool ten fathom round! The Naiad, the Naiad! Bless thy sweet face, smiling up from the pool, as if in one of those mirrors of deception sometimes exhibited by scientific and sleight-of-hand men travelling with a dwarf. What is this? Let us look a little more narrowly into this business. There our nose is within six inches of the surface of the water; and, reader, will you believe it, the Naiad, by some potent necromancy held over her even in her own watery world, slowly changeth into—Christopher North, editor of *Blackwood's Magazine*, and other celebrated works! Fain would we now, fancy-led, float down with the foam-bells, till

> "We passed where Newark's stately towers
> Look out from Yarrow's birchen bowers."

But lo! Altrive, the abode of our own Shepherd, whom we have not seen since the last Noctes Ambrosianæ. Yarrow! the Beloved of Bards of Old, well mayest thou be proud of the author of the *Queen's Wake!* and many a little pathetic lilt beside—hymn, elegy, and song, hast thou heard breathed by him, along with thy own murmurs, during the pensive gloaming. Nor will thy pastoral sister, the Ettrick, be jealous of your loves. For in spirit all the streams are one that flow through the Forest. And you too, Ettrick and Yarrow, gathering them all together, come rushing into each other's arms, aboon the haughs o' Selkirk, and then flow, Tweed-blent, to the sea. Our Shepherd is dear to all the rills that issue, in thousands, from their own recesses among the braes; for when a poet walks through regions his genius has sung, all nature does him homage, from cloud to clod—from blue sky to green earth—all living creatures therein included, from the eagle to the mole. James knows this, and is happy among the hills. But the hospitality of Altrive shall not be dismissed thus in a passing paragraph, but shall have a leading article to itself, as surely as we know how to honour worth and genius.

We called thee, Yarrow, The Beloved of Bards of Old! Ay! flowing in the brightness of thy own peace along the vale, yet wert thou often invoked by minstrels with a voice of weeping. Blood tinged thy banks, nor could the stain be washed away even by the tears of the Sons of Song. Thine became a traditionary character, if not of sorrow, yet of sadness, and all that is pensive or pastoral has ever seemed to breathe over thy braes. The wanderer carries thither with him a spirit of imaginative grief—an ear open to the mournful echoes of the ancient elegies of war and death. Thus, let the holms of Yarrow glitter to the sunshine as they will, yet, in the words of the old strain, they are "dowie" holms still; just as we always see something sad even in the smiles of a friend, whom we know to have been a man of sorrows, although to happiness he has been long restored. Cheerful chants there are about thy braw lads and bonny lasses; but sit down beside any shepherd on the hillside, anywhere in the whole Forest, and wherever

> "Yarrow, as he flows along,
> Bears burden to the minstrel's song,"

depend you upon it, the tale shall be one of tenderness and

tears! Such was the determination of the poets of the days that are gone, and such too is the spirit, Wordsworth, of that divine strain thou didst breathe, in thy inspiration, when first thy thoughtful eyes beheld the stream that had so long murmured in the light of song.

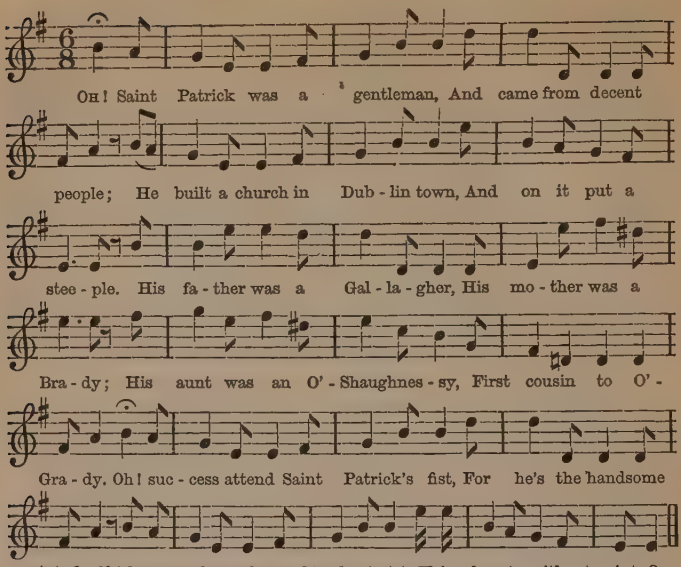
> "Delicious is the lay that sings
> The haunts of happy lovers,
> The path that leads them to the grove,
> The leafy grove that covers:
> And Pity sanctifies the verse
> That paints, by strength of sorrow,
> The unconquerable strength of love;
> Bear witness, rueful Yarrow!
>
> But thou, that didst appear so fair
> To fond imagination,
> Dost rival in the light of day
> Her delicate creation:
> Meek loveliness is round thee spread,
> A softness still and holy;
> The grace of foreign charms decay'd,
> And pastoral melancholy."

And why hast thou, wild singing spirit of the Highland Glenorchy, that cheerest the long-withdrawing vale from Inverouren to Dalmally, and from Dalmally church-tower to the old castle of Kilchurn, round whose mouldering towers thou sweepest with more pensive murmur, till thy name and existence is lost in that noble loch—Why hast thou never had thy bard? "A hundred bards have I had in bygone ages," is thy reply; "but the Sassenach understands not the traditionary strains, and the music of the Gaelic poetry is wasted on his ear." Songs of war and of love are yet awakened by the shepherds among these lonely braes; and often when the moon rises over Ben-Cruachan, and counts her attendant stars in soft reflection beneath the still waters of that long inland sea, she hears the echoes of harps chiming through the silence of departed years. Tradition tells, that on no other banks did the fairies so love to thread the mazes of their mystic dance, as on the heathy, and bracken, and oaken banks of the Orchy, during the long summer nights when the thick-falling dews almost perceptibly swelled the stream, and lent a livelier tinkle to every waterfall.

There it was, on a little river-island, that once, whether sleeping or waking we know not, we saw celebrated a Fairy's Funeral. First we heard small pipes playing, as if no bigger than hollow rushes that whisper to the night-winds; and more piteous than aught that trills from earthly instrument was the scarce audible dirge! It seemed to float over the stream, every foam-bell emitting a plaintive note, till the airy anthem came floating over my couch, and then alighted without ceasing among the heather. The pattering of little feet was heard, as if living creatures were arranging themselves in order, and then there was nothing but a more ordered hymn. The harmony was like the melting of musical dew-drops, and sung, without words, of sorrow and death. I opened my eyes, or rather sight came to them, when closed, and dream was vision! Hundreds of creatures, no taller than the crest of the lapwing, and all hanging down their veiled heads, stood in a circle on a green plat among the rocks; and in the midst was a bier, framed, as it seemed, of flowers unknown to the Highland hills; and on the bier a Fairy, lying with uncovered face, pale as the lily, and motionless as the snow. The dirge grew fainter and fainter, and then died quite away; when two of the creatures came from the circle, and took their station, one at the head and the other at the foot of the bier. They sang alternate measures, not louder than the twittering of the awakened wood-lark before it goes up the dewy air, but dolorous and full of the desolation of death. The flower-bier stirred; for the spot on which it lay sank slowly down, and in a few moments the greensward was smooth as ever—the very dews glittering above the buried Fairy. A cloud passed over the moon, and, with a choral lament, the funeral troop sailed duskily away, heard afar off, so still was the midnight solitude of the glen. Then the disenthralled Orchy began to rejoice as before, through all her streams and falls; and at the sudden leaping of the waters and outbursting of the moon, I awoke.

Away, then, from the Isle of the Fairy's grave—away on winged thought, at the rate of a hundred miles in the minute, and lo! the Falls of the Beauly! A pleasure party of ladies and gentlemen from Inverness, as I am an Editor—and the band of a militia regiment! Well, the "Duke of York's March" is intelligible music, and it is pleasant to count the bars, after

that unscientific and bewildering dirge of the green-robed people. "God save the King," and "Rule Britannia," are two tunes of which I should never tire, were they to be dinned till doomsday. These alone can we hum truly, and without putting our foot through the air. Nothing so grand as a cataract-accompaniment to martial music! Say what you will about solitude, what looks so beautiful by moonlight among trees, as scattered groups of beaux and belles, appearing by fits and starts, like native sylvans in holiday array? Hark! they are answering each other with shrill shouts, and peals of laughter, and many a harmless kiss is ravished in the dim glades. What pretty terror and astonishment strike a whole group motionless on the cliff, as our venerable Figure emerges, like the hoary genius of the Beauly, from a chasm, and ascends a natural flight of steps towards the virgins, each one leaning, in her alarm, on the breast of a protecting swain! Had we suffered our beard, descending to sweep our aged breast, what an incomparable Hermit! It is plain, from the looks of all, that we are taken for the Man of the Moon. But even here a contributor solves the riddle, and "Christopher North," "Christopher North," repeated by a chorus of nymphs, echoes among the rocks. And now, all gathering together on a platform above the Falls, we foot it deftly to the love-awakening waltz, in revolutions like the heavenly bodies, till the stars themselves seem to have caught the contagion, and, with rays round each other's glowing zones, wheel and whirl on the floor of heaven. A glorious cold collation!—Table surrounded by the Band, who ever and anon reduce the flirtation into hand pressure, by sudden bursts of martial or venereal music! —That Black, with the clashing symbols twinkling aloft over his six-feet-high curly head in the moon-glint, must be of the blood-royal of the "Souls made of Fire, and Children of the Sun!" How disdainfully would he annihilate the petty abolitionist by one white scowl of those fiery eyes! What cables of muscle lift up his huge flourishing hands! and how his yard-broad chest distends with power, as his wide diverging arms make the pectoral start like that of a Titan!—Christopher North is called upon unanimously for a song, and what more appropriate to the scene than the following Irish melody!


Oh! Saint Patrick was a gentleman, And came from decent
people; He built a church in Dub-lin town, And on it put a
stee-ple. His fa-ther was a Gal-la-gher, His mo-ther was a
Bra-dy; His aunt was an O'-Shaughnes-sy, First cousin to O'-
Gra-dy. Oh! suc-cess attend Saint Patrick's fist, For he's the handsome
saint, O. Oh! he gave the snakes and toads a twist, He's a beauty without paint, O.

2.

The Wicklow Hills are very high,
And so's the Hill of Howth, sir;
But there's a hill much higher still,
Much higher nor them both, sir.
'Twas on the top of this big hill
Saint Patrick preach'd his *sarmint*,
That drove the frogs into the bogs,
And bother'd all the *varmint*.
Oh! success, &c.

3.

There's not a mile in Ireland's isle
Where dirty vermin musters,
But there he put his dear fore-foot,
And murder'd them in clusters.
The toads went pop, the frogs went plop,
Slap-dash into the water,
And the snakes committed suicide,
To save themselves from slaughter.
Oh! success, &c.

4.

No wonder that those Irish lads
Should be so free and frisky,
For sure Saint Pat, he taught them that,
As well as drinking whisky.
No wonder that the Saint himself
To drink it should be willing,
Since his mother kept a *sheebeen* shop
In the town of Enniskillen.
Oh! success, &c.

5.

Oh! was I but so fortunate,
But to be back in Munster,
'Tis I'd be bound, that from that ground
I never more would once stir.
'Twas there Saint Patrick planted turf,
And plenty of the *praties;*
With pigs *gallore, ma gra m'astore,*
And cabbages—and ladies!
Oh! success, &c.

Somewhat too much of mirth and merriment—so up, up to yon floating fleecy cloud, and away to the Fall of Foyers. Here is solitude with a vengeance—stern, grim, dungeon solitude! How ghostlike those white skeleton pines, stripped of their rind by tempest and lightning, and dead to the din of the raging cauldron! That cataract, if descending on a cathedral, would shatter down the pile into a million of fragments. But it meets the black foundations of the cliff, and flies up to the starless heaven in a storm of spray. We are drenched, as if leaning in a hurricane over the gunwale of a ship, rolling under bare poles through a heavy sea. The very solid globe of earth quakes through her entrails. The eye, reconciled to the darkness, now sees a glimmering and gloomy light—and lo, a bridge of a single arch hung across the chasm, just high enough to let through the triumphant torrent. Has some hill-loch burst its barriers? For what a world of waters come now tumbling into the abyss! Niagara! hast thou a fiercer roar? Listen—and you think there are momentary pauses of the thunder, filled up with goblin groans! All the military music-bands of the army of Britain would here be dumb as mutes

—Trumpet, Cymbal, and the Great Drum! There is a desperate temptation in the hubbub to leap into destruction. Water-horses and kelpies, keep stabled in your rock-stalls—for if you issue forth the river will sweep you down, before you have finished one neigh, to Castle Urquhart, and dash you, in a sheet of foam, to the top of her rocking battlements. A pretty place indeed for a lunar rainbow! But the moon has been swept from heaven, and no brightness may tinge the black firmament that midnight builds over the liquid thunder. What a glorious grave for the Last Man! A grave without a resurrection! Oh, Nature! Nature! art thou all in all?—And is there no God! The astounded spirit shrinks from superstition into atheism—and all creeds are dashed into oblivion by the appalling roar. But a still small voice is heard within my heart—the voice of conscience—and its whispers shall be heard when all the waters of the earth are frozen into nothing, and earth itself shrivelled up like a scroll!

Our Planet has been all the while spinning along round the sun, and on its own axis, to the music of the spheres; and lo! the law of light has been obeyed by the rising morn. Night has carried off the thunder, and the freed spirit wonders, "can that be the Fall of Foyers?" We emerge, like a gay creature of the element, from the chasm, and wing our way up the glen towards the source of the cataract. In a few miles all is silent. A more peaceful place is not among all the mountains. The water-spout that had fallen during night has found its way into Lochness, and the torrent has subsided into a burn. What the trouts did with themselves in the "red jawing speat," we are not naturalist enough to affirm, but we must suppose they have galleries running far into the banks, and corridors cut in the rocks, where they swim about in water without a gurgle, safe as golden and silver fishes in a glass-globe, on the table of my lady's boudoir. Not a fin on their backs has been injured—not a scale struck from their starry sides. There they leap in the sunshine among the burnished clouds of insects, that come floating along on the morning air from bush and bracken, the licheny cliff-stones, and the hollow-rinded woods. How glad the union of hum and murmur! Brattle not away so, ye foolish lambs, for although unkilted, unplaided, and unplumed in any tartan array, we are nathless human beings. You never beheld any other Two-legs but Celts. Yet think

not that Highlanders people the whole earth, any more than they fight and win all its battles. Croak—croak—croak!—Ay, that is the cry of blood—and yonder he sits—old Methusaleh the Raven—more cruel every century—the steel-spring sinews of his wings strengthened by the storms of years—and Time triumphing in the clutch of his iron talons. Could he fight the Eagle? Perhaps—but their ancestors made a treaty of peace, before the Christian era, and all the descendants of the high contracting powers have kept it on the mountain's brow, and the brow of heaven.

A Shieling! There is but this one beautiful brake in the solitude, and there the shepherd has built his summer nest. That is no shepherd looking up to the eastern skies, for scarcely yet has the rosy dawn sobered into day—but Shepherdess, as lovely as ever trod Arcadian vale in the age of gold. The beauty may not be her own, for the very spirit of beauty overflows the solitary place, and may have settled, but for a morning hour, on the Highland maiden, apparelled after the fashion of her native hills. Yet, methinks that glowing head borrows not its lustre from the chance charity of the sky, but would shine thus starlike, were the mountain gloom to descend suddenly as night upon the Shieling. Now she bounds up among the rocks! and lo! standing on a cliff, with her arm round the stem of a little birch-tree, counts her flock feeding among dews and sunshine. The blackbird pipes his jocund hymn—for having wandered hither with his bride on a warm St Valentine's day from the woods of Foyers, the seclusion pleased them well, and they settled for a season in the brake, now endeared to them for sake of the procreant cradle in the hollow stump of the fallen ivied oak. The Shepherdess waits for a pause in his roundelay, and then trills an old gleesome Gaelic air, that may well silence the bird, as the clear, wild, harp-like notes tinkle through the calm, faintly answered by the echoes that seem just to be awakening from sleep.

And doth the Child not fear to live all alone by herself, night and day, in the Shieling? Hath she not even her little sister with her, now and then, to speak, and constantly to smile in the solitude? Can her father and mother send her fair innocence unshielded so far away from their own Hut? There is nothing to fear, and she feareth not. The Fairies, whom from childhood she has heard of in sweet snatches of traditionary

song, and whose green dresses she has herself uncertainly seen glinting through the hazels—the Silent People are harmless as the shadows, and come and go by moonlight in reverence round the Christian's heather-bed. If grim shapes are in the mists and caverns, they cannot touch a hair of the head that has bowed down in morning or evening prayer, at the sacrifice of a humble heart. Even with her religion there blends a superstitious shade, coming from the same mysterious feelings, and she lays a twig of the birken spray within the leaves of her Bible. From human beings she has nought to dread, for sacred to every Highlander is the Shieling where his daughter or his sister may be singing through the summer months her solitary song. On the Sabbath-day, too, she sits among her friends in the kirk, except when the mountain-torrents are swollen; and her friends, "by ones and twos," visit her for half a day, and take a cheerful farewell. One there is who dwells many a long league beyond the mountains, on the shore of a sea-loch, who, when the nights are hardly distinguished from the days, travels thither, and returns unknown but to their happy selves, for their love is a sinless secret buried in bliss. He takes her to his bosom during the midnight hush of the hills, as a brother would a sister, returning from the wars, and finding her an orphan. In those arms she careth not whether she wakes or sleeps, and sometimes on opening her eyes out of a suddenly-dissolved dream, she sees that he has slipt away, and starting to the door, watches his figure disappear over the summit of the well-known ridge—on no very distant trysting-day to return.

Here have we been for an hour at least hobbling up and down Princes Street, with our eyes in a fine frenzy rolling, in a gross mistake about the Dumfries Mail. The loungers have been gazing on us in wonder and fear, knowing our irascibility in our imaginative moods, and keeping, therefore, out of the wind of our crutch. While our old crazy body has indeed been moving to and fro, like an automaton, between the Mound and the Magazine, our soul, as you have seen, has been taking her flight over flood and fell, and speaking Gaelic with the Sons of the Mist. Doubtless, the gouty old Don has been soundly belaboured by the laughter of the ice-cream-eating dandies that on the steps of Montgomery's shop most do congregate; but what was their windy suspiration of forced

breath, the only satire within the range of their impotence, to one who was with the red deer on the bare mountain, or with the roe in the sylvan glen? But hark, the horn!—Ay, the driver recognises our person, and pulls up before the pillars of the Grecian temple on that truly attic and artificial natural eminence, the Mound. A passing Lord of Session assists us to mount the box (our great-coat having kept that chosen seat for its master)—all right, and off she goes at a spanking long trot, that, in little better than an hour, will carry us out of the county.

It may seem a very unromantic way of travelling into the ideal lands of the Imagination, on the top of a mail-coach; yet could not even a poet choose a more convenient and characteristic conveyance. Few sorts of wings could waft you with equal swiftness, certainty, and safety, away from those hideous lines of human dwellings called streets. How you exult in the greeting air of the hills, and eye disdainfully with retroverted glance the whole army of smoky chimneys, defiling afar off into one solid square! Behind, a dim, dull, dusky, dirty haze! Before, the true, unpolluted, celestial azure, beautiful as lover's dream of his own virgin's eyes on the morning of her bridal day! The very guard's bugle now speaks music to the echoes; and you bless the name of Adam in that of his son Mac, as his Majesty's most gracious Machine seems to spin self-impelled along the royal road both to Philosophy and Poetry.

We know not, at this moment, any other class of lieges so thoroughly amiable as mail-coach guards. What bold, yet civil eyes! How expressive the puffed-up cheek, when blowing a long line of carters into deflection! How elegant the attitude, when, strap-supported, he leans from behind over the polished roof, and joins in your conversation in front, with a brace of Bagmen! With what activity he descends to fix the drag! and how like a winged Mercury he reascends, when the tits are at full gallop along the flat! See with what an air he flings kisses to every maiden that comes smiling to the cottage-door, at the due transit of the locomotive horologe! You would think he had wooed and won them all beneath the dewy milk-white thorn; yet these fleeting moments of bliss are all he has ever enjoyed, all he ever can enjoy—for, by the late regulations, you know mails go at the rate of nine knots

an hour, stoppages included, so all such little love-affairs are innocent as in the days of gold, and before the invention of paper-money. The most bashful maiden, knowing that she is perfectly safe, flings towards the dickey her lavish return-kisses, and is seen squandering them, as if she had forgot that some should be kept for real use and sudden demand, on one, who, at the next turn of the road, is found faithless to the "love he has left behind him," and like another Joannes Secundus, bestowing his "Basia" on a new mistress—a work that thus steadily runs through a greater number of real editions, than any of the late "most important" ones of our worthy friend Mr Colburn.

If the day be a fine one—and the Bagmen facetious—it matters not much to us through what kind of a country we are trundled along—pastoral or agricultural—dank or drained—naked, woody, or with only here and there a single tree. It is the country—that is enough—the bosom of old mother earth, from which we grasshoppers sprung. What although mile upon mile of moor and moss lie before and around us, like a silent and sullen sea? Yet to our ears it is neither silent nor sullen. Like Fine-ear himself, in the tale, we hear the very grass growing—the very ground-bees buzzing among their first-formed combs in their cosy nests—the ants repairing the interior of their temple—the mole mining his way to the surface of the greensward, preceded by the alarmed worms—the tadpoles jerking in the ditch-waters, here as clear as any springs—the footsteps of the unseen lapwing on the lea—the rustle of the little leverets, close by their mother's side, hidden among the brackens! But we might go on thus for a whole sheet—so, suffice it to say, that during the occasional silence of the politico-economical Bagmen ceasing to dissert on free trade, the whole resources of natural history are at our disposal, and we commune almost unconsciously with the reviving spirit of animated and inanimated nature.

Gentle reader! are you fond of roaming about the country by yourself, at some considerable distance from your domicile? We say at some considerable distance from your domicile; for to be familiarly known by all the men, women, and children you forgather with, is tiresome in the extreme, both to yourself and them, and almost disgusting. In such excursions, however made, on foot, filly, or fly, how pleasantly every object

affects you, as you creep or canter by, without the smallest necessity for that painful process—ratiocination! The senses are indeed most admirable contrivances; and we cannot be sufficiently thankful for "the harvests of a quiet eye" or ear, reaped at her leisure by the Imagination! There is a cottage —you cannot help seeing its wreathing smoke, neither can you help descending the chimney, and plumping down into the midst of four laughing country girls, devouring soup or sowens. Only look at the gudewife—twelve feet in circumference, more or less, and a face that baffles all competition. After romping a moment—for it is all you can spare—with one of the four who has taken your fancy you know not how—perhaps by the steadfast gaze of her large hazel eyes swimming in delicious lustre—instead of taking your departure up the chimney, you evanish, generally, after the fashion of a Brownie—and find yourself once more sitting cheek-by-jowl, *in medio tutissimus*, of your two Bagmen.

There again, that wreath of smoke attracts your eye, wavering over a small coppice-wood, and betraying an unseen dwelling. Dove-like you wing your way thitherwards, and behold an aged couple sitting opposite to each other by the ingle, each in a high-backed arm-chair, while a small maiden is sewing in silence on her stool, exactly midway between, and never lifting her eyes from her pleasant task-work. Is she servant or grandchild, or both together? An indescribable likeness on her pretty small-featured infantine face, tells you that she is of the same humble line as the old people. But why so silent? She is listening to the story of Joseph sold by his brethren into captivity. The Bible is on the old man's knees, and his spectacled eyes are fixed on the page, almost needlessly, for verse after verse rises of itself before his memory. The chapter is finished, and the child, wiping away a tear, lays by the kerchief she had been hemming, and trips away to the garden for dinner herbs, and with a pitcher to the well. The open daylight awakens a song in her gladdened heart, at the very moment the lark is leaving earth for sky; and flinging back her auburn ringlets, the joyful orphan watches the lessening bird, and all the while unconsciously accompanies with her own sweet pipe the ascending song.—But back to your own two Bagmen.

You cannot choose but see a nest-like Hut, embowered in

birches, on the brae-side, and stooping your head you cross the threshold. Not a mouse stirring! You look into a little back-room, with a window that shows but the blue sky, and there, sound asleep, beside her silent wheel, with her innocent face leaning on her shoulder, hands clasped on her lap, and her white unstockinged ankles dazzling the mud-floor—there sits the Gentle Shepherdess, unconscious of a hundred kisses on forehead, lips, and bosom. Oh! that you could read the creature's dream, written as it is in characters of light on that cloudless forehead! See, an old ballad has fallen from her hand—doubtless a tale of love. Ay, and although breathed a hundred years ago, from the heart of a homely swain, who perhaps married a plain coarse lass, and became father of ever so many yelping imps of hungry children—a very clodhopper, who could not write his own name, and as for conversation, was never known to finish a sentence—a vulgar wretch, who shaved once a-week, and ate a firlot of meal every fortnight—and who played the fiddle occasionally, when the regular Apollo was drunk or dead, at fairs and kirns—ay, although framed by such a poet, yet tender and true to nature, and overflowing with the sad delight of his inspired soul. Contributor to all the Magazines but one! Author of various pieces in prose and verse! Inditer of Petrarchan sonnets and Sapphic songs! that *terræ filius*, who has gone back to the dust without his fame, was dearer than ever thou wilt be to all the heavenly Nine. They purified the clown's soul from all gross and earthly passions, and with their own breath fanned the spark of genius, that slumbered there, into a flame. Then flowed the sweet murmuring words—then came the pensive pauses—and then the bursts from the beating and burning heart. Nature knew it was Poetry—and she gave it to Time and Tradition to scatter over a thousand glens. How, pray ye, do you account for the caprice of genius, thus glorifying the low-born, low-bred peasant—and why should low birth, and low-breeding, in cottage, hut, or shieling, be thus made beautiful by the light of undying song? But the solitary maiden awakes and takes you for a robber—so up again, my dear sir, up again to your Bagmen.

In short, you keep repeating the same process, with variations, all the stage; and by the time you arrive at the inn, you have made yourself thoroughly acquainted with all the real or

imaginary domestic economy and private histories of all the families in three successive parishes, from the sexton to Sir John Haveril—himself of that Ilk.

In like manner you become enlightened, whether you will or no, by merely keeping your eyes open in your head, on the state of agriculture. Stone walls, where no stone walls should be, or tumbling down in rickles and gaps; open gates, with broken bars that would not turn a tinkler's cuddy; wide weedy ditches, full of frogs and foliage; burweeds thick-set in every pasture-field, as a congregation at a tent-preaching; thistles six feet to the grenadiers, and five feet eight inches to the light-infantry, and Matthew Brambles, through whom many a sheep has become a prey to the ravens, are seen by your eyes in spite of your teeth, and your mind passes judgment for you on the stupidity or laziness of the tenant, who, you see, is behind with his rent, and has orders to quit at Mayday. Or, hedgerows here and there, with a princely elm or oak, all clean as those round a garden, and easily-shifted hurdles dividing the smiling fields into temporary enclosures—and padlocked gates defying the cunning of stray horses, or the carelessness of wandering lovers—and compost heaps, on which may the hind's spring-spade not disturb the nest of the water-wagtail —and old lea-riggs, whose bright verdure is embroidered with the glowing gowans; and downy brairds, that in three weeks will be bearded barley; and a general character of permanent and principled well-doing over all the beautiful farm. Every field holds forth for itself, in a style of rich or simple eloquence. The great principle of rotation evolves itself to the very senses visibly among the crops. The potato-field speaks for itself, with the true Irish accent; and wheat reminds you of the blades of Cockaigne. You turn round upon the Bagmen, and are so copious on agricultural produce, that the one takes you for Sir John Sinclair, and the other for Mr Coke of Holkham.

Or, if you are like us, not only a politician and a philosopher, but also a painter and a poet, why, what hinders you all the while the mail is at nine knots, to leap down into yonder glen, on whose brink three hundred feet high of chasmed cliffs frowns, or rather say smiles, so green is the ivy on one rounded corner, and so red the wall-flower on the sharp edges of the other, and so bright the sunshine over all the revivified walls —a Castle so old that tradition has forsaken its donjon-keep,

nor could Jonathan Oldbuck himself tell the tale of the spurs and dagger dug up along with the great yellow bones!—sketch the old Castle—and bring away, if not in your paper-book, in your astounded spirit, that grim, black, groaning abyss, into which sullenly descends the waterfall! Tumble in there, my boy, head-over-heels, and thenceforth you will be invisible as the merit of the last damned tragedy. But you shan't be hissed—unless in your descent, reverberating the slimy rock walls, you enrage a nest of owls—or irritate a surly old bat, taking a cool nap beneath the portico of his cavern. It is a gross mistake to dream that the river in flood will drive your mangled corse down to the low-lying lands, where being picked up, it may be conveyed to the Modern Athens for Christian burial. We tell you, for the second time, your corse will never be seen on this side of eternity—for at the bottom of that huge rock, that rises like a steeple from the channel to the Castle's foundation, time and the torrent have scooped out a catacomb, from which there is no egress, for a fierce gurgle of foam shuts up its mouth like a stone, and secures all the skeletons! So up, if you be wise, between the Bagmen.

You observe we have a pannier on our shoulder, and a fishing-rod in its numerous pieces, not unlike the Roman fasces. You must know that we are on the way to the Crook Inn in Tweedsmuir. Ostensibly, we are going to angle; but the truth is, that that is almost a pretence. An elderly gentleman, ever since Dr Johnson's verses, looks absurd in his hat and wig by the side of a murmuring stream; so we have mounted a foraging-cap, and let our few silver hairs take their chance in this genial weather. With our angle in our hand, we shall be able to dauner down the streams, without awakening suspicions of sanity or suicide in the minds of the shepherds; and not improbably we may kill, without intending it, a glowing, golden, starry-sided Prince of the Pool, who has reigned a lustrum over a populous empire of trouts and minnows.

We have lost somewhat of our enthusiasm even in the "angler's silent trade," and never hope to fill our pannier to the very lid again in this world. Ours, indeed, is now "the sober certainty of waking bliss," in all the pursuits of this life. But we envy not in others those eager transports which we never more can share. We remember the days of our youth, and are grateful. No rushing down now, with

breathless anxiety, to the water-side, to see with our own eyes if it be indeed in trim for the delicate gossamer midge-fly tackle. No desire to murder any previous angler in the very act of landing a giant on the shelving sand of our favourite and unfailing pool. No strict compact to fish stream and stream about; no proposal made in bitterness of rivalry, to toss up for precedence, down the bright, beautiful, breezy, Tweed, murmuring along through the lights and shadows. No wading to the arm-pits, or swimming to the opposite bank from which alone we could command the certain eddy at the head of the Saugh Linn. No—no—no! Then we were young Charles Cotton—but now we are old Isaac Walton. We now put our rod together by the water-edge, as composedly as if exhibiting its taper longitude to admiring children in our parlour. We draw the reel-line through the rings, one after one, as solemnly as if moralising on the thread of life, so apt, with all possible preservation, to get rotten, or to snap in its strength. And after we have got all ready, and the deadly red spinner, or March brown, or Phin's delight—is circling the air about to descend on the curl, would you believe it, we have grown so fastidious, that not one pool in a dozen will we condescend to try, and only drop in our tail-fly, as light as a snow-flake, above the dimple made by the pig-like snout of a four-pounder that we have doomed to death. And when we lay him gasping on the gravel—no keen exultation, no fervent triumph! We regard him with serious eyes, and almost wonder, with a slight self-upbraiding, why we could not have left him for another year to enjoy the murmurs of his native linn, and salmon-like, fling himself in sport among the spray-rainbows of the waterfall.

"The Tweed, the Tweed, be blessings on the Tweed!" Bagmen, behold the Tweed! It issues from the blue mist of yonder mountain, *Scottice* Erickstane. The very wheels of the mail—the axle himself, is loth to disturb the liquid murmur. That sound—call it a noise—for it is brawling jocundly—is from some scores of tiny waterfalls, up among the braes, all joining, like children's voices the leader of an anthem, the clear strong tenor of the Tweed. A blind man, with a musical ear, might almost be said to see the river. Yonder it is—one bright gleam, like that of a little tarn; but a cloud has been passing, and the gleam disappearing, there you behold

at once a quarter of a mile of stream, pool and shallow—cattle grazing on the holms—sheep dotting the hills,—over yonder grove, too distant to be heard, the circling flight of rooks, and tending thitherward a pair of herons, seemingly unmindful of this lower world, yet both crammed as full as they can fly with fishes from the moor-lochs—more easily caught, perhaps, by the silent watchers than the stream trouts; or rather do not herons prefer such angling, because Guemshope is a lonesome loch, and they have it all to themselves—their own silent preserve?

But lo! the Crook Inn, and we must say, "farewell," to guard and bagmen. The former assists us, even as if he were a son of our own, down with our gouty foot on the rim of the wheel, and then, tenderly carried beneath his arm, deposits us safely on *terra firma*. Why, our crutch is now altogether unnecessary. Our toe is painless as if made of timber, yet as steel elastic. Gout, who certainly mounted the mail with us in Princes Street, has fallen off the roof. Well, this perfect freedom from the shadow of a twinge, is to us as "refreshing" as a pretty new poem to Mr Jeffrey. No more of that revolutionary, constitution-shaking, radical, French eau-medicinal. A few gulps of Tweedsmuir air have made us quite a young elderly gentleman. There, landlord, give our crutch to Bauldy Brydon, the lameter; and, hang it, if we don't challenge the flying tailor himself to a hop-step-and-jump match in the meadows. There, "right—left—right—left"—that's the way we used to march thirty years ago, when we raised a regiment of our own in defence of Liberty and Law, and even now we take it not amiss, civilian as we are, to be called—Colonel.

We were beginning to like both Bagmen. For a few miles out of Edinburgh, they were nothing short of offensive—so rich their unaspirated southern slang, that bespoke them true subjects to their liege lord, the King of Cockney-land. Their long loud laugh, how coarse and sensual! How full of pus the pruriency of their imaginations! Their sensations how gorged—in what state of starvation their ideas! The one was the Wit, the other the Man of Information. Then they had been at Bolton, and attempted trotting, but they soon ran dry; and after an hour and twenty minutes' exhibition and exhaustion, both together were not a match for the twelfth milestone. Nevertheless, we saw them wheeling away for ever from our range of vision, with feelings of the

slightest, but most unaffected sadness. Nor were they unmoved. About Penicuik they had discovered, that, notwithstanding the comeliness of our green old age, we were somewhat of an ugly customer to all Cockneys; and they drew in their horns as quickly as the guard does his after a turnpike-opening Tantarara. About Nine-mile-end, one of them hesitatingly proffered a pinch, apologising for the device on the lid of a papier-maché snuff-box, conceived in the true Gallic grossness; and at Whitburn the other (who said he knew Tims) handed us up a glass of negus, with a kindly expression of countenance that disarmed all criticism on the pug nose it illuminated. Therefore we felt our hearts warm towards both Bagmen; and should this meet their eyes, let it be taken as an acknowledgment of the pleasure we received from their sprightly conversation, and especially from their duet, so extemporaneously chanted on our first catching a view of the Tweed—

"Gee ho, Dobbin, Hey ho, Dobbin,"

till the solitary Tower of Polmood sent his echo from the hill, and the Genius of the river hoped the restoration of the days of chivalry.

The kind greeting between an annual customer and a pair of wayside innkeepers, male and female, is with us one of the very best of the small cordialities. Suppose that over, and Mr Christopher North shown to his parlour, with many assurances that he looks younger and younger every year. Why may not that be the truth after all? After the voyager of life has sailed through the grand climacteric, and gets into the fine open Pacific sea—he downs with his storm-jib, and hoists all his fair-weather canvass. He also shows his colours, and now and then fires a gun to bring to any brigantine about his own tonnage and weight of metal. Accordingly we believe that we look much more dangerous—and indeed not only look, but are so—than your full-cheeked, thick-calved, bolt-upright, broad-shouldered bachelors of about forty. Were we young girls, we should become loath-sick of such Lotharios, who have lost the loveliness of youth, without having gained the venerability of age. Thirty miles on the outside of the mail is a whetter; and dinner, we confess, is to us the Meal of Meals. The bare mutton shoulder-blade has been thrown to the colleys—the cheese has been sent for by a traveller from Moffat, with his compliments to Mr North courteously returned

—and one single bottle of as fine old port as you could elicit even from the cellars of Brougham and Anderson, having been discussed by us, all except three glasses for our bolster-cup—pray how are we to pass the evening? Thank Heaven for all its blessings—and for none more, than that, when free from the pressure of life's heavier calamities, never once, during the memory of threescore years, has one evening hung upon us ponderous or protracted! Enough to amuse our vacant, and to sober our thoughtful mind, to hear the house-clock ticking when all but ourselves were asleep; and often have we, before going unchambermaided to bed, stood holding up the candle, burned down nearly to the socket, to the mysterious face of the Time-teller, with his long sweeping hand, and his short one so sure and steady, awe-struck in our travelling Kilmarnock nightcap, at the tick—tick—tick reminding us momently that we were one—two—three steps farther advanced on the road to eternity.

A single blockhead, or even a batch of blockheads, would be miserable at the Crook Inn. There is no stir on the road to stare at—two or three chaises, perhaps, at the utmost, during a whole day at this season; and now and then a farmer, jogging by with—it may be—his wife behind him on a pillion. Nothing to look at but green hills—a few flat potato-fields, covered with pyramids of dung, and a river—name by blockhead unknown and unasked—with a din more wearisome and monotonous than a hurdy-gurdy. But, reader, neither you nor we are a blockhead; so, happy could we be together, or apart, with the "Crook in our lot," all a summer's day; for who, with a heart and a soul tolerably at ease within him, could fail to be happy, hearing, as we do now, the voice of the Tweed, singing his pensive twilight song to the few faint stars that have become visible in heaven?

Let us dauner away, then, along to the banks of the Tweed—and if the dews be not too heavy, lie down, like one of the other resting and ruminating creatures, on the close-nibbled braes. A contemplative man looks well, with arms folded, eyes now searching for stones, and now for stars, footsteps slow as if the drag had been put on,—and ever and anon a pensive philosophic sigh;—but as there are now no immediate spectators but about a dozen cows, and one old ram, who seems meditating a charge of horning, we shall not cross the runlet

that separates us from Mr Wooler,—in this case no black or yellow Dwarf, we assure you,—but shall take the chair, an accidental armed one, framed in a freak by that most fantastic of cabinet-makers, Chance; and as the evening is now warm, and we "have taen our auld cloak about us," it matters little if we should even fall asleep. Ay, there now are a hundred suddenly-lighted candles—but there is no fear of their setting fire to the curtains—the beautiful blue-hanging curtains, lately edged with gold, but now with cloud-fringes, pure as the silver or the snow.

Nothing is farther from our thoughts than the wish to be poetical; yet who can escape being so Scott-free, when walking alone by Tweedside, under one of the most beautiful of April night-skies? There is no silence, except where there is sound. Silence is an active power, when overcoming sound, as it does when the continual calm contest is carrying on in the solitude of the hills. The louder the voice of the stream, the deeper the sleep of the air! nothing can awaken it till morning melt the dream. Should a distant dog bark, hunting by himself on the hill, or disturbed, perhaps, by the foot of some strange shepherd, visiting his Peggy when the household are asleep, how the faint far-off echoes give power to the brooding calm! Wearied labour is everywhere thankfully at rest; and love, and joy, and youth, alone are wakeful. No wonder that poets glorified the glimpses of the moon, and, long before science was born, named, and arranged, and localised the stars. So sayeth Kit North, beadsman of Tweedside.

Does that man exist who is not, in some degree, the slave of the senses? Breathes there the man, with soul so alive, that he can bring night upon himself during day, day during night, to the utter extinction of sun, moon, and stars? No. Something external must touch the spirit, to vivify her visions. The Swiss must hear the cow-song before he pines himself away in the malady of his mountains. The sailor who, when circumnavigating the globe, wept at the sight of a pewter spoon with the mark "London" upon it, had not wept at the often-repeated name, however dear the distant shore. And, to come nearer home, who can, sitting by his fireside in town, so envelop himself in imagination, as to walk in moonlight, tender as the true, by the glittering sound of streams, murmuring absolutely out of and along the green pory earth?

Place a human being in a scene he has loved, and a million congregating feelings and fancies will convince him how weak is the creative power of the unassisted soul over its own spiritualities;—a remembered stream is unsubstantial as the air—the remembered air, a void. But the streams the eye sees, and the ear hears, murmur, and glide, and glitter with recollections. The past is as the present, and the gazer and listener is born again, and extends the wings of his youth, as if in an atmosphere that knew not the deadening attraction of the earth. At such times, and in such places, all men are poets, and feel that the real world is as nothing, or rather, but the framework of the world of imagination.

It would puzzle us to tell why the Tweed is to us the dearest of all the streams of Scotland. Our father's house stood not on its banks, nor on them played our infancy nor our boyhood. Perhaps we are thus able to love it with that unregretful and impassionate affection, without which the human spirit cannot find happiness in nature. Oh! there are places on this earth that we shudder to revisit even in a waking dream, beneath the meridian sunshine. They are haunted by images too beautiful to be endured, and the pangs are dismal that clutch the heart, when approaching their bewildering boundaries! for there it was that we roamed in the glorious novelty of nature, when we were innocent and uncorrupted. There it was that we lived in a world without shadows, almost without tears; and after grief and guilt have made visitations to the soul, she looks back in agony to those blissful regions of time and space, when she lived in Paradise. Nor are any flaming swords, in the hands of cherubim, needed to guard the gates, through which she dares not, if flung wide open, now to enter, in the abasement of her despair. Therefore she takes refuge in the dim and obscure light of common day, and seeks scenery not so mournfully haunted by the ghosts of thoughts that glorified the dawn of her prime.

Who has not felt something of this, although the forms round which the memory of his boyhood clings, may, in his particular case, be different? But, reader, if thy early footsteps were free and unconfined over the beautiful bosom of the rejoicing earth, thou wilt understand the passion that the dream of some one solitary spot may inspire, rising suddenly up from oblivion in all its primeval loveliness, and making a

silent appeal to thy troubled heart, in behalf of innocence evanished long ago, and for ever! From the image of such spots you start away, half in love half in fear, as from the visionary spectre of some dear friend dead and buried, far beyond seas in a foreign country. Such power as this may there be in the little moorland rill, oozing from the birchen brae—in some one of its fairy pools, that, in your lonely angling-days, seemed to you more especially delightful, as it swept sparkling and singing through the verdant wilderness —in some one deep streamless dell among a hundred, too insignificant to have received any name from the shepherds, but first discovered and enjoyed by you, when the soul within you was bright with the stirred fire of young existence—in some sheltered retired nook, whither all the vernal hill-flowers had seemed to flock, both for shadow and sunshine— in some greenest glade, far within the wood's heart, on which you had lain listening to the cushat crooning in his yew-grove —ay, in one and all of such places, and a thousand more, you feel that a power for ever dwells omnipotent over your spirit, adorned, expanded, strengthened, although it may now be, with knowledge and science,—a power extinguishing all present objects, and all their accompanying thoughts and emotions, in the inexpressibly pensive light of those blissful days, when time and space were both bounded to a point by the perfect joy of the soul that existed in that NOW, happier than any angel in heaven.

We know that there is one very short and simple way of breaking all such delusions; and that is, to go in person to the scenes that inspire them, and all our imaginative griefs and regrets will, it is said and sung, be changed at once into contemptuous laughter. We have in one or two instances made the experiment, but the effect was not answerable to our expectation. True, that all things were less, both in bulk and beauty, than we had believed; but that very discovery aggravated our sorrow for the days that were gone. The lady-fern was still pretty; but, in those days, a lady-fern grove was a fairy forest, and the insects that hung or sported there, in their gorgeous hues, hardly seemed to belong to our world. Wild flowers there still were in abundance; but in those days they so enamelled the sward, that we feared to tread among the profusion, and spared the sacred wilderness of sweets,

overcome by the sudden sense of their rare and wonderful beauty. We recognised the burn-braes to be the same we had loved of yore; but the few bunches of wall-flowers, growing here and there among the gravelly soil, looked stunted and disconsolate, all unlike to that glorious glow that dazzled our eyes when angling along the rapids, and that brought before our imagination the old ruined Castle from which the seeds had been blown. The windings of the Yearn were romantic still, but the liquid labyrinths had lost their pleasant perplexities, and the small tufted islets amidst the broader streams or pools, once to our eyes so romantic, were only heaps of sand and weeds, whirled by eddies into a temporary obstruction to the waterflow. But enough was still there to justify our boyish spirit in all its blissful dreams. To justify it, did we say? Ay, to prove its heavenly power of transmutation and adornment, now that heavenly power was lost for ever, nor perhaps its place worthily supplied. We looked on a little angler, leaping from stone to stone, as we used to do of old; and sighed to know that the simple boy lived in such visions as we at his age had lived in too, but which now all melted away before the eyes of the understanding, and could no more be viewed by us now than the filmy ghosts of the dead.

But, oh! feeling and imaginative reader,—for such thou art, else had thine eyes already drowsed over these pages,—a sadder sorrow still it is, to summon up courage to revisit some darling den of our youthhead, and find it utterly demolished, and for ever swept away from the very face of the earth! Why all this murderous and exterminating spirit of change? The ancient moss, with its heather head-high, and wide steep hags, that the poled hunter could not overleap, is now drained, and limed, and ploughed, and clothed with the ragged nakedness of blighted barley. In a few years it will fall back into a desert, but never into the shaggy wilderness it once was, where the red and black cattle browsed the spots of herbage, and sheltered among the bent from the deluge of the thunderstorm. You look in vain for the beautiful moor on which you chased the whirring dragon-fly, or lay couched for hours to get a shot at the curlew, when,—lo! and behold, a pack of grouse alighted within ten yards of your muzzle, and you let fly among them, without injuring one feather of all

the plumage. Or you will revisit the Rookan, loneliest of linns that ever sounded in the solitary silence of nature! In days of yore, the loneliness was almost too profound for your beating heart; no living thing to be seen, but the water-ouzel flitting along the rocks, or, as he rested a moment on a stone, turning towards you his white breast, and then dropping into the water. Sometimes, indeed, when the spring evening was warm, a little before sunset, the grey-lintie came, as if to freshen his plumage in the spray melting over the woods that covered the waterfall, and sang for his own delight a hasty carol, impatient of his nest in the neighbouring broom-brae. Behold now a paper-mill—no, not a paper-mill—for that an editor might force himself to forgive for the dear sake of thirty guineas for every sheet from his own quill; but—a bobbin-mill! yes, a bobbin-mill. Perhaps you know not what a bobbin-mill is; then remain ignorant for ever. Suffice it to say, one has destroyed the Rookan!

But let the Rookan be destroyed; so that one Glen, not many miles from it, but whose name shall by our lips be breathed never, remain unviolated, nor the dryads ever be scared from the deepening umbrage of its hallowed woods. What is mere boy-love, but a moonlight dream? Who would weep—who would not laugh, over the catastrophe of such a bloodless tragedy? No one so heartily as sweet Sixteen herself, when told by her mamma that she must say, No, to the amorous young gentleman with a ribbon round his shirt-collar, or haply with an open frill. In another year she marries a man of thirty, who has to shave twice a-day; and Adonis, who is now at Oxford, and a Christ-Church man, reads the marriage-advertisement in the obituary of *Blackwood's Magazine*, and knowingly chuckles at the reminiscences of all the sentimentalities that passed between Miss Louisa and self, "when she came to the bower he had shaded for her," and therein breathed vows of eternal devotion—vows pure, fragrant, and fleeting as the evening dew, that bathed her raven tresses as they floated over the snow-drifts of her bosom. All that is a farce, whether in one or three acts. But love-affairs, when the lovers are full-grown men and women, although perhaps twenty years have not passed over either of their heads, are at least tragi-comedies, and sometimes tragedies; closing, if not in blood

—although that too, when the fates are angry—yet in clouds that darken all future life,—and that now and then lose their sullen blackness only when dissolving, through the transient sunshine, in a shower of tears!

Therefore, hail to the gloomy but ever glorious Glen, in which, many many long and short years ago, we met the Lady of our love! Reader, we told you in our "Birds,"* of our first boy-passion for the Maid of the Mill; and we asked the winds of heaven to waft the tears from our old eyes, to bedew the primroses smiling on her unforgotten grave. But we speak now of the passion that came suddenly against the heart of manhood, and having stormed the citadel, put the whole garrison to the sword. Ay, there was havoc there—and carnage! Let prim people pertly prate about a ruling passion, and versify it into sickly sonnets and queasy quatrains. While our ruling passion reigned; while of it, it might have been said, "bacchatur in aulis," all others fled or perished. Every sunrise and every sunset, for two months of the celestial summer of 17—7, we beheld her by appointment, and it was kept by her as duly as the angels keep theirs who move the spheres of heaven, floating down the glen towards the arbour that nature embowered for love. Light, music, and fragrance, she came softly into our trembling arms; and at the touch of her cheek on ours, fled the whole visible and audible world. There were no vows of eternal love, for such vows betray a lurking fear that there may be—an end of the insupportable bliss! Our love we felt to be immortal, as we gazed on the rising or setting sunlight, and to be prolonged, in every embrace, into the regions of a future life. My wife was an orphan. Wife, said I—Oh! blot out the word with rueful, with bloody tears! For two years of absence and of distance brought a strange, dim, misty haze over the fires—supposed unquenchable—of our hearts; then came suspicion, distrust, wrathful jealousy, and stone-eyed despair! Some fiend of the air had, with leer malign, seen us in the Bower of Paradise, and soon as we were, for a short season, as we thought, apart—he breathed poison into both our hearts, and changed, at last, our love into hatred! Oh! that "hatred" is a hideous and an ugsome word, and never, never surely could with truth be inflicted on us who had lain so often in one another's arms—bosom to bosom in the bower of sighs! Yet,

* See *Recreations*—"Christopher in his Aviary."

"what is writ is writ," and if the senseless letters must remain, let tears of mutual penitence, contrition, and remorse, blot out all disastrous frailty from our long-pacified and forgiving hearts! Wife of mine was she never—but one hour, when, all unknown to her, I was within a hundred yards of the church (the marriage was in England), she became a bride. One of those accursed rings, that are cast in millions by imps swarming round an infernal furnace, and purchased in the gross by that great merchant, both in the home and foreign market, Mammon, and then retailed by small devils of dealers all over Christendom, as avowed agents of the Pseudo-Hymen, was forced upon that delicate finger, whose shape I knew so well, and whose warm snow melted not beneath my kisses, although they were kisses of the burning flame. Out she issued from the church-porch, blushing, yet pale as death whenever the blush passed away (and often did it come and go between porch and gate), and drowned, quite drowned, in tears! The beast her husband allowed her powerless arm to lie within his, with no more apparent emotion in his face, except something like a poor paltry pride, than if that arm, through whose blue veinery flowed and reflowed blood as pure as the celestial ichor in an angel's wings, had belonged to a lay-figure, propped up against the wall as a model for a portrait-painter to work by, when forging a lie for a fast-aging maiden who had missed the money and the marriage market in her native land, and was about to send her Eidolon, as her forerunner, to India. Her lips were not wont to be so cold and white when kissed in that glen-bower; not so moveless and bustlike her bosom. Tears were shed then, too, but they glittered brighter than any jewels the poor sick bride will ever wear, and she smiled as she shook them from her soul-searching eyes over my neck and breast. Were all those our passionate endearments and dying embraces forgotten? Or came they now like a blight over her beauty—bliss I will not say, for bliss there was none—and withered the rose on the very day it was to be gathered by a man without a soul? Yet, perhaps the holy service had quelled all memory of our past, and I was nearly forgotten. Better, better far if it were so—for although we had loved, dangerously and desperately loved, yet carried she to the bridal bed a frame as pure as the sweet-smelling violet, a spirit as innocent as the new-born dawn.

A few sentences back I called the bridegroom a beast. Now the truth is, and the truth I will speak, and shame the devil, that he was a remarkably good-looking—nay, tall, handsome man, and had been an officer of dragoons. He was, as far as I could judge, just about as proper a man as myself, and would have fought about thirteen stone. So far from being indifferent to his bride, he passionately loved, and piously adored her; but he had a stiff, cold, proud air of his own—being of an old, rich, and almost noble Yorkshire family—and still smacking of the Life-Guardsman. Had I been an Italian, that night had a bravo stood with his stiletto between him and her virgin body, and pierced heart, spine, or jugular. As a Scotsman, and with some of the best blood of Scotland in my veins, oh! that I could have stood with my hair-trigger before him, at twelve tidy paces, and a ball through his boiling heart would have made him bounce, like a buck, ten feet right on end up into the sunny air of his wedding-day! Or, how pretty had it been to dally for a few passes, and then, unparriable as the Chevalier St George, to pierce through heart and back, with twenty light, airy, invisible and deadly touches, letting out life without spilling an ounce of his amorous blood! How sweet to my satisfied soul would have been that inward bleeding, speedy singultus, and then with one inelegant convulsive sprawl over upon his back, sudden stone-death! Curse him—yes, let my curses go back, like a jaunting car, when the harness has been broken, rumbling down hill, edged on both sides with precipices—Vain and needless mockery of execration—I had another and a better revenge.

Well, out of the church-gate they went, into a carriage, no doubt finely panelled and beplastered with West-Riding heraldry, and, as I shall be sworn, drawn by four bright chestnuts, and driven by an absurd, fat, broad and red-faced hereditary coachee, bred in that most ancient house, with a woollen wig, gloriously frizzled, and a cocked-hat that shone with the beaten gold. God knows why I should have been so much engrossed as I certainly must have been, by Jehu the son of Nimshi. But I remember perfectly his *tout ensemble*, and the prodigious white rose fastened to his single-breasted, many-buttoned coat. Off the marriage-party drove; and going to a mirror, I looked in upon a gentleman, rather taken by sur-

prise, with his cheeks of the colour and clamminess of grave-stones, eyes fixed as those of a somnambulist, and groaning through the glass till I shuddered to feel as if the long, low, quivering agony were venting itself in nightmare shrieks within my own heart! Whenever I lifted up a razor, and whetted the edge on the palm of my hand, the ghost in the glass did the same—whenever I laughed, he laughed—and perhaps the blood had spouted from both our throats, as if they had had but one jugular between them—when a soft sweet voice said, "Sir, my mammy bid me tell you there are prayers in the church to-day;" and looking round, I saw my poor widow landlady's only daughter, "a child of beauty rare," and her timid smile so sunk into and restored my heart, that I took her by the hand, and walked away with her and her mother to the afternoon service. I looked at the altar, where two hours before had been performed that impious mockery of marriage, and knew that for me, the sun of life was eclipsed for ever.

Oh, dear me! as the children say, this is an old story, nor would I have told it now, had I thought it would have proved so long a one; yet it must be told out, for without a catastrophe, a story, especially a true one, is like a knotless thread. Well, the Baronet—for he had a title—and a small one is better than none, and ought to be acted on throughout all the minutiæ of its rights and privileges—made for several years a most excellent and exemplary husband—and that year he was High Sheriff, his lady, although very thin and very pale, was the most beautiful by far of all the beauties in the Assize Ball-room. But what will you think when you are told that about a month before the Baronet had headed his javelin men, he had found a huge bundle of love-letters in the secret drawers of his wife's cabinet? There's a Diana for you!—the mother, too, of three dead children—for all her children died—and pretty creatures must they have been, especially her first-born, who faded away in her fifth summer—the others were never more than mere crying babes. He was so unpolite—so mean, if you choose to call it so—as to read them all, one after the other, over and over, twenty and forty times, from the "my beloved and beautiful Glendoveer" (a creature of the element in oriental climes, and here put *poeticè* for my dearest Jane), down to "yours till death and burial," C. N. inclusive! Yes,

C. N., the very signature that you saw t'other month appended to that unpardonable Preface.* She had not had heart to burn the letters that I used to put with my own hand into her bosom, silently breathing thoughts that I dared not utter. Words were there that by no husband could be borne, although, when they were written, his base existence and illustrious name were to us both unknown. Not unaccompanied with kisses had been words such as these—nor would the hand have dared to indite them, that had not embraced the bosom to which they were poured forth in the exulting yet reverential language of liege and loyal love. Our attachment had been no secret to him; but till that fatal moment, when he pulled out a little tiny drawer in an ivory-studded bijoux, which seemed contrived only for holding thimbles and netting-rods, but was full of the smouldering fires of ungovernable passion—he knew not that such feelings had ever been below the sun. But now he knew that they had been inspired by, and breathed back in return into that bosom, which, however it may have heaved of yore in tumultuous passion, had ever been to him cold almost and insensate as the beautiful marble bosom of an image lying on a tomb.

The Baronet had been High-Sheriff, and as ambition will be mounting, he must needs be Member of Parliament—not exactly one of the county members—for others were Yorkshire too—but for a borough. But the Whig interest was overbought by the bills of a Jew broker, and the Baronet was a ruined man. Many a better and many a worse man have shot themselves, as he did, before and since; yet the event was one of the most unexpected of the kind that had occurred in that part of the county for a good many years, and did not fail to be spoken of with some regret for several weeks. I cannot with truth say, that, on the first hearing, it made much impression upon me; but in about an hour or so, my whole soul underwent the nature of a revolution.

She is free from fetters now, I exclaimed to myself, and I will cherish her yet in my heart of hearts. For her sake, and she knows it well, have I been a wanderer over the face of the earth. For her sake have I been alone in the world, a moody man, with blasted hopes, and shunned even by my blood relations (poor devils!) as a misanthrope. One hour in each other's arms—not with the same transports as in the glen-bower, but

* Preface to Magazine, vol. xix.

in sober, pensive, pathetic, and melancholy bliss, and all ungentle thoughts will dissolve away in our tears—and the love, the sorely faded, but still the same love of other years, return. Give me but that silken head once more meekly rested on my breast, and all my errors—all my frailties—all my follies—all my sins—will be forgiven by one dewy glance of those uplifted eyes, and the earth will be again a garden of Eden, although somewhat tarnished the hues and deadened the odours of the flowers of happiness!

Oh! little, little during that insane hour, did I know either of mine own or that lady's heart! The vain dream dissolved, and I felt that I loved her no more. She had loved another! no—that never could have been—that never was—for I have her own word for it, and she was ever the soul of truth, then surely when lying on the bed of death. But she had lain in his bosom—had borne him children—and loved them living and dead, partly for his sake! Not, at least, for mine—no—hell and furies—not for mine!—for the traitress had broken our vows, and in punishment that was sent from a just Heaven, had seen child after child in its death-clothes. 'Twas well that the imps—all of them probably, boys and girls alike, with the father's peculiar expression—never a pleasant one, even when he was pleased—had all been put out of sight; and what matters it that an old Yorkshire family, in the West Riding, should be no more? For distinguished, there is something laughable in the substitution of the word extinguished—"alike, but oh! how different!"

In about half a year after her husband's suicide, I had a letter from her, saying that she was dying, and wished to see me. I went, and she died in my arms. Her last embrace was of the kind fittest for us both—and if heaven's gates were shut against her, all the generations of man are, and will for ever be, buried in unrising dust!

Thirty years, or nearly so, have fled since that farewell. But never once—although several times I have ventured within a mile of it—have I visited the Glen. I could as easily visit her grave. Perhaps I may yet do both. She was buried in a vault, which ought not to have been, for her grave should have been free to the flowers and the sunbeams. But, methinks, the huge massy gate will fall back on its rusty hinges, if I but hold out my hand—and as for the Glen-Bower, may it be in latest autumn that I revisit it—one long, silent,

divine gaze, and then, like the sere and yellow leaf, may my life be whirled away into the unknown world!

Now, dear reader, but somewhat perhaps too credulous, what assurance can you possibly have that all this fine pathetic tale is not one of the most unprovoked lies that was ever uttered by the editor of a periodical publication? Nothing at once so easy and so delightful, in this poetical and imaginative age, as to tell lies by the hour—nothing at once so difficult and distressful, as to speak truth by the minute. We cannot think, that under such circumstances, the truth ought always to be told. In our opinion, the truth ought seldom or never to be told, for then it becomes as dull and tedious as a thrice-repeated tale. Utter a small gold coin of truth now and then, and you will be amazed how slowly it circulates. Try a paper-falsehood, and it passes current in countries where they will not look at that of a bank, with one dead and one sleeping partner. Now, if every syllable of the above pathos be a fiction, what worse are we than Shakespeare, or Byron, or Scott? We cannot help thinking that there is some truth in it; but we confess that one thing we concealed. But now we shall out with it—it was current at the time that OUR MARRIAGE WAS OFF, BECAUSE WE SPLIT UPON SETTLEMENTS!

Many a sincere and passionate attachment in real life has had such undignified ending, and is it not real life that the rational critics are now constantly demanding, with all its outlines defined against the self-same firmament that rains, and blows, and thunders, and lightens, and under the name of atmosphere has various qualities of its character indicated by thermometers and barometers? We have given you real life, and how do you like it? Does it come too near home? Would trustees not allow you to lay your great, wide, filthy paw on the whole of the simple young creature's patrimony, settling it all (not a life-rent merely) upon yourself, in case of her dying childless? Yes—*dying childless!* And these shocking words you see inserted with your own eyes, on the morning of your marriage-day! Really, real life is a very mean and odious thing—we fear, that however high it may be, it is low—and that that writer would imitate humanity most abominably, who exhibited it bare-faced, bare-bosomed, and with the window in the breast wide open, uncanvassed, and uncurtained, for the inspection of every street-passenger. Truth

should be like gin-twist, half-and-half. Too much diluted with the waters of fiction, it is weak and wersh, and apt to turn the stomach. The pure spirit knocks you down like a hammer. But "half-and-half" kindles a mutual affection between you and the whole world.

Why, things have come to a pretty pass, methinks we hear some whining Whig decry, when the world is asked to listen to the classical confessions of the gouty Editor of the most libellous periodical of any age or country—for such, according to the *fama clamosa* of that pitiful part of the press, is the character of rosy-fingered, silver-tongued Maga, still smiling graciously like the dawning of morn. But grant that we are as libellous as gouty,—what then were, or are, Voltaire, Rousseau, Byron, Jeffrey, Gifford, Brougham, Playfair, and a hundred others? Libellers all. And pray, what the worse men were they, or are they, for all the libels that ought to have set several of them in the pillory? Did not Byron's heart and soul overflow with all manly and humane affections, in spite of spite, and during the very disease of rancour? Is not one love-poem of his, breathed one hour, and forgotten by him the next, worth all the drivelling of you and all the other amiable characters in the kingdom, were you to drivel amatory effusions till the rheum ceased to flow from your over-aged eyes? What although he libelled his way through society, from the King upon the throne to the very meanest of his subjects? All the world loves his memory. Where could you find a bitterer, more venomous body, than old Gifford? Yet is he universally respected, for his bitterness changed many a scribbling blockhead into an inoffensive man, and he spat his venom chiefly on corroded Cockneys, whom it was pleasant to see writhing in the dead-thraws. His friends know him to be one of the best of enlightened and religious men; and as his Quarterly accounts have long been found correct, so will his accounts of all sorts pass at the last general audit. We offer to fill the largest church in Edinburgh with authors, their wives, and parents, and sons, and daughters, and cousins, who shall carry Mr Jeffrey by acclamation to be the greatest libeller of all the Spirits of the Age, that spiritual essence, Hazlitt himself, not excluded—yet who more amiable than Mr Jeffrey, or less like a person who, it has been voted, would not scruple, if he had courage, to assassinate the most virtuous grinder in all Grub

Street? We stop here, for we have said enough to show that we alleged libellers are the wisest and best of men, and that were we to unlock the treasures of our inner spirits, and fling them before the world, there would be thenceforth no need for assessments for support of intellectual and moral pauperism; for the whole population would be so enriched, that each rejected contributor would be a Crœsus, and strike his name off all the poor-lists of parish and of press.

Heaven preserve us! what is it o'clock? Our watch is run down, and fast asleep, pointing in its dream to half-past one. What will mine host and hostess at the Crook be thinking of the old gentleman? They will be suspicious of an assignation and intrigue with some yellow-haired lassie of the Braes. Our character is at stake; but our innocence is known to Heaven, and "conscia sidera testor." One tumbler of hot toddy—and then to bed to make harmless love to the four shepherdesses sitting on the curtains on four dimity knolls—look which way we will by the rushlight, ogling us with bashful solicitations when sinking away into stoical repose.

Mortifying thought to human vanity! we have never been missed; and on entering into the kitchen, we stand for several minutes unnoticed in the roar of laughter that shakes the mutton-hams dangling from the porch-like chimney. The gudewife jaloused that we had gone to roost, and she had shut up the transe-doors, that we might not be disturbed by the merrymaking. Rustic wit, ignorant in its originality of Joe Miller, has, during all the hours of our river-side reverie, been dirling the rafters, and rough and ready at repartee, has never once waited for an encore. Strapping queans too are there, rising from the knees of lovers, and disengaging fond hands from soft bosoms, at our sudden apparition. Lassies, spare your blushes before the mild old man; for "honi soit qui mal y pense," which, being interpreted, is "evil to him who evil thinks." Rax down the fiddle from the peg, for we can handle her; and here goes a strathspey. There is no spring in the earthen floor, but there is one in every instep; and every reel has a kiss by way of introduction and postliminious preface. Better to overlook the fun, we mount a stool (not the cutty, for that is an old story, and even then our sex protected us), and our Neil-Gow-like bow-hand brings down our well-calculated elbow, at every stroke, within an inch of the red tappe-

toury on auld Saunders' broad blue bonnet. What daffin and skirling! Oh, that all England could see us in our glory! Are we indeed the dreaded Christopher North—he of a hundred plumes? But while the dancers are all wiping their brows, or dandling their partners on their knees, even as the lion dandles the kid, we check our hand, and change our measure, till the plaintive "Cowdenknowes" or "The Bush aboon Traquair" hushes the room, so that you might hear the cat purring on the lightsome hearth, and the face of the most ordinary hizzie becomes absolutely beautiful in the emotion of nature true to the simple strain.

The moon, no doubt, knows whether the morrow is to be dry or rainy, but the wisest man is not always able to fish it out of her hypocritical physiognomy. You trust to her hazy halo, and put your tackle in order for sunrise. There has not been so much as a drop of dew—not a breath of air stirs—those marbled wreaths cannot be called clouds—and the sun has already stared all the trouts in Peeblesshire into their stone cellars. You may as well angle in the dust of the high-road from the inn-door to the manse, as in the Tweed. On the other hand, you bite your nails to see Luna, about two o'clock in the morning, unveiled, and vivid at a route given by her to the stars; and rain, you think, may possibly fall before breakfast in the deserts of Arabia, but certainly not in Scotland. What, then, makes you bounce from bed, as if your bolster were of whins, at the first cock-crow? The pat-pat-pattering of rain on your window facing the south! Beautiful misty clouds, all in a state of pregnancy! Earth glitters to the new-risen rays, and after meridian there will not be an hour till sunset without its rainbow. Breakfast! You would no more wait for breakfast than for a post-letter informing you of the issue of a Chancery-suit. You carelessly drop a quartern loaf into your pouch, along with the cheese-whang and the leathern Bottle, and off like a hart to the running brooks!

Oh! we feel that we were deceiving ourselves when we said that our old age was not subject to the Anglimania. We would not give up the prospect of this day's sport to be the Right Honourable Frederick Robinson, Chancellor of the Exchequer. Nothing drumly about the sweet Tweed this morning—no pool the colour of porter with barmy foam—but the deeps a black blue, and the shallows a dark green, covered with

foam-bells that break beneath the breezes warm-breathing from the South-South-West, the angler's darling airt. Yes—

> "O' a' the airts the wind can blaw,
> He dearly loes the West!"

Yet what philosophy even in our passion! Who would so run counter to that system which places Virtue in Propriety as to fish up a Stream? So let us take our unangling way up the Tweed to its very source below the Erickstane, speculating on each pool and eddy, and prophesying the multitudinous murder of our downward course. Pray, acutest of metaphysicians, did you ever trace up any one single thing in your own mind to its origin? When the emotion flows broadly along, you know its nature and its name, its depths and shallows, nor doubt to recognise it when it glides away behind a knoll, or into a wood. But follow it into the misty uplands of the spirit, and you are bewildered among a hundred rivulets. You decide upon one that seems somewhat stronger than the rest, and it disappears in the dry desert. You try another glittering thread, and it leads you into a melancholy marsh—a third leaves you on the pleasant herbage, but you have no divining-rod to quiver when it lies above the hidden spring. So you must be satisfied with the Emotion in its wide open flow, nor hope ever to reach the Nile-head. Or suppose you trace three separate rills, each to its fountain-well. Which yields the prevailing water, and through all its future course gives the peculiar tinge of Feeling or Thought? Alas, mighty metaphysician! little better art thou than the blind leading the blind.

But here we are at the source of the Tweed—nor far from those of the Annan and the Clyde. What three beautiful flights might our Fancy take, following the Three Rivers to their friths and seas! What would hinder her from breakfasting with the benevolent Owen, and studying the new philosophy in his cotton-mills? Why might she not write a criticism on the pictures in Hamilton Palace, and embody in it a history of the art from Apelles to Haydon. "Oh! Bothwell Bank, thou bloomest fair!" and Mary Queen! what woes were thine from the day thy virgin zone was untied by the youthful Francis, till thy lovely neck was bared to the headsman's axe! Then, what punchbowls in Glasgow—what "herrings at the Broomielaw!" And hath to Dumbarton Castle the sword of Wallace

been restored?—Whirr flies the gorcock from the heather at our ear, and we see again the gambols of the infant Tweed.

A ruined castle is a grand and a melancholy sight—but that last epithet applies as well to a ruined cottage. That is one—that mere heap of stones that you might mistake for a cairn. Less than twenty years ago it was a laughing summer abode. For several winters it was untenanted, and only the roof fell in beneath the weight of snow—the walls stood fast, and there the hill-cattle sheltered. Then part of the one gable was pulled down to build a fold. Lightning struck the other into a heap, and the front and back walls soon followed in natural decay. Wild-flowers were soon sown by the winds in the dust of the mouldering stones—mosses crept up from the earth and bound together the rubbish—grass-seeds had been on the floors of the inhabited house, clean swept as they used to be, and they soon sprouted through the chinks—and how they came there it is not so easy to tell, but sure enough there they are, two or three pretty little limber birch-trees rustling on the ruin. Last time we were here, there was a porch not unadorned with roses—they are dead—a thatch-roof, trim as trim might be, on which the doves and pigeons were making love—and the cheerful smell of the peat-reek wreathing along the side of the sheltering brae.

Now you are expecting "a tale of tears, a moving story." But no such story have we to tell now, for none such appertains to what once was a human dwelling. The honest shepherd who lived here, had a dear farm of it, and found it no easy matter to make both ends of the year meet, without an ugly gap of poverty. He was the cleverest fellow in all the county, and had "Hogg on Sheep" at his finger-ends. His wife, too, was as active a woman as ever twirled a churnstaff. At quoits, "putting the stane," wrestling, and hop-step-and-jump, with or without the staff, you must have gone to Cumberland for Tom Nicholson or Will Litt to match the worst of his two sons—and his only daughter, in her Sabbath array, was fair as the stately Harebell. Well then—an extensive farmer near Kelso made Rob Riddell his head hind, while his wife, who, for a considerable number of seasons, had prudently given up child-bearing, undertook the dairy. And will you believe what I tell you on their own authority, they left Erickstane-brae without a sigh! On the day of the Flitting, instead of weeping farewell to the stocks, and stones, and trees, and the somewhat

coarse-fleeced sheep, Rob the Ranter got so drunk with whisky —or if you would rather word it so, so moistened with mountain dew, that it took six men to hoist him into the cart, and half of that number, assisted by his faithful and affectionate Leezie, to keep him down when he was in, so obstreperously did he enact his vagaries among the straw. Unlike the poor girl in Goldsmith's "Deserted Village," the Harebell did not "leave a lover's for a father's arms," a cold exchange, and palpable injustice. But she took her lover along with her—Allan Armstrong—ploughman to Mr Weir of Annandale-head, against whose character (forgetting that scrape Tibbie o' the Cross-lees brought him into when he was a mere callant) no man had ever breathed a whisper; and, if he had, Allan would not have been slow of making him find his own level. The two sons—Jock and Jamie—for they had been christened with those very popular names—saw the Flitting as far as Noblehouse, where, after taking an affectionate farewell of the authors of their existence, and a sister, whom, in spite of perpetual bickerings, they loved most tenderly, they remained two whole days and nights without seeming to remember that sleep was one of the great laws of our nature; and on recovering from about twenty half-mutchkins each, finished the forty-eight hours' relaxation from all pastoral and agricultural labours, by two successive single combats, in a ree state, Jock with a gypsy, and Jamie with a horse-couper, both of whom, in spite of science and shifting, fell beneath the Tweeddale Twins; one with three fractured ribs and a broken leg, and the other with one bashed nose and two puffed ears, that made him one of the most grotesque of mortals.

We do not wish to bother you with the memoirs of this family of the Riddells. Suffice it to say, that not only are the whole five at this hour alive and solvent, but they have multiplied themselves by six. The Harebell, now Mrs Carse (her husband is brother to Him of the Trows, surnamed the Salmon-slayer), became conspicuous for her prolificness, even in the neighbourhood of Kelso—and having buried several babies, and a boy and girl well grown up, has still twelve in life. Jock and Jamie married away over yonder about Dumfries—and James Hogg, who knows them both well, informed us the last time we saw him in the shop, "That the world went well with the Riddells, the one being an elder, and the other

an exciseman. The exciseman, however," James added, in his gash way, "had rather taken a serious turn, and it was feared that he might take some sort of orders, and go into the church."

Now, homely as this tale is—and if you are a disciple, either of Will Wordsworth or Kit North, you will know, gentle reader, "that you may find a tale in everything," you may take a lesson from it, in case you should ever think of coming before the public with a volume. When you chance to see an old house that has been brought down about the ears of the spiders, do not forthwith sillily take it for granted that the house fell down dead, because the whole family, each after his own fashion, had done the same. Vamp not up, we beseech you, a pathetic Flitting—nor send the man and his wife, and all their legitimate children, to their graves, under hooping-cough (it sometimes strangles old people), small-pox, measles, putrid sore-throat, typhus fever, cholic, and galloping consumption. Be merciful as you are strong—and have pity on the obituary. Let it not be said of you, which it will be, if you publish in three vols. crown octavo, One guinea and a half in boards—

> "You taught us how to live, and *oh! too high*
> *The price of such a lesson*—how to die!"

So much for blarney—now for breakfast. Ho! ho!—the table is covered with a most beautiful specimen of Scotch damask, from the loom of Lichen, Moss, and Sons—an old copartnery that have stood many a storm, and that will not fail, even although there should be a glut of their manufactures in the market. Thank you kindly, my pretty little dear of a mountain fairy—you have placed my chair quite to my usual habits. There, Lady Green-scarf, take the leathern guard of my pocket-pistol, and get it filled by your playmate the Naiad, who lives in the fountain beneath yonder knoll—and see that she gives you the liquid radiance fresh from the farthest-ben binn in her cellar. This cheese, as Kempferhausen would say, is most illustrious. Instead of cutting the loaf crossways, right down the middle goes the gully, and brown-side and white-side fall asunder, like a Frenchman's chops at Waterloo under the sword of Sergeant Shaw. Pretty legerdemain that—three hard-boiled eggs, all kept gracefully up in the air together, by our chalk-stoned fingers,

an ascending and descending shell-shower, a playful prelude to their ingurgitation in that whirlpool—that Corryvreckan—our stomach. Butter at open-air breakfasts should always be spread with the thumb—skin-lines look rural and picturesque, and you may read your fortune at every swallow. Pity that we forgot the cold beef. No—here it is in our breeches pocket. Hold your tongues, all of you, till we have allayed the "fames edendi," for we are apt to be crusty when victualling. Now, any man who might be observed through his window, any morning at breakfast, in a town, in the attitude we now occupy, turning up his little finger—so—would be proclaimed instanter a drunkard. What then is the philosophy of dram-drinking? This blessed moment have we emptied the lesser leather of Glenlivet, and yet that severe moralist, our own conscience, approves the deed. How milky! yes, as if the dew had dropped from the milky-way! What a pretty, delicious, sweetly-working, sabbath-breaking small still, must have elaborated that spiritual essence! What a worm!

Who the devil are you two?—And from what scarecrows, may I ask, have you raised the loan of that wild and withered attire?—Are you a witch and a warlock?—And if so, pray, are you married?—And if so, have you progeny? And are the imps flunkeys down below in a place that shall be nameless?—I beg your pardon, honest people—sit down there—lie down there—and let us break bread and taste salt together, with a previous grace; and then old Christopher North is safe, were you Sin and Satan.

Only two poor beggar bodies, in duds and with wallets, trudging their ways homewards to some hovel or another, on a bit neuk by the road-side! Man and wife they indeed are—that is easy enough to see—and it is no less so to see that they are both of them hungry and thirsty exceedingly, and faint therewithal, especially the woman, who has a couple of brats tucked up, with their dirty sleeping faces—dirty, but not disgusting—hanging out cheek-by-jowl, in a bag-like fold of her gown, between her shoulders. The wearied creatures sit down thankfully on the turf beside me, and say little or nothing—fatigue not being loquacious. They take the bread and cheese, with a word and a look to me, and more than a word and a look to heaven; and forthwith, after two or three moderate mouthfuls, begin eating away like fighting-cocks

rather than Christians. Never saw I ancient couple chew cheese with more effective jaws. The half of the quartern (ourselves will account for the other), like an old song, is handed down by oral tradition. Catch any miserable diseased beggar, male or female, refusing a caulker. We shall not, however, make them both drunk, although a little thing would do it after their twenty-mile tramp since they rose from the straw. Just enough, and no more, to cheer their hearts and comfort their bones. But one of the brats has awoke, and by pulling the nose of the other, has brought it into a similar predicament; so, sorry as we are to break up the party, we must make ourselves scarce, and set ourselves out for serious fishing. In spite of the laws against vagrant mendicity, the benefaction of a few halfpence unwarranted won't do much harm to the state. But let me remember—they asked for nothing—therefore, open your fist, Watty Wallets, for a crown-piece; but promise not to buy a gill till you get to your own clachan.

Now, let us fill the maw of the craving pannier. The large golden trouts love the unsullied streams near the parent spring. A gross mistake to think they inhabit only the Palace of the Waterfall. There, we have hooked the Hermit of Erickstane! No sharp-edged rock to cut the gossamere—no twisted roots to entangle—no fallen log-tree under which the Solitary may plunge in despair—no wool-gathering briars on the brink to impede the landing—no ledge for him to rush madly over, like a harpooned whale, carrying away the end-line, and leaving the cheated rod in our helpless hand! But low green banks without a shrub, or a rush, or a bracken, edged with the fine pounce-like silver sand! Who would have thought that a fish who had passed a long life of meditation in a pastoral district, would have thus unwieldily struggled against destiny! The inextricable midge-fly is in his tongue—and the invisible filament of fate draws him from his native element to a dry death. It was so set down in the Doomsday-book of the Naiad long before he was spawned. He belonged to Christopher North in the roe of his first ancestor, and the predestined hour is come. Voluntarily at last has he sailed towards the land, his back-fins above the shallowing water, indicative of his magnitude, and lies not dead, for he gasps widely—but motionless, except in the mouth and gills, while

another half-pounder dangles unheeded at the tail-fly, dwindled into a minnow beside the Triton.

Look on the blush-rose, as in full-blown pride she salutes the morning—but know, while you are gazing, that before the meridian sunshine, her glory will be somewhat dim—at evening, a faded and unrejoicing thing—a ball without balm and without beauty, that you would not care to scatter into tarnished leaves beneath your feet. Look at the rainbow affronting Phœbus, having borrowed from the god that many-coloured rim, which even cold-hearted science, while it scrutinises, adores—turn away your eyes but for a moment, and it has left the sky. So in half-an-hour would it be with that glorious fish, now bespangled with stars. What hero ever wore such grand crosses as these?—What ribboned orders so effulgent? But let him lie on the sand there, and in the sunshine, just while we fish half-a-dozen pools, and he will barken into bedimmed and shrivelled scaliness, worthy but the admiration of the cook-maid, when about to gut him on the kitchen dresser! So without compunction, in with him (if he will go) into the pannier, head and tail relentlessly curved together,—for such and so unlovely is Death.

Man is by nature a beast of prey. So said old Hobbes—and what angler can deny it? Isaac Walton himself was a murderer. If the ghosts of all the pikes he had ever trolled had taken upon them to send constant deputations "to draw his curtains at the dead of night," not one of them all had ever been called upon a second time upon that service. By the way, a pike would make a horrid ghost. What cadaverous jaw and jowl! What a bony spectre, where not one single bone of all those thinner than a hair, up to the horse-like spine, was deficient in the threatening skeleton! To frighten you more deadly, perhaps an artificial mouse in his mouth, with agglomerated hooks, and the twisted brass-chain that in his tortured hour he strove in vain to snap asunder. What think you of a yard-long eel, not only haunting your bed, but evolving his lean length from below your bolster, and worm-like crawling down your back, cold as ice, and hard as iron, jagged too as the wheel of a watch, and emitting a faint hiss like that of a serpent. The very spinning minnows would thus have their revenge, for they would come in shoals among your sheets, and bury you alive under bushels of small

anatomies. And then, oh! the Bait you so purged in moss-bags, and impaled through all their writhing knots from head to tail (never, never were WE guilty of such enormity), with all the careless cruelty of a practised executioner! But they have no need to become ghosts before they can enjoy their retaliation; for whatever geologists aver to the contrary, down they glide with ease through the pory earth, or mine their way without much difficulty, "labor ipse voluptas," through the stiff clay, till they reach your coffin at last—and free from all sumptuary laws is then their coiling revelry in the very core of your heart.

A pleasant superstition this for an Elderly Gentleman angling his way down the Tweed. However, to prolong the lives of a few thousand of those dancing ephemera to the close of a vernal day, let us put to death a brace of fly-flappers in this pool. There was a rise by an elephant. Poo-poo—merely a par! Had we not hooked the imp, we should have told a story, for years to come, of the lost prodigy. 'Tis just the same in coursing. Every leveret that escapes the greyhounds by darting into a drain, or squatting in a ditch, is declared to have been as big as the Witch of Endor. It was so too with the American sea-serpent, that lay floating many a rood, each coil of his body being like a cask, till a schooner ran him down, and the poor devil was not ten feet long from the tip of the nose to the tip of the tail. So with a tiger that devours villages. When you come to stuff his skin, he is among the least in a museum. So with the eagle twelve feet from wing-tip to wing-tip. Come upon him when gorged, and before he can flap himself into the ether, dash out his brains with a club, and the distance is but seven feet four. So with a fire in a remote part of the city, burning a whole street or square. Follow a fireman, and you see a beggarly blaze in a tailor's garret. So with earthquake toppling down, in a newspaper, a distant metropolis with all its towers and temples. Had you been present, with a late number of the *Edinburgh Review* in your hand, the shock had never waked you from your dose of Political Economy.

"Waly, waly down the bank—and waly down the brae," and what, by chucking out the small fry, two at a time, and humouring the large ones into land-lubbers, our pannier is about two-thirds full, and has for some hour or so past felt heavy, and not

without friction, on the shoulder. Are we indeed upwards of three-score? Why should not we yet marry? Not "a wee thing just come frae her mammy," but a buxom nymph of a certain age well read in Mrs Rundell, and who could even cut out and put together, at her leisure hours, breeches for our future Tommys. More unfeasible schemes have been put into execution; and all that Buchanan Lodge desiderates is the soft fall of a kid shoe, and the rustle of a silk petticoat. Fair reader! thou art the very woman—hide thy blushes behind the Magazine, and sleep with it to-night beneath thy pillow, for the sake of thy devoted Christopher.

Gay, gamesome streamlet, that comes dancing into the Tweed from Talla Linns, let me follow up thy murmurs for a mile or so, and, by way of a finale, take a bathe in the Silver Pool, so named by shepherds for its perpetual pellucidity. We must not, however, like Alexander in the Cydnus, plunge in without waiting for a cooler. Alexander, however, did not wear flannel next his skin, as we have done from the year Eighty, or he had escaped his fever. That long narrow gulley is an admirable air-bath. Indeed, every green chasm among the braes has a breeze as well as a rill of its own, and as you pass along up the main valley, itself but narrow, every hundred yards or two, some unseen air-nymph, waggishly disposed, gives you a refreshing flirt of her fan. Bless us, what sounds are these mixing with the murmurs of the Silver Pool? Voices and laughter, and the splashing of water! Diana and her nymphs bathing, by all that is beautiful! It is fortunate for us that no pack of hounds is kept in this neighbourhood, otherwise we might fear the fate of Actæon. Here let us take up a position behind this large stone—the Screen-scene in a new "School for Scandal." Sweet creatures—not one of them more than eighteen! The Scotch are a fair-skinned people—that is obvious—and it is quite a mistake to imagine that rural labour necessarily spoils the female form. It is devoutly to be hoped that these merry mermaids will not drown themselves, pulling and hauling each other about so deliriously; and now and then all invisible together below the water, except by the yellow gleam that changes the Silver Pool into the Pool of Gold. "Ye five cruel wretches, are you absolutely going to hold that dark-tressed shrieker under the too high and too heavy shower-bath of the water-

fall? Let go your hold, or I will dart down upon you, and rescue the fair child from jeopardy."

The yell is in our ears yet that replied to our extorted ejaculation. You may have seen the effect produced upon half-a-dozen wild-ducks sportively dallying on their own small moorland tarn, by a sudden discharge of slugs or swan-shot. One of them plumps out of sight in a moment, and makes no sign. Another gives an awkward dive, preceded by a flourish of her tail, but cannot keep her poor wounded self from coming up to the surface. Here one lies floating quite dead among the water-lilies—and there another goes whizzing and whirring and whirling in the strangest antics, while the feathers are floating about in all directions. The other couple fly off quacking with outstretched necks and drooping sterns, and effect their escape to a distant fen.

Even so was it now in the Silver Pool. The image occurred to us at the time; but it has since brightened into a more perfect similitude. Unluckily for us, the two who made their instantaneous escape from the Pool, not knowing in their alarm whence had come the voice, came in their scrambling flight up the rocks, due North. We involuntarily cried out—"Ye ho! Ye ho!" wishing, half in love, half in fear, to arrest the fair pilgrims' progress, when, flinging somersets backwards, they went with a plump and a plunge into the water, and on re-rising to the surface, lay by a beautiful instinct, with just the tips of their noses out, from which we could not but observe the little air-bells bubbling all over the subsiding pool. The whole basin was still as death. We began seriously to apprehend that six young women were about to lose their lives; yet there was great difficulty, delicacy, and danger in any scheme for their deliverence. By-and-by a sweet Doric tongue was heard breathing from the waters—"What for are ye sittin glowerin there, ye auld chiel? Siccan behaviour's a great shame for ane o' your years; and I wadna hae expeckit it o' you, when you was playing thae bonny tunes last nicht wi' tears in your een. For gudesake, sir, tak aff your specks —gang awa wi' you—and let a set o' puir naked lassies get to their claes!" The appeal to our humanity was irresistible, as indeed at all times it is from a female in distress. "Pardon us, our dearest Girzie," we tenderly exclaimed; and then, for the first time, looking modestly to the ground, we saw ourselves en-

circled with all the possible varieties of female apparel, which to name profanely would incense against us the Eumenides. Truth and simplicity spoke in every tone of our voice; and Girzie, raising her weel-faured face from the foam, with a neck shown just down to the snow that covered her beating heart, conscious, as we thought, of her charms, nor even, in her bashful disquietude, unproud of their manifest effect on a man well stricken in years, said, in still sweeter accents, and with imploring eyes —"That's a bonny man—gang your wa's—and dinna tell ony stories, na, about our ploutering, to the lads."—"Will you promise to give me a few kisses, then, Girzie, ony time we chance to forgather, and I'll gang my wa's?"—"Ou ay, Mr North—Ou ay, sir—but oh! gang your wa's, for Tibbie's just chockin ower-by yonner aneath the water-pyet's nest—and Kirsty's drank a gallon at the least, and maun be sair swalled. Oh! gang your wa's, my bonny Mr North—gang your wa's." We felt it was indeed time to "gang our wa's;" for Girzie, as she was growing more and more impassioned in her beseeching, rose higher and higher from the water, and stood nearly to the waist unveiled, the long-sought Naiad of the Silver Pool of Talla.

Gentle reader! be not displeased with this picture; for, remember, that to the pure, all things are pure; and thou, we know well, art the very soul of purity. Often, mayhap, hast thou, leaning on friend's, or lover's, or husband's arm, moved slowly along the picture-gallery of some Peer's palace, and for a moment hast let thine eyes dwell on some nymph scene, in some place of waters, trees, and precipices, with its gleam of azure sky. No painful emotion blushed around those eyes, when the huntress Queen, wearied with the chase, stood disrobed among her train; and from some glade in the forest, the peeping Sylvans stole partial glances of the virgin goddess. Then why, since "*ut pictura poesis*," be offended by the description of North more than of Poussin? Homelier, indeed, are the names and the natures of his bathing beauties; yet chastity is the virtue by which Scotia's shepherdesses are guarded and adorned; and the waters of the Talla, are they not as pure as those of the Ilissus?

Let us then re-angle our way down the pastoral rivulet, and leave the laughing lassies in the linn. Soon will they collect their scattered garments, and with playful titterings reapparel

their innocence. Already is the pearly moisture wrung from their hair, and adjusted every silken snood. Fresh-breathing balm from every warmed bosom again blends with the fragrance of the hill-flowers—a brighter crimson is on every cheek —a brighter radiance dances in all their eyes—and down the braes like birds they fly, and not without a choral song. With many a gleesome smile over their strange adventure, they part in a little broomy hollow, and each wings her way towards her own nest. Each carries her blooming beauty into a home gladdened by her presence—all household affairs are cheerily attended to by them whose limbs health has braced; and what difficulty is there in imagining any one of them to be the wooed maiden of the "Cottar's Saturday Night?" for this is indeed the last day of the week, and Robert Burns —hallowed be his memory!—sung then a strain true to the manners and morals of Scotland over all her hills and plains.

Accompany us, in imagination, next day to Tweedsmuir Kirk, and the same voices will be sweetly singing the psalm of worship—one maiden sitting between her parents—one near her lover—one with her little brother on her knee: all thoughts of labour or of amusement will then be hushed, and the small house of God overflowing with thankfulness and praise. The low galleries, the pews beneath them, the seats in the main body of the kirk, forms set in the middle lobby, and even the very stairs up to the pulpit, all covered with well-dressed people, sedate in rational piety. At the close of the service, family parties form in the kirkyard, and move away through opposite gates, each towards its own hill-home. And what if old Christopher North go with the Minister to the Manse—partake of a dinner yesterday prepared—all but one dish which is warm, a few Tweed trouts of his own catching—and having laid aside his Saturday's merriment, with his green velvet jacket and jean trousers, and with his black suit put on a spirit befitting the day—enjoy a few such serious hours as no man having heart and soul can ever forget, who has passed a Sabbath evening in the Manse of a Scottish Minister.

MEG DODS'S COOKERY.[1]

[JUNE 1826.]

Most reviews of Cookery books that have fallen under our observation, have been so extremely witty, that it was not possible for us, who love facetiæ, to attend to the instruction conveyed along with the amusement; and consequently we are at this hour ignorant of the leading principles of several Systems, which it is the duty of every head of a house to understand. Now, in our opinion, cookery is by much too serious a subject for joking; and therefore, in this our short critique, we shall cautiously refrain from all sallies of imagination, and solemnly dedicate ourselves to the cause of science and truth.

Be it known, then, to all men by these presents, that this is a work worthy to be placed on the same shelf with Hunter, Glasse, Rundell, and Kitchener. We are confident that the Doctor will be delighted with it; and if any purchaser is known to give a bad dinner, after it has been a fortnight in his possession, the case may be given up as hopeless. The individual who has ingeniously personated Meg Dods, is evidently no ordinary writer, and the book is really most excellent miscellaneous reading. There has been a good deal of affectation of humour in some culinary authors—too much seasoning and spicery—unnecessarily ornate garnishing of dishes that in their own native loveliness are, "when unadorned, adorned the most." But here we have twenty or thirty grave, sober,

[1] *The Cook and Housewife's Manual;* containing the most approved Modern Receipts for making Soups, Gravies, Sauces, Ragouts, and Made-Dishes; and for Pies, Puddings, Pastry, Pickles, and Preserves; also for Baking, Brewing, making Home-made Wines, Cordials, &c.; the whole illustrated by numerous Notes, and Practical Observations on all the various branches of Domestic Economy. By Mrs Margaret Dods, of the Cleikum Inn, St Ronan's.

instructive, business-like pages, right on end, without one particle of wit whatever; then come as many more, sprinkled with facetiæ—and then half-a-dozen of broad mirth and merriment. This alternation of grave and gay is exceedingly agreeable—something in the style of *Blackwood's Magazine*. But at the same time we are bound to say, in justice to Mrs Dods, that the *Housewife's Manual* is entirely free from that personality which too frequently disgraces that celebrated work.[1]

Mrs Dods prefaces her work by directions for carving, most of which are, we think, judicious, although, perhaps, they smack somewhat too much of the old school. A hint is thrown out, that the rudiments of the art should be taught practically in childhood, "on plain joints and cold things," that in after-life "provisions may not be haggled." Mrs Dods believes that although there are awkward grown-up persons, having, as the French say, *two left hands*, whom no labour will ever make dexterous carvers, yet that there is no difficulty in the art, which most young learners, if early initiated under the eyes of their friends, might not easily surmount. We believe this view of human nature to be just. Young persons of both sexes, of the most humble talents, provided they have ten fingers (five on each hand), may certainly be made fair carvers, —and we have ourselves known not a few instances of boys, who were absolute dolts at the art, becoming men distinguished at the foot of the table.

The "carver's maxim" (which our readers may drink this afternoon in a bumper) is, according to Mrs Dods, "to deal small and serve all." No doubt at large parties it is so; and that is the fatal objection to large parties. Ten hungry men eye a small jigot "o' the black faced" with mixed pleasure and pain, when they all know that they must be helped according to the "carver's maxim." The best friends, so relatively placed, begin to dislike each other, and the angry wonder with them all is, why so many people of different characters and professions, perhaps countries, should agree in eating mutton? Therefore we love a *partie quarré*. No dish—unless absurdly small indeed—of which each of Us Four may not have a satisfactory portion. The "carver's maxim" is forgotten, or remembered only with a smile, and at such a board

[1] Indeed?—C. N.

alone can liberty and equality at each side of the square preside.

At a large party, we hold that it is a physical impossibility to get anything to eat. Eating does not consist in putting cold, greasy, animal food into your mouth. That, we repeat, is not eating. Eating consists in putting into your mouth (chewing, swallowing, &c. of course), warm, juicy, thinnish or thickish, fat or lean, morsels of animal food, precisely at the nick of time. A minute too soon or five minutes too late, and you may cram, but to eat is impossible. What can one waiter do among so many? And if you have six waiters, what then? Confusion worse confounded. You see a great hulking fellow, perhaps with the ties of his neckcloth a yard long, powdered highly, and in a pawnbroker's coat, carrying off *your* plate to a greedy Whig on the opposite side of the table, who devours the Pope's Eye before your face, in all the bitterness of party-spirit. A sturdy, squat, broad-shouldered, red-headed scoundrel serves you the same trick, with an insolent leer, in favour of a Tory, a man of the same political principles with yourself, a member of the Pitt Club, and an occasional minor writer in *Blackwood*, who makes a show of sending the rich-freighted trencher round to you, its lawful owner, but, at the same moment, lets drop into the dark-hued gravy a plash of yellow beaten turnips, destined to his own maw. A grave-looking man, like a minister, comes solemnly behind your chair, and stretching forward a plate, which you doubt not is to make you happy at last, asks, in solemn accents, for a well-browned potato, and then lodges the deposit in the hands of mine host's accommodating banker. A spruce, dapper, little tarrier, who, during forenoons, officiates as a barber, absolutely lifts up, with irresistible dexterity, your plate the moment after he has put it down before you, and making apology for the mistake, carries it off to a red-faced woman of a certain age, who calls for bread with the lungs of a Stentor. Then will an aged man, with a bald head, blind and deaf as a dog in his teens, but still employed at good men's feasts on account of character, which saving almost constant drunkenness is unexceptionable, totter past with your plate, supported against his breast with feeble fingers; and unawakenable by the roar of a cannon, in spite of all your vociferation, he delivers up the largest prize in the lottery to a lout whom you hope, on no distant day, to see

hanged. By this time anger has quelled appetite—and when, by some miraculous interposition of Providence in your favour, you find yourself in possession of the fee-simple of a slice of mutton at last, it is a short, round, thick squab of a piece, at once fat and bloody, inspiring deep and permanent disgust, and sickening you into aversion to the whole dinner.

When the party is large, therefore, adopt the following advice, and you may be far from unhappy, although one of twenty-four. Look out for a dish neither illustrious nor obscure—a dish of unpretending modest merit, which may be overlooked by the greedy multitude, and which the man of judgment can alone descry—a dish of decent dimensions, and finding, although not seeking, concealment under the dazzle of the epergne—a dish rather broad than high—a dish which thus but one of many, and in its unambitious humbleness almost lost in the crowd, might nevertheless be in its single self a dinner to a man and his wife at the guestless board ;—select, we say, such a dish—if such a dish there be—and draw in your chair quietly opposite to it, however ugly may be the women on either side of you, yea even if the lady of the house insist on your sitting higher up the table. Be absolute and determined—your legs are under the mahogany—rise not—pay a compliment to the fearsome dear on your right hand, and to the no less alarming spinster on the left—and, without any thoughts of soup or fish, help yourself plentifully, but carelessly, to your own chosen dish, and Da Capo. Don't betray yourself by any overheard demonstrations of delight, but, if possible, eat with an air of indifference and nonchalance. Lay down your knife and fork now and then, if you can bring your mind to submit to a moment's delay, and look about you with a smile, as if dedicated to agreeable conversation, badinage, and repartee. Should any one suspect your doings, and ask what is that dish before you, shake your head, and make a face, putting your hand at the same time to your stomach, and then, with a mischievous eye, offering to send some of the nameless stew. All this time there are people at the table who have not had a morsel, and whom you see crumbling down their bread to appease the cravings of hunger. You have laid a famous foundation for any superstructure you may be pleased at your leisure to erect—have drank wine with both fair supporters—and Peebles ale with the Bailie—are in a mood to say witty things, and say them

accordingly—and in the gladness of your heart, offer to carve a sinewy old fowl, safely situated two covers off, and who, when taken in hand by the gentleman to whom he of right belongs, will be found to be a tougher job than the dismemberment of Poland.

Contrive it so that you are done, on solemn entrance of the goose. Catch mine host's eye at that critical moment, and you secure the first hot slice, while the apple-sauce seems absolutely to simmer. Do not scruple to say, that you have been waiting for the goose, for by that egregious lie you will get double commons. Public attention, too, being thus directed to the waiter who holds your plate, he must deliver it safe up into your hands, and all attempts to interrupt it in its progress prove abortive. Having thus the start in goose, you come in early for macaroni—tarts and puddings—and as we suppose you to have a steady, not a voracious appetite, why, after cheese, which like hope comes to all, we really see no reason to doubt your having made a very tolerable dinner.

But perhaps you have got yourself so entangled in the drawing-room with a woman with a long train and a bunch of blue feathers, that you cannot choose your position, and are forced to sit down before a ham. An argument arises whether it be Westmoreland, Dumfriesshire, or Westphalia, and every person present expresses a determination to bring the point to the decision of the palate. Instantly avow, with a face of blushing confusion, that you would not attempt to haggle such a ham for worlds—that in early life you were little accustomed to carving, having lived with a minister of small stipend and low board, who on meat days always cut up the hough himself, so that he had never sent out an even tolerable carver from the manse. If that sort of excuse won't do, down with the middle finger of your right hand, and holding it out piteously, exhibit the effect of temporary cramp or permanent rheumatism. Should neither expedient occur or be plausible, then on with a determined countenance, a bold eye, and a gruff voice, and declare that you took an oath, many years ago, "never to help a ham," which you have religiously kept through good report and bad report, and which it would be, indeed, most culpable weakness in you to break, now that your raven locks are beginning to be silvered with the insidious grey. Then tell the waiter who is like a minister, to take the

ham to Mr Drysdale, or Mr Dempster, two of the best carvers in existence, for that it does a man's heart good to see the dexterity with which they distribute at the festive board. You thus avoid an evil under which many a better man has sunk, and can turn unshackled to serious eating.

In good truth, much as we admire the noble art of carving, it is the very last we should wish to possess in our own person. To be called on for a song is nothing—you can have your revenge on him who asks it by inflicting the torment in return, and on the whole company by bellowing like a bull in a mountainous region. But the celebrated carver is at the mercy of every stomach. Orders come showering in upon him faster than he can supply them; the company behave towards him like boys following each other on a slide, at what they call "keeping the pie warm." No sooner are his weapons down, than they are up again; particular cuts are politely, and even flatteringly insinuated. Ladies eat ham who never ate ham before, only that they may admire the delicate transparency;—well-known eating characters change plates upon him, that they may not appear to have been helped before;—and the lady of the house simpers with a sweet voice, "Now, Mr Dempster, that you have helped everybody so expeditiously, and with such graceful skill, may I solicit a specimen, the slightest possible specimen, of your handiwork?" Like the last rose of summer, the penultimate fat forsakes the shank to melt in the mouth of Mrs Haliburton; and on the great question of "whether Westmoreland, Dumfriesshire, or Westphalia," Mr Dempster gives no vote, for he has tasted only half a small mouthful of the brown, as sweet as sugar, and more like vegetable than animal matter.

Perhaps, therefore, on entering into private life, a young man had better let it be generally diffused that he is no carver. In that case he must take his chance of the cut-and-come-again, and will have the good sense to carve cautiously, awkwardly, and clumsily, that he may not acquire a good character. Ere long it will be said of him by some friend, to whom thenceforth he owes a family dinner once a-month, that Tom Hastie is a wretched carver. To the truth of this apothegm, Tom bows acquiescence; and difficult dishes are actually removed from before him, lest he should mar their fair proportions, and leave them in shapeless ruin. In a few years, go where he

will, he is never asked to carve anything beyond a haggis; and thus the whole precious dinner-time is left open for uninterrupted stuffing. Once or twice, in a period of ten years, he insists on being suffered to undertake the goose, when he makes a leg spin among the array on the sideboard, and drenches many ladies in a shower of gravy. On the credit of which exploit he escapes carving for an indefinite number of years; for it is amazing how a catastrophe of that kind is handed down and around by oral tradition, till it finally becomes part of national history. The stain is thought even to affect the blood; and it is believed that there never was, and never will be, a carver among the Hasties.

But should the principles now laid down not be fortunate enough to meet the approbation of the reader, and should he, in the face of those principles, determine to become himself, and to make his son—a carver,—then we trust he will listen to us, and, as he values his reputation, learn to carve quickly. Of all the pests, curses of civilised society, your slow carver is at the head. He eyes the leg of mutton, or round of beef, or goose, or turkey, as if he had not made up his mind as to the name and nature of the animal. Then he suspects the knife, and shakes his head at the edge, although sharp as a razor. He next goes through the positions, as if he were cunning of fence; when observing that he has forgotten to elevate the guard, he lays down the knife, and sets the fork to rights with an air of majesty only possible under a monarchical government. But where shall he begin? That is a momentous affair, not so readily settled as you may think; for a carver of such exquisite skill and discretion may commence operations in any one of fifty different ways, and he remains bewildered among thick-coming fancies. However, let him be begun by hypothesis. He draws the knife along as leisurely as if he were dissecting the live body of his mistress, to cure some complaint of a dainty limb. It takes a minute of precious time to bring the slice (but a small one) from jigot to plate, and then he keeps fiddling among the gravy for at least a minute more, till the patience of Job, had he witnessed such dilatory cutting up, would have been totally exhausted. Neither will he let the plate go till the waiter has assured him that he understands for whom it is intended, the fortunate man's name, age, and profession, and probably the colour of

his own hair or a wig. He then draws his breath, and asks for small beer. Heaven and earth, only one man has yet been muttoned! Had we held the knife, even we, who blush not to own that we are in some respects the worst carver in Europe (*credat Judæus Apella*), half-a-dozen pair of jaws would ere now have been put into full employment. Yet all the while our tardy friend chuckles over his skill in carving, and were you to hint, during the first course, that he was neither an Eclipse nor a Childers, he would regard you with a sardonic smile of ineffable contempt. True it is, however, that although in the upper circles people are careful not to express their sentiments too plainly, he is the object of curses not loud but deep; and that, however he may be respected as a man, as a carver he is damned.

Akin to the subject we have now been treating, or rather throwing out hints to be expanded by future writers of a more voluminous character, is the habit which some people avowing the Christian faith exhibit—of asking for particular bits, which happen to be favourites with their palate and stomach. This is not merely bad manners, but most iniquitous morals. How the devil do they know that the self-same bits are not the soul's delight of many other of their Christian brethren, then and there assembled together? How dare men who have been baptised, and go to church even when it is known that their own clergyman is to preach, expose thus the gross greed and gluttony of their unregenerated bowels? The man does not at this hour live, privileged to advance such a claim. We should not have granted it to him who invented the spade or the plough—the art of printing—gunpowder—or the steam-engine. Yet you will hear it acted upon by prigs and cox-combs, who at home dine three days a-week on tripe, and the other three on lights and liver (men of pluck), while their Sunday rejoices in cheese and bread, and an onion.

Mrs Meg, whom we have all along forgotten, advances, in her chapter on carving, no directions repugnant to those we have now freely advocated—at least, no directions with which ours might not easily be reconciled. We agree with her, that it is the duty of every man to know which are the best bits, that he may distribute them in the proper quarters. There is much that is amiable in the following succulent passage:—

"Venison Fat—the Pope's-eye in a leg of mutton—veal and

lamb kidney—the firm gelatinous parts of a cod's head,—the thin part of salmon,—the thick of turbot, and other flat fish, are reckoned the prime bits;—the ribs and neck of a pig,—the breast and wings of fowls,—the legs of hare and rabbit,—the breast and thighs of turkey and goose, cutting off the drumsticks—the wings and breast of pheasants, partridges, and moor game—and the legs and breast of duck are also reckoned delicacies. There are, besides, favourite bits, highly prized by some gourmands, though it is sometimes not easy to discover in what their superior excellence consists; as a shank of mutton,—turbot fins,—cod's tongue,—the bitter back of moor game,—the back of hare,—the head of carp, &c. A knowledge of these things will be of use to the carver as a guide in that equitable distribution of good things which is the most pleasing part of his duty."

Mrs Dods then observes, "that it is well known that a person of any refinement will eat much more when his food is carved in handsome slices, and not too much at once, than when a piece clumsily cut is put upon his plate. To cut warm joints fairly and smoothly, neither in slices too thick, nor in such as are finically thin, is all that is required of the carver of meat, whether boiled or roasted."

There is not in the whole range of English literature a sounder sentence. We always suspect a sinister motive, when we see our plate filled up with a huge, coarse, fat, outside, stringy, slobbery, gristly lump of animal matter, whilom belonging perhaps to the buttocks of a bull. It seems sent to sicken. When potatoes and greens are added, good God! your plate may be sent to the Canongate jail, by way of a Christmas dinner to the *sine cessione bonorum* debtors. On the other hand, confound us if we "do not hate as a pig in a gate," the opposite extreme. The opposite extreme, is one single solitary mouthful lying by itself disconsolately in the centre of the plate, obviously about as thick as a wafer, and not worth salt. It is generally mutton. It would seem, from all we have observed in the course of our experience, that it is difficult to help so minutely in beef. But out of a jigot of mutton you may take a slice that would starve a pech among the pigmies. Never condescend to begin upon such a famine. Pretend not to know that you have been helped, or treat the slice as a bit of skin that you have left from a pre-

vious plentiful supply, and return your plate to old Stingy, who, while he hates, will respect your character, and compliment your appetite indirectly, by praising your health and beauty. Be as determined as any one of the family; and continue sending back your plate till you are satisfied, should it require twenty trips. The man who leaves table hungry through bashfulness, will never make a figure in a world constituted as this is; he will infallibly become the prey of designing villains; if a literary man, he will never rise above two guineas a-sheet; at the bar, he will be browbeat even by the Man without the forehead; and were it possible to imagine him a clergyman, what a figure would he cut at dinner on the Monday of the Preachings!

For the purposes above mentioned, Mrs Dods goes on to say, "that the carver must be provided with a knife having a good edge; and it will greatly facilitate his operations if the cook has previously taken care that the bones in all carcass-joints are properly jointed." The sending up of a carcass-joint not properly jointed, should, in our humble and humane opinion, be made felony, without benefit of clergy. Curse the cook, say we, who breaketh this law—simple hanging is too good for her, and she should be hung in jack-chains. Why have a cleaver in the kitchen at all? yet, perhaps, the best plan is to trust to the butcher—only the cook too must be answerable, and then you have a double security against the commission of the greatest crime that can stain the culinary annals of a Christian country.

We cannot leave the subject of carving without the following judicious quotation:—

"Roasted Pig.—We could wish that the practice of having this dish carved by the cook were universal; for, in this fastidious age, the sanguinary spectacle of an entire four-footed animal at table is anything but acceptable. Like the larger poultry, pig is also very troublesome to the carver, who must have a sharp knife, with which the head is to be taken off in the first place: then cut down the back from neck to rump; afterwards remove the shoulder and leg on each side. The ribs are then to be divided into four portions, and the legs and shoulders cut in two. The ribs are, or rather were, esteemed the most delicate part of this dish; now the neck of a well-roasted pig is the favourite morsel. The carver must use his

discretion in distributing ear and jaw, as far as these will go, and help stuffing and sauce more liberally."

To this we have only to add, that the man or woman (surgeons excepted) who could cut up a pretty little roasted pig, would most assuredly not scruple to murder an illegitimate child.

A Scotchman in London is perpetually pestered with the question, "What is a Haggis?" Now, no man can be reasonably expected to have the definition of a haggis at his finger-ends. Henceforth we expect that we shall be spared such interrogatory.

"The Scotch Haggis.—Parboil a sheep's pluck and a piece of good lean beef. Grate the half of the liver, and mince the beef, the lights, and the remaining half of the liver. Take of good beef-suet half the weight of this mixture, and mince it with a dozen small firm onions. Toast some oatmeal before the fire for hours, till it is of a light-brown colour, and perfectly dry. Less than two tea-cupfuls of meal will do for this meat. Spread the mince on a board, and strew the meal lightly over it, with a high seasoning of pepper, salt, and a little Cayenne, well mixed. Have a haggis-bag perfectly clean, and see that there be no thin part in it, else your whole labour will be lost by its bursting. Put in the meat with as much good beef-gravy, or strong broth, as will make it a thick stew. Be careful not to fill the bag too full, but allow the meat room to swell; add the juice of a lemon, or a little good vinegar; press out the air, and sow up the bag; prick it with a large needle, when it first swells in the pot, to prevent bursting; let it boil, but not violently, for three hours.

"*Obs.*—This is a genuine Scotch haggis: there are, however, sundry modern refinements on the above receipt,—such as eggs, milk, pounded biscuit, &c. &c.; but these, by good judges, are not deemed improvements."

A blind man cannot by any effort of the imagination conceive colour—nor can any man alive, no, not the greatest poet on earth, not Barry Cornwall himself, conceive a haggis without having had it submitted to the senses. It takes possession of the palate with a despotism that might be expected from the "great chieftain of the pudding race." You forget for the time-being all other tastes. The real dishes before you seem fictions. You see them, but heed them not any more than

ocular spectra. Your tongue feels enlarged in your mouth, not in size only, but in sensibility. It is more fibrous, also more porous. You could think it composed of the very haggis it enjoys. There is a harmonious call among tongue, palate, and insides of the cheeks.—That is the true total of the whole. Your very eyes have a gust; and your ears are somewhat dull of hearing, trying to taste. The stomach receives without effort, in Epicurean repose, and is satisfied in such gradual delight, that you scarcely know when, how, or why you have ceased to eat. You continue to eye the collapsed bag with grateful affection,—command the waiter to behave kindly to it when removed,—and follow it out of the room with a silent benediction.

There is but one other Scotch dish at all comparable to a haggis—"alike, but oh, how different!"—and that, gentle reader, is Hotch-Potch.

"Hotch-Potch.—Make the stock of sweet fresh mutton. Cut down four pounds of ribs of lamb into small steaks, and put them to the strained stock. Grate two or three large carrots. Slice down as many more. Slice down also young turnips, young onions, lettuce, and parsley. Have a full quart of these things when shred, and another of young green pease. Put in the vegetables, withholding half the pease till near the end of the process. Boil well, and skim carefully; add the remaining pease, white pepper, and salt; and, when enough done, serve the steaks in the tureen with the hotch-potch.

"*Obs.*—The excellence of this favourite dish depends mainly on the meat being perfectly fresh, and the vegetables being all young, and full of sweet juices. The sweet white turnip is best for hotch-potch, or the small, round, smooth-grained yellow kind peculiar to Scotland. Mutton makes excellent hotch-potch without any lamb-steaks. Parsley shred, white cabbage, or lettuce, may be added to the other vegetables, or not, at pleasure."

Hotch-potch, we cheerfully admit, is often met with in England—but it is of Scottish extraction. The truly delightful thing about hotch-potch is, that it comes in with the season of green pease. At hotch-potch we always think of the beautiful line of Burns—

"My heart rejoiced in Nature's joy."

It is redolent of summer-gardens, when gardens are in their glory. It is a dish that must have been known in Paradise—nor do we doubt that Meg Dods's receipt is the same as Eve's. In describing a feast in Eden, Milton says, that while Adam and Eve were listening to Raphael, the affable archangel, "no fear lest dinner cool." It was a cold dinner, it would appear, and therefore neither our first parents, nor their celestial guest, needed to be under any apprehensions of its getting any colder. The same freedom from anxiety accompanies hotch-potch. "No fear lest dinner cool;" for hotch-potch is the hottest thing in nature. Yet it is not too hot—The elements of fire and water are so mixed in him, that the lady of the house is entitled to stand up and say, "That is a dish." It would appear to be scalding, yet it scalds not. You tremble to put a spoonful into your mouth, and blow cold; but it is needless all,—for carrots, turnips, onions, lettuce, parsley, pease, and lamb-steaks, delicate and small, interspersed with the stock of sweet fresh mutton, are all at a temperature which some mysterious thermometer has regulated within the balmy and balsamic tureen that continues to fling up to heaven its rowling incense.

We must forget, which God forbid, the happiest days of our youth, before we become insensible to the charms of Sheep's-head broth. This, we boldly say, is a dish peculiar to Scotland. What although it has been seen at the British Coffee-house, London? There it wants the true accent, and smacks not of the green pastoral braes. It is incapable of being made on the ultramontane side of the Tweed. As in Scotland alone it boils, so to enjoy it you must be born a Scotsman. Hear it simmer!

"Sheep's-Head Broth.—Choose a large fat head. When carefully singed by the blacksmith, soak it and the singed trotters for a considerable time in lukewarm water. Take out the glassy part of the eyes, and scrape the head and trotters till perfectly clean and white; then split the head with a cleaver, and take out the brains, &c.; split also the trotters, and take out the tendons. Wash the head and feet once more, and let them blanch till wanted for the pot.

"Take a small cupful of barley, and twice that quantity of white, or old green pease, with a gallon or rather more of water. Put to this the head and from two to three pounds of

scrag or trimmings of mutton perfectly sweet; and some salt. Take off the scum very carefully as it rises; and the broth will be as limpid and white as any broth made of beef or mutton. When the head has boiled rather more than an hour, add sliced carrot and turnip, and afterwards some onions and parsley shred. A head or two of celery sliced is admired by some modern gourmands, though we would rather approve of the native flavour of this really excellent soup. The more slowly the head is boiled, the better both the meat and soup be. From two to three hours' boiling, according to the size of the head and the age of the animal, and an hour's simmering by the side of the fire, will finish the soup. Many prefer the head of a ram to that of a wether, but it requires much longer boiling. In either case the trotters require less boiling than the head. Serve with the trotters, and sliced carrot round the head."

One only fault have we to find with this receipt. Instead of "one large fat Head," let there be Two. Instead of Four Trotters, let there be Eight. The effeminate Southern objects to the general blackness of the dish. That comes of looking at great lumbering white-faced Leicesters. Why! the living face of a true Scotch sheep is as black as that of a boiled one! So are the trotters. To suppose them white, would be hideous to the most hungry. The teeth are white—the jaw-bones are white—the cleaver-split skull is white—but would you have the seducing lips white—the inviting nostrils white—the fascinating chafts white? Ah no! Black as the comely countenance of that one of Afric's daughters, that won the heart of Lieutenant Clapperton beside the fountain of the desert!

Shall we ever live to forget those truly Doric dinners, that duly every winter-Sabbath we devoured, we and two others now no more, alternately in each other's "pensive citadel," hung in the purer atmosphere of fourteen storeys; and at night shining like a star to mariners stemming the German ocean on a happy homeward-bound! No other dish but potatoes—and the dinner cooked by a bit lassie, who had also to take care, all the while, of the youngest bairn, while the honest couple were at the Kirk. We were collegians—nor haply altogether uninitiated into the mysteries of divine philosophy—for Monro, and Black, and Cullen, and Stewart, were yet in their prime.

At head and trotters we eat away in silence; but over our

hot toddy (one moderate jug to each), ye gods! how we did guffaw! There was nobody to disturb, for the family were taking their decent afternoon walk on the Calton Hill—sound you know ascends, and the clouds are uninhabited. The little round table was drawn to the window of the watch-tower, and over the beautiful groves, where now the New Town stands, our eyes wandered delighted down to the sea, and away to the westward, where the Highland mountains seemed impatient for the glory of the setting sun. Then what Tusculan disputations! Powerful were we in argument in those days—at least so we thought—*media probandi* were never wanting—and we had winged words at will. When the blow of a thought failed to level our opponent, we dazzled his eyesight with the lightning of an image, and then running in, threw him a heavy fall. No subject came amiss. Dim as it might seem at first conception, and all unformed, how soon assumed it shape and splendour! Passed to and fro before our fancy, in numbers numberless, apparitions that now come not at our call, but seem to be all sunk for ever in the grave-cells of the sea. No scepticism had we, but we believed devoutly in all great and glorious things—in all things fair and lovely and of good report—in men unswerving in friendship, and in women faithful in love—in honour stainless as the burnished snow on the mountain accessible but to the flying footsteps of the beams of heaven—in the spirit of beauty that bathed the clouds, and built them up into edifices, through whose arched portals imagination walked as on wings into the great silent desert of the sky—in the music that saddened old hoary forests as they fluctuated in the night-wind—in voices heard in dreams, oh! how tremulously tender and how disturbingly divine! in thoughts whispering almost like voices from the penetralia of our yet unpolluted hearts, and inspiring a glorious confidence in our own virtue, and glorious visions of victories—alas! never, never, to be won;—for what was it all but that dear and dread delusion, in which nature for a while nurses up the human soul, in which Time seems the same as Eternity, and the regions on this side of the grave so blessedly beautiful, that the light of Heaven itself is but as the shadow of life's transitory dream!

We have in vain looked over Meg Dods again and again to find a quotation worthy of following this flight—So to conclude

—it is not uncommon to meet persons in private life who declare that they are wholly indifferent about what they eat or drink—that they eat and drink because they are hungry and thirsty, and in order to recruit and keep up the system. We also eat and drink because we are hungry and thirsty, and in order to recruit and keep up the system; but so far from being indifferent about the matter, we hold the whole physical arrangement to be most exquisite and delicious. In corroboration of this our belief, we need only refer the reader to this and various other articles in the Magazine. Now we cheerfully admit, that there may be patients with callous appetites and hebetated tongues, who have lost the delighted sense of swallow, and are consequently such complete citizens of the world, that they know no distinction between French ragout and Welsh rabbit, Italian macaroni or Scotch rumbledethumps; but if palate and tongue be sound, then the man who says he cares nought about eating and drinking, is obviously such a monstrous and prodigious liar, that we only consider why the earth does not open its jaws and swallow him on the spot. Only look at him lunching when he fondly supposes himself in privacy—and what a gormandiser! He is a great linguist, and understands the Laplandish, as many a rein-deer would confess, of whose tongue he had made himself master. He absolutely bolts bacon like one of the North-Riding school. Now he has swallowed the Oxford sausage; and, finally, he revels in the rookery of a supposed pigeon-house. Meanwhile he has been sluicing his ivories with horn after horn of old Bell's beer—trying whether it or his last importation of London porter be preferable for forenoon imbibation. Look, and you will see the large dew-drops on his forehead—listen, and you will hear his jaw or cheek-bones clanking; and that is the black-broth Spartan who is indifferent about what he eats or drinks! An ugly customer at an ordinary! a dangerous citizen in a beleagured town! If bred to a seafaring life, the first man to propose, when put on short allowance, to begin eating the black cook and the cabin-boy!

There is another class of men, not quite such hypocrites as the above, mistaken men, who bestow upon themselves the philosophical and eulogistical appellative of Plain-Eaters. Now, strip a Plain-Eater of his name, and pray what is he? or in what does he essentially differ from his brethren of man-

kind? He likes roast, and boil, and stew. So do they. He likes beef and veal, and venison and mutton, and lamb and kid, and pig and pork, and ham and tongue. So do they. He likes (does he not?) goose and turkey, and duck and howtowdy, and grouse and partridge, and snipe and woodcock. So do they. He likes salmon and cod, and sea-trout and turbot, and every other species of salt-water fish. So do they. He likes, or would like, if he tried it, A HAGGIS. So do or would they. He likes pancakes, and plum-pudding, and brandy-nans. So do they. He likes Suffolk and Cheshire cheese, Stilton and weeping Parmesan. So do they. He likes grapes and grozets, pine-apples and jargonels. So do they. He likes anchovies, and devilled legs of turkeys. So do they. He likes green and black teas of the finest quality, rather sweet than otherwise, and sugar-candied coffee, whose known transparency is enriched with a copious infusion of the cream of many Ayrshire cows, feeding upon old lea. So do they. He likes at supper the "reliquias Danaum"—that is, the relics of the dinners, presented in metamorphosis. So do they. He thinks that nuts are nuts. So do they. If the crackers are engaged, he rashly uses his teeth. So do they. He has been known to pocket the leg of a fowl. So have they. Once he has had a surfeit. So had they. Then was he very very sick. So were they. He swallowed physic. So did they. Or he threw it to the dogs. So did they. In all things the similitude, nay the identity, is complete—either he descends from his altitude—or all the world goes up-stairs to him—mankind at large devour but one dish, or he is a Plain-Eater no more.

The truth is, that it is as impossible to define a simple taste in eating, as in writing, architecture, or sculpture. A seemingly Doric dish, when analysed, is found to be composite. We have seen a black-pudding with a Corinthian capital, eaten in truly attic style. Perhaps there exists not, except in abstraction, such a thing as a perfectly plain dish. A boiled potato seems by no means complicated. But how rarely indeed is it eaten without salt, and butter, and pepper, if not fish, flesh, and fowl! Reader! lay your hand on your heart and say, have you ever more than thrice, during the course of a long and well-spent life, eaten, *bona fide per se*, without admixture of baser or nobler matter, a boiled mealy or waxy?

We hear you answer in the negative. Look on any edible animal in a live state, from an ox to a frog, and you will admit, without farther argument, that he must undergo changes deep and manifold, before you can think of eating him. Madame Genlis tells us, in her amusing Memoirs, that once at a fishing party, when a young married woman, to avoid the imputation of being called a Cockney, she swallowed a live minnow. That was plain eating. Madame Genlis was excelled by the French prisoner at Plymouth who ate live cats, beginning at the whisker and ending at the tip of the tail; but we believe that at particular parts he asked for a tallow candle. Without, however, reasoning the question too high, many is the honest man who, while he has been supposing himself enacting the character of the Plain-Eater, has been masticating a mixture composed of elements brought from the four quarters of the habitable globe. That he might eat that plain rice-pudding, a ship has gone down with all her crew. The black population of the interior of Africa have been captived, fettered, driven like hogs to the field, and hanged by scores, that he, before going to bed with a cold in his nose, and a nasty shivering, might take his—gruel.

We do not recollect ever to have witnessed anything approaching to plain taste in eating, except in a military man or two, who had seen severe service. One was a Major Somebody, and the other a mere Captain—but they ate up whatever might be put on their plates, without any varying expression suited to the varying viands. In fact, they relished all edible things, yet not passionately; and were never heard to discuss the character of a dish. Generally speaking, the army are neither epicures nor gluttons, when on a peace-establishment. What they may be in the field after a successful forage, we know not, nor yet after storm or sack. The clergy are formidable diners, as you may see with half an eye, from the most cursory survey of face and person. We defy you to find an exception from curate to bishop throughout our whole Episcopalian church. No doubt, there are too many small livings —yet produce the present incumbent (the late one is out of reach), and you will find him a weighty argument against all innovation in ecclesiastical affairs. Much comfortable eating has arisen out of Queen Anne's bounty. Our Presbyterian ministers are not a whit inferior to their English brethren in

any one essential quality of the clerical character. It is now the time of the General Assembly. What shoulders, and what calves of legs! Go to the Commissioner's dinner and admire the transitory being of the products of this earth. Much good eating goes on in manses, and in the houses of the heritors. Most ministers are men of florid complexion, or a dark healthy brown, and there is only one complaint of the stomach to which they are ever subject. No member of their body ever died of an atrophy. They can digest anything digestible—and you may observe that, with a solitary exception here and there, they all uniformly die of old age. A preacher, that is, "a birkie without a manse," plays a capital knife and fork, and a first-rate spoon. He seems always to be rather hungry than otherwise—gaunt, and in strong condition. Not that he or any of his cloth is a glutton. But being a good deal in the open air, and riding or walking from manse to manse, with a sermon in his pocket, the gastric juice is always in working power, and he is ready for any meal at the shortest notice. In every manse there should be a copy of Meg Dods lying beside Sir John Sinclair. Let it be lent to a neighbour, who will speedily purchase one of her own—she, too, will accommodate a friend—and thus, in a few months, there will be a copy in every respectable house in the parish. Before the arrival of Edward Irving's Millennium, in 1847, good eating in Scotland will have reached its acme—and that event will be celebrated by a Great National Festival, of which the Cookery will be transcendental. Mr Irving will preside, and we ourselves, if alive, will cheerfully accept the office of croupier. ODoherty, then a grey-headed general, will sing an ode, accompanied on the violin by Mr Tweedie of Linnhouse. Maga, for February 1847, will indeed be a splendid Number. Yes—the Millennium Number will be as famous as that of the Chaldee or the Kirk of Shotts. But we are dreaming—and must be off to walk with the Commissioner.

THERE IS DEATH IN THE POT.[1]

II. KINGS—CHAP. IV. VERSE 40.

[FEBRUARY 1820.]

[Of the work reviewed in this Essay, the *Quarterly Review* (No. 192, March 1855) says: "The world at large has almost forgotten Accum's celebrated work, *Death in the Pot*. A new generation has sprung up since it was written, and fraudulent tradesmen and manufacturers have gone on in silence, and up to this time in security, falsifying the food and picking the pockets of the people. Startling indeed as were the revelations in that remarkable book, yet it had little effect in reforming the abuses it exposed."—P. 460. These remarks, and the interest which "the adulteration of food" has recently excited, and still excites, may serve as an excuse (if any be needed) for the republication of this article. It is a slight thing in itself; but the Professor's comments are not unamusing, and the extracts from Accum are curious and interesting,—the more so as they are taken from a book which is now forgotten, but which made some noise in its day. The article seems to form a suitable sequel to *Meg Dods*. For further and more recent information on the subject of which it treats, the scientific reader is referred to the article in the *Quarterly* already alluded to; to "Food and its Adulterations—composing the reports of the Analytic Sanatory Commission of the *Lancet*, in the years 1851 to 1854 inclusive," by Arthur Hill Hassall, M.D., London, 1855; to "Des Falsifications des Substances Alimentaires et des moyens chemiques de les reconnâitre, par Jules Garnier, et Ch. Harel, Paris;" and to "Dictionaire des Alterations et Falsifications des Substances Alimentaires, Medicamenteuses, et Commerciales avec l'indication des moyens de les reconnâitre, par M. A. Chevallier: Paris."]

We bless our stars that a knowledge of the art of cookery does not constitute any part of our acquirements. We are so thoroughly convinced *a priori* of the disgusting character of its secrets, and the impurity of its details, that we are quite sure a more intimate acquaintance with them would have

[1] *A Treatise on Adulterations of Food, and Culinary Poisons*, exhibiting the Fraudulent Sophistications of Bread, Beer, Wine, Spirituous Liquors, Tea, Coffee, Cream, Confectionary, Vinegar, Mustard, Pepper, Cheese, Olive Oil, Pickles, and other articles employed in domestic economy. And methods of detecting them. By FREDERICK ACCUM, Operative Chemist, Lecturer on Practical Chemistry, Mineralogy, &c. &c. &c.

embittered our existence, and have destroyed for ever the usual healthy tone of our stomach. We make it a point, therefore, uniformly, to lull our suspicions, and to discuss any savoury dish that may be placed before us, without asking any questions about its ingredients. It is really much more agreeable to be allowed quietly to mistake a stewed cat for a rabbit, than to be made *post factum* accessaries to the deception. When we have finished our salad, we are by no means anxious to receive any proof, however clear, that it was seasoned with a preparation of Whale's blubber instead of Florence oil. And we should consider ourselves under a very trifling obligation to any "damned good-natured friend," who should take the trouble of demonstrating that the Rein-deer tongue, which gives so pleasant a relish to our breakfast, had been recently abstracted from the jaws of some distempered poodle. Misfortunes of this kind it is impossible for human sagacity to prevent, while they are perhaps too grievous for human patience to bear. Our best refuge, therefore, is our ignorance, and where that alone constitutes our happiness, surely we must agree with the poet, that it is indeed folly to be wise.

Mr Accum, it appears, is one of those very good-natured friends above alluded to, who is quite resolved not to allow us to be cheated and poisoned as our fathers were before us, and our children will be after us, without cackling to us of our danger, and opening our eyes to abysses of fraud and imposition, of the very existence of which we had until now the good fortune to be entirely ignorant. His book is a perfect death's head, a *memento mori*, the perusal of any single chapter of which is enough to throw any man into the blue devils for a fortnight. Mr Accum puts us something in mind of an officious blockhead, who, instead of comforting his dying friend, is continually jogging him on the elbow, with such cheering assurances as the following: "I am sorry there is no hope; my dear fellow, you must kick the bucket soon. Your liver is diseased, your lungs gone, your bowels as impenetrable as marble, your legs swelled like door-posts, your face as yellow as a guinea; and the doctor just now assured me you could not live a week." It is quite in vain for Mr Accum to allege, that "our bane and antidote are both before us;" that he has not only made us acquainted with the deadly frauds which are

daily practised on our stomachs, but afforded us unerring chemical tests by which these frauds may be detected. Is it for a moment to be supposed, that we are not to eat a muffin or a slice of toast without first subjecting it to an experiment with muriate of barytes? Does Mr Accum expect us to resort to the cider cellar, or the Burton ale-house, loaded with retorts and crucibles, and with our pockets crammed with tincture of galls, ammonia, and prussiate of potash? Are we to refuse to partake of a bottle of old Madeira, whenever we may chance to have forgotten to provide ourselves with the solution of sub-acetate of lead? For our own part, we must say, that rather than submit to such intolerable restrictions as these, we should prefer (dreadful alternative!) to double the dose of poison, and put a speedy end to our existence, by devouring a second roll to breakfast, and swallowing twice as much wine and porter after dinner as we have hitherto been accustomed to.

But in the dense and extended atmosphere of fraud, in which, it appears, we are condemned to live, move, and have our being, what reason have we to expect, that the very chemical substances which are necessary to expose our danger have not themselves partaken of the general adulteration? Mr Accum himself tells us, that "nine-tenths of the most potent drugs and chemical preparations used in pharmacy are vended in a sophisticated state by dealers, who would be the last to be suspected." Let us, therefore, since it must be so, reconcile ourselves to be poisoned with a good grace; and since we can have no hopes of a reprieve, imitate the Jemmy Jessamy thief, who behaves prettily on the scaffold, skips up the ladder with the air of a dancing-master, ogles the girls while the halter is adjusting, and drops the handkerchief with all the graces of a Turkish *petit-maitre* in his Harem.

Mr Accum's work is evidently written in the same spirit of dark and melancholy anticipation, which pervades Dr Robison's celebrated "Proofs of a Conspiracy, &c. against all the crowned heads of Europe." The conspiracy disclosed by Mr Accum is certainly of a still more dreadful nature, and is even more widely ramified than that which excited so much horror in the worthy professor. It is a conspiracy of brewers, bakers, grocers, wine-merchants, confectioners, apothecaries, and cooks, against the lives of all and every one of his majesty's

liege subjects. It is easy to see that Mr Accum's nerves are considerably agitated, that—

"Sad forebodings shake him as he writes."

Not only at the festive board is he haunted by chimeras dire of danger—not only does he tremble over the tureen—and faint over the flesh-pot; but even in his chintz night-gown, and red morocco slippers, he is not secure. An imaginary sexton is continually jogging his elbow as he writes, a death's head and cross bones rise on his library table; and at the end of his sofa he beholds a visionary tombstone of the best granite——

ON WHICH ARE INSCRIBED THE DREADFUL WORDS—

Hic Jacet

FREDERICK ACCUM,

Operative Chemist,

OLD COMPTON STREET,

SOHO.

Judging from ourselves, Mr Accum has been tolerably successful in communicating his own terror to his readers. Since we read his book, our appetite has visibly decreased. At the Celtic Club, yesterday, we dined almost entirely on roast beef; Mr Oman's London-particular Madeira lost all its relish, and we turned pale in the act of eating a custard, when we recollected the dreadful punishment inflicted on custard-eaters in page 326 of the present work. We beg to assure our friends, therefore, that at this moment they may invite us to dinner with the greatest impunity. Our diet is at present quite similar to that of Parnell's Hermit,—

"Our food the fruits, our drink the crystal well;"

though we trust a few days will recover us from our panic, and enable us to resume our former habits of life. Those of our friends, therefore, who have any intention of pasturing us, had better not lose the present opportunity of doing so. So favourable a combination of circumstances must have been quite unhoped for on their part, and most probably will never occur again.[1] V. S.

Since, by the publication of Mr Accum's book, an end has been for ever put to our former blessed state of ignorance, let us arm ourselves with philosophy, and boldly venture to look our danger in the face; or, as the poet beautifully expresses it, in language singularly applicable :—

> "Come, Christopher, and leave all meaner things
> To low ambition and the pride of kings;
> Let us, since life can little else supply
> Than just to swallow poison and to die,
> Expatiate free o'er all this dreadful field,
> Try what the brewer, what the baker yield;
> Explore the druggists' shop, the butchers' stall;
> Expose their roguery, and—damn them all!"
>
> POPE.

The following extract from the prefatory observations of Mr Accum, will give the reader a sort of *a priori* taste of what is to follow. Like the preliminary oysters of a Frenchman's dinner, they will serve to whet the appetite for the more substantial banquet which is to succeed.

Of all the frauds practised by mercenary dealers, there is none more reprehensible, and at the same time more prevalent, than the sophistication of the various articles of food.

This unprincipled and nefarious practice, increasing in degree as it has been found difficult of detection, is now applied to almost every commodity which can be classed among either the necessaries or the luxuries of life, and is carried on to a most alarming extent in every part of the United Kingdom.

It has been pursued by men who, from the magnitude and apparent respectability of their concerns, would be the least obnoxious to public suspicion; and their successful example has called forth, from among the retail dealers, a multitude of competitors in the same iniquitous course.

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[1] To save some trouble, we may announce that we are already engaged to dinner on the 23d, 27th, and 28th of this month, and to evening parties on the 22d, 23d, 26th, 28th, and 29th, and 3d of March.

To such perfection of ingenuity has this system of adulterating food arrived, that spurious articles of various kinds are everywhere to be found, made up so skilfully as to baffle the discrimination of the most experienced judges.

Among the number of substances used in domestic economy, which are now very generally found sophisticated, may be distinguished—tea, coffee, bread, beer, wine, spirituous liquors, salad-oil, pepper, vinegar, mustard, cream, and other articles of subsistence.

Indeed it would be difficult to mention a single article of food which is not to be met with in an adulterated state; and there are some substances which are scarcely ever to be procured genuine.

There are particular chemists, who make it a regular trade to supply drugs or nefarious preparations to the unprincipled brewer of porter or ale; others perform the same office to the wine and spirit merchant; and others again to the grocer and the oilman. The operators carry on their processes chiefly in secresy, and under some delusive firm, with the ostensible denotements of a fair and lawful establishment.

These illicit pursuits have assumed all the order and method of a regular trade; they may severally claim to be distinguished as an *art and mystery;* for the workmen employed in them are often wholly ignorant of the nature of the substances which pass through their hands, and of the purposes to which they are ultimately applied.

To elude the vigilance of the inquisitive, to defeat the scrutiny of the revenue officer, and to insure the secresy of these mysteries, the processes are very ingeniously divided and subdivided among individual operators, and the manufacture is purposely carried on in separate establishments. The task of proportioning the ingredients for use is assigned to one individual, while the composition and preparation of them may be said to form a distinct part of the business, and is intrusted to another workman. Most of the articles are transmitted to the consumer in a disguised state, or in such a form that their real nature cannot possibly be detected by the unwary. Thus the extract of *Cocculus indicus*, employed by fraudulent manufacturers of malt liquors to impart an intoxicating quality to porter or ales, is known in the market by the name of *black extract*, ostensibly destined for the use of tanners and dyers. It is obtained by boiling the berries of the Cocculus indicus in water, and converting, by a subsequent evaporation, this decoction into a stiff black tenacious mass, possessing, in a high degree, the narcotic and intoxicating quality of the poisonous berry from which it is prepared. Another substance, composed of extract of quassia and liquorice juice, used by fraudulent brewers to economise both malt and hops, is technically called *multum*.

The quantities of Cocculus indicus berries, as well as of black extract, imported into this country for adulterating malt liquors, are enormous. It forms a considerable branch of commerce in the hands of a few brokers; yet, singular as it may seem, no inquiry appears to have been hitherto made by the officers of the revenue respecting its application. Many other substances employed in the adulteration of beer, ale, and spirituous liquors, are

in a similar manner intentionally disguised; and of the persons by whom they are purchased, a great number are totally unacquainted with their nature or composition.

An extract, said to be innocent, sold in casks, containing from half a hundredweight to five hundredweight by the brewers' druggists, under the name of *bittern*, is composed of calcined sulphate of iron (copperas), extract of Cocculus indicus berries, extract of quassia, and Spanish liquorice.

It would be very easy to adduce, in support of these remarks, the testimony of numerous individuals, by whom I have been professionally engaged to examine certain mixtures, said to be perfectly innocent, which are used in very extensive manufactories of the above description. Indeed, during the long period devoted to the practice of my profession, I have had abundant reason to be convinced that a vast number of dealers, of the highest respectability, have vended to their customers articles absolutely poisonous, which they themselves considered as harmless, and which they would not have offered for sale, had they been apprised of the spurious and pernicious nature of the compounds, and of the purposes to which they were destined.

For instance, I have known cases in which brandy-merchants were not aware that the substance which they frequently purchase, under the delusive name of *flash*, for strengthening and clarifying spirituous liquors, and which is held out as consisting of burnt sugar and isinglass only, in the form of an extract, is in reality a compound of sugar with extract of capsicum; and that to the acrid and pungent qualities of the capsicum is to be ascribed the heightened flavour of brandy and rum, when coloured with the above-mentioned matter.

In other cases, the ale-brewer has been supplied with ready-ground coriander seeds, previously mixed with a portion of *Nux vomica* and quassia, to give a bitter taste and narcotic property to the beverage.

The baker asserts that he does not put alum into bread; but he is well aware that, in purchasing a certain quantity of flour, he must take a sack of *sharp whites* (a term given to flour contaminated with a quantity of alum), without which it would be impossible for him to produce light, white, and porous bread, from a half-spoiled material.

The wholesale mealman frequently purchases this spurious commodity, (which forms a separate branch of business in the hands of certain individuals), in order to enable himself to sell his decayed and half-spoiled flour.

Other individuals furnish the baker with alum mixed up with salt, under the obscure denomination of *stuff*. There are wholesale manufacturing chemists, whose sole business is to crystallise alum in such a form as will adapt this salt to the purpose of being mixed in a crystalline state with the crystals of common salt, to disguise the character of the compound. The mixture called *stuff* is composed of one part of alum, in minute crystals, and three of common salt. In many other trades a similar mode of proceeding prevails. Potatoes are soaked in water to augment their weight.

When these detestable artifices have succeeded in producing on our health the effects that might be anticipated from them, we naturally send to our friend the apothecary's for a dose of glauber, or proceed to fortify our viscera by a course of tonics. Mark the sequel.

Nine-tenths of the most potent drugs and chemical preparations used in pharmacy are vended in a sophisticated state by dealers who would be the last to be suspected. It is well known that, of the article Peruvian bark, there is a variety of species inferior to the genuine; that too little discrimination is exercised by the collectors of this precious medicament; that it is carelessly assorted, and is frequently packed in green hides; that much of it arrives in Spain in a half-decayed state, mixed with fragments of other vegetables and various extraneous substances; and in this state is distributed throughout Europe.

But, as if this were not a sufficient deterioration, the public are often served with a spurious compound of mahogany sawdust and oak-wood, ground into powder, mixed with a proportion of good quinquina, and sold as genuine bark powder.

Every chemist knows that there are mills constantly at work in this metropolis, which furnish bark powder at a much cheaper rate than the substance can be procured for in its natural state. The price of the best genuine bark, upon an average, is not lower than twelve shillings the pound; but immense quantities of powder bark are supplied to the apothecaries at three or four shillings a pound.

It is also notorious that there are manufacturers of spurious rhubarb powder, ipecacuanha powder, James's powder, and other simple and compound medicines of great potency, who carry on their diabolical trade on an amazingly large scale. Indeed, the quantity of medical preparations thus sophisticated exceeds belief. Cheapness, and not genuineness and excellence, is the grand desideratum with the unprincipled dealers in drugs and medicines.

Those who are familiar with chemistry may easily convince themselves of the existence of the fraud, by subjecting to a chemical examination either spirits of hartshorn, magnesia, calcined magnesia, calomel, or any other chemical preparation in general demand. . . . .

The eager and insatiable thirst for gain, which seems to be a leading characteristic of the times, calls into action every human faculty, and gives an irresistible impulse to the power of invention; and where lucre becomes the reigning principle, the possible sacrifice of even a fellow creature's life is a secondary consideration. In reference to the deterioration of almost all the necessaries and comforts of existence, it may be justly observed, in a civil as well as a religious sense, that "*in the midst of life we are in death.*"

Melancholy as these details are, there is something almost ludicrous, we think, in the very extent to which the deceptions are carried. So inextricably are we all immersed in

this mighty labyrinth of fraud, that even the venders of poison themselves are forced, by a sort of retributive justice, to swallow it in their turn. Thus the apothecary, who sells the poisonous ingredients to the brewer, chuckles over his roguery, and swallows his own drugs in his daily copious exhibitions of Brown stout. The brewer, in his turn, is poisoned by the baker, the wine-merchant, and the grocer. And whenever the baker's stomach fails him, he meets his *coup de grace* in the adulterated drugs of his friend the apothecary, whose health he has been gradually contributing to undermine, by feeding him every morning on chalk and alum, in the shape of hot rolls.

Our readers will now, we think, be able to form a general idea of the perils to which they are exposed by every meal. Even water-drinkers are not safe, as the following extract will pretty satisfactorily demonstrate.

There can be no doubt that the mode of preserving water intended for food or drink in leaden reservoirs, is exceedingly improper; and although pure water exercises no sensible action upon metallic lead, provided air be excluded, the metal is certainly acted on by the water when air is admitted: this effect is so obvious, that it cannot escape the notice of the least attentive observer.

The white line, which may be seen at the surface of the water preserved in leaden cisterns, where the metal touches the water and where the air is admitted, is a carbonate of lead, formed at the expense of the metal. This substance, when taken into the stomach, is highly deleterious to health. This was the reason which induced the ancients to condemn leaden pipes for the conveyance of water; it having been remarked, that persons who swallowed the sediment of such water became affected with disorders of the bowels. . . . . .

The following instance is related by Sir George Baker:—

"A gentleman was the father of a numerous offspring, having had one-and-twenty children, of whom eight died young, and thirteen survived their parents. During their infancy, and indeed *until they had quitted the place of their usual residence, they were all remarkably unhealthy;* being particularly subject to disorders of the stomach and bowels. The father, during many years, was paralytic; the mother, for a long time, was subject to colics and bilious obstructions.

"After the death of the parents, the family sold the house which they had so long inhabited. The purchaser found it necessary to repair the pump. This was made of lead; which, upon examination, was found to be so corroded that several perforations were observed in the cylinder in which the bucket plays, and the cistern in the upper part was reduced to the thinness of common brown paper, and was full of holes like a sieve."

I have myself seen numerous instances where leaden cisterns have completely corroded by the action of water with which they were in contact;

and there is, perhaps, not a plumber who cannot give testimony of having experienced numerous similar instances in the practice of his trade.

I have been frequently called upon to examine leaden cisterns, which had become leaky on account of the action of the water which they contained; and I could adduce an instance of a legal controversy having taken place to settle the disputes between the proprietors of an estate and a plumber, originating from a similar cause,—the plumber being accused of having furnished a faulty reservoir, whereas the case was proved to be owing to the chemical action of the water on the lead. Water containing a large quantity of common air and carbonic acid gas, always acts very sensibly on metallic lead.

Water which has no sensible action, in its natural state, upon lead, may acquire the capability of acting on it by heterogeneous matter, which it may accidentally receive. Numerous instances have shown that vegetable matter, such as leaves, falling into leaden cisterns filled with water, imparted to the water a considerable solvent power of action on the lead, which, in its natural state, it did not possess. Hence the necessity of keeping leaden cisterns clean; and this is the more necessary, as their situations expose them to accidental impurities."

From water—a liquor not the most consonant to our taste—we gladly turn to *wine*, the inspirer of love and of valour, the friend of generous sentiments and heroic deeds. We sincerely trust that our own wine-merchant, at least, can conscientiously plead not guilty to the following indictment:—

It is sufficiently obvious that few of those commodities which are the objects of commerce, are adulterated to a greater extent than wine. All persons moderately conversant with the subject are aware, that a portion of alum is added to young and meagre red wines, for the purpose of brightening their colour; that Brazil wood, or the husks of elderberries and bilberries, are employed to impart a deep rich purple tint to red Port of a pale, faint colour; that gypsum is used to render cloudy white wines transparent; that an additional astringency is imparted to immature red wines by means of oak-wood sawdust and the husks of filberts; and that a mixture of spoiled foreign and home-made wines is converted into the wretched compound frequently sold in this town by the name of *genuine old Port*.

Various expedients are resorted to for the purpose of communicating particular flavours to insipid wines. Thus a *nutty* flavour is produced by bitter almonds; factitious Port wine is flavoured with a tincture drawn from the seeds of raisins; and the ingredients employed to form the *bouquet* of high-flavoured wines, are sweet-brier, oris-root, clary, cherry-laurel water, and elder-flowers.

The flavouring ingredients used by manufacturers, may all be purchased by those dealers in wine who are initiated in the mysteries of the trade; and even a manuscript receipt-book for preparing them, and the whole mystery of managing all sorts of wines, may be obtained on payment of a considerable fee.

The sophistication of wine with substances not absolutely noxious to health, is carried to an enormous extent in this metropolis. Many thousand pipes of spoiled cider are annually brought hither from the country, for the purpose of being converted into factitious Port wine. The art of manufacturing spurious wine is a regular trade of great extent in this metropolis.

There is, in this city, a certain fraternity of chemical operators, who work under ground in holes, caverns, and dark retirements, to conceal their mysteries from the eyes and observation of mankind. These subterraneous philosophers are daily employed in the transmutation of liquors, and, by the power of magical drugs and incantations, raising under the streets of London the choicest products of the hills and valleys of France. They can squeeze Bordeaux out of the sloe, and draw Champagne from an apple. Virgil, in that remarkable prophecy,—

Incultisque rubens pendebit sentibus uva.—Virg. *Ecl.* iv. 29.

"The ripening grape shall hang on every thorn,"—

seems to have hinted at this art, which can turn a plantation of northern hedges into a vineyard. These adepts are known among one another by the name of *Wine-brewers;* and, I am afraid, do great injury, not only to her Majesty's customs, but to the bodies of many of her good subjects.

The particular and separate department in this factitious wine trade, called *crusting*, consists in lining the interior surface of empty wine-bottles, in part, with a red crust of super-tartrate of potash, by suffering a saturated hot solution of this salt, coloured red with a decoction of Brazil-wood, to crystallise in them; and after this simulation of maturity is perfected, they are filled with the compound called Port wine.

Other artisans are regularly employed in staining the lower extremities of bottle-corks with a fine red colour, to appear, on being drawn, as if they had been long in contact with the wine.

The preparation of an astringent extract, to produce, from spoiled home-made and foreign wine, a "genuine old Port," by mere admixture; or to impart to a weak wine a rough austere taste, a fine colour, and a peculiar flavour,—forms one branch of the business of particular wine-coopers; while the mellowing and restoring of spoiled white wines is the sole occupation of men who are called *refiners of wine.*

We have stated that a crystalline crust is formed on the interior surface of bottles, for the purpose of misleading the unwary into a belief that the wine contained in them is of a certain age. A correspondent operation is performed on the wooden cask; the whole interior of which is stained artificially with a crystalline crust of super-tartrate of potash, artfully affixed in a manner precisely similar to that before stated. Thus the wine-merchant, after bottling off a pipe of wine, is enabled to impose on the understanding of his customers, by taking to pieces the cask, and exhibiting the beautiful dark-coloured and fine crystalline crust, as an indubitable proof of the age of the wine; a practice by no means uncommon, to flatter the vanity of those who pride themselves in their acute discrimination of wines.

These and many other sophistications, which have long been practised with impunity, are considered as legitimate by those who pride themselves for their skill in the art of *managing*, or, according to the familiar phrase, *doctoring* wines. The plea alleged in exculpation of them is, that, though deceptive, they are harmless; but even admitting this as a palliation, yet they form only one department of an art which includes other processes of a tendency absolutely criminal.

Several well-authenticated facts have convinced me, that the adulteration of wine with substances deleterious to health, is certainly practised oftener than is perhaps suspected; and it would be easy to give some instances of very serious effects having arisen from wines contaminated with deleterious substances, were this a subject on which I meant to speak. The following statement is copied from the *Monthly Magazine* for March 1811, p. 188:—

"On the 17th of January the passengers by the Highflyer coach, from the north, dined as usual at Newark. A bottle of Port wine was ordered, on tasting which, one of the passengers observed that it had an unpleasant flavour, and begged that it might be changed. The waiter took away the bottle, poured into a fresh decanter half the wine which had been objected to, and filled it up from another bottle. This he took into the room, and the greater part was drank by the passengers, who, after the coach had set out towards Grantham, were seized with extreme sickness; one gentleman in particular, who had taken more of the wine than the others, it was thought would have died, but has since recovered. The half of the bottle of wine sent out of the passengers' room was put aside for the purpose of mixing negus. In the evening, Mr Bland, of Newark, went into the hotel, and drank a glass or two of wine and water. He returned home at his usual hour, and went to bed; in the middle of the night he was taken so ill as to induce Mrs Bland to send for his brother, an apothecary in the town; but before that gentleman arrived he was dead. An inquest was held, and the jury, after the fullest inquiry, and the examination of the surgeons by whom the body was opened, returned a verdict of—*Died by poison.*"

Mr Accum's details on the adulteration of wine are extremely ample,—and so interesting, that we regret our limits prevent our making more copious extracts, and oblige us to refer our readers for farther information to the work itself.

Having thus laid open to our view the arcana of the cellar, Mr Accum next treats us with an *exposé* of the secrets of the brewhouse. Verily, the wine-merchant and brewer are *par nobile fratrum;* and after the following disclosures, it will henceforth be a matter of the greatest indifference to us, whether we drink Perry or Champagne, Hermitage or Brown stout. *Latet anguis in poculo*, there is disease and death in them all,

and one is only preferable to the other, because it will poison us at about one-tenth of the expense.

Malt liquors, and particularly porter, the favourite beverage of the inhabitants of London and of other large towns, is amongst those articles in the manufacture of which the greatest frauds are frequently committed.

The statute prohibits the brewer from using any ingredients in his brewings, except malt and hops; but it too often happens that those who suppose they are drinking a nutritious beverage, made of these ingredients only, are entirely deceived. The beverage may, in fact, be neither more nor less than a compound of the most deleterious substances; and it is also clear, that all ranks of society are alike exposed to the nefarious fraud. The proofs of this statement will be shown hereafter. . . . . .

The fraud of imparting to porter and ale an intoxicating quality by narcotic substances, appears to have flourished during the period of the late French war; for, if we examine the importation lists of drugs, it will be noticed that the quantities of Cocculus indicus imported in a given time prior to that period will bear no comparison with the quantity imported in the same space of time during the war, although an additional duty was laid upon this commodity. Such has been the amount brought into this country in five years, that it far exceeds the quantity imported during twelve years anterior to the above epoch. The price of this drug has risen within these ten years from two shillings to seven shillings the pound.

It was at the period to which we have alluded, that the preparation of an extract of Cocculus indicus first appeared, as a new saleable commodity, in the price-currents of *brewers'-druggists*. It was at the same time, also, that a Mr Jackson, of notorious memory, fell upon the idea of brewing beer from various drugs, without any malt and hops. This chemist did not turn brewer himself; but he struck out the more profitable trade of teaching his mystery to the brewers for a handsome fee. From that time forwards, written directions and receipt-books for using the chemical preparations to be substituted for malt and hops, were respectively sold; and many adepts soon afterwards appeared everywhere, to instruct brewers in the nefarious practice first pointed out by Mr Jackson. From that time, also, the fraternity of brewers'-chemists took its rise. They made it their chief business to send travellers all over the country, with lists and samples exhibiting the price and quality of the articles manufactured by them for the use of brewers only. Their trade spread far and wide, but it was amongst the country brewers chiefly that they found the most customers; and it is amongst them, up to the present day, as I am assured by some of these operators, on whose veracity I can rely, that the greatest quantities of unlawful ingredients are sold.

The following extract relates to the same subject, and we are glad to find by it that none of the eleven great porter brewers have ever been detected in any illegal sophistication of their beer. Mr Accum very properly gives us a list of those

miscreants who have been convicted of adulterating their porter with poisonous ingredients, and want of room alone prevents us from damning them to everlasting fame, by inserting their names in the imperishable pages of this miscellany.

That a minute portion of an unwholesome ingredient, daily taken in beer, cannot fail to be productive of mischief, admits of no doubt; and there is reason to believe that a small quantity of a narcotic substance (and Cocculus indicus is a powerful narcotic) daily taken into the stomach, together with an intoxicating liquor, is highly more efficacious than it would be without the liquor. The effect may be gradual; and a strong constitution, especially if it be assisted with constant and hard labour, may counteract the destructive consequences perhaps for many years; but it never fails to show its baneful effects at last. Independent of this, it is a well-established fact, that porter-drinkers are very liable to apoplexy and palsy, without taking this narcotic poison.

If we judge from the preceding lists of prosecutions and convictions furnished by the Solicitor of the Excise, it will be evident that many wholesale brewers, as well as retail dealers, stand very conspicuous among those offenders. But the reader will likewise notice, that there are no convictions, in any instance, against any of the eleven great London porter brewers for any illegal practice. The great London brewers, it appears, believe that the publicans alone adulterate the beer. That many of the latter have been convicted of this fraud, the Report of the Board of Excise amply shows.—See p. 176.

The following statement relating to this subject, we transcribe from a Parliamentary document.

Mr Perkins, being asked whether he believed that any of the inferior brewers adulterated beer, answered, "I am satisfied there are some instances of that."

Question.—"Do you believe publicans do?" *Answer.*—"I believe they do." *Q.*—"To a great extent?" *A.*—"Yes." *Q.*—"Do you believe they adulterate the beer you sell them?" *A.*—"I am satisfied there are some instances of that."

Mr J. Martineau being asked the following: *Question.*—"In your judgment is any of the beer of the metropolis, as retailed to the publican, mixed with any deleterious ingredients?"

A.—"In retailing beer, in some instances, it has been."

Q.—"By whom, in your opinion, has that been done?"

A.—"In that case by the publicans who vend it."

On this point, it is but fair to the minor brewers to record also the answers of some officers of the revenue, when they were asked whether they considered it more difficult to detect nefarious practices in large breweries than in small ones?

Mr J. Rogers being thus questioned in the committee of the House of Commons,—"Supposing the large brewers to use deleterious or any illegal ingredients to such an amount as could be of any importance to their con-

cerns, do you think it would, or would not, be more easy to detect it in those large breweries than in small ones?" his answer was, "More difficult to detect it in the large ones:" and witness being asked to state the reason why, answered, "Their premises are so much larger, and there is so much more strength, that a cart-load or two is got rid of in a minute or two." Witness "had known, in five minutes, twenty barrels of molasses got rid of as soon as the door was shut."

Another witness, W. Wells, an excise officer, in describing the contrivances used to prevent detection, stated, that at a brewer's at Westham, the adulterating substance "was not kept on the premises, but in the brewer's house; not the principal, but the working brewer's, it not being considered, when there, as liable to seizure; the brewer had a very large jacket made expressly for that purpose, with very large pockets; and on brewing mornings, he would take his pockets full of the different ingredients. Witness supposed that such a man's jacket, similar to what he had described, would convey quite sufficient for any brewery in England, as to *Cocculus indicus.*"

That it may be more difficult for the officers of the Excise to detect fraudulent practices in large breweries than in small ones, may be true to a certain extent; but what eminent London porter brewer would stake his reputation on the chance of so paltry a gain, in which he would inevitably be at the mercy of his own man? The eleven great porter brewers of this metropolis are persons of so high respectability, that there is no ground for the slightest suspicion that they would attempt any illegal practices, which they were aware could not possibly escape detection in their extensive establishments. And let it be remembered, that none of them have been detected for any unlawful practices, with regard to the processes of their manufacture, or the adulteration of their beer.

The following observations on the adulteration of rum and brandy are by no means applicable to "John Hamilton's best," which inspires the flash coves of the Trongate with too much wit not to be genuine. We are convinced, nevertheless, that it contains something singular in its composition, and possesses an inherent stimulus to trotting. When drinking it t'other day at a friend's house, who lately imported a few dozens of it from Glasgow, we detected ourself more than once instinctively trotting two military gentlemen, who sat on our right and left, on the subject of their campaigns. This, however, must be the subject of a separate dissertation.

Brandy and rum are also frequently sophisticated with British molasses, or sugar-spirit, coloured with burnt sugar. . . . . .

Oak-sawdust, and a spirituous tincture of raisin-stones, are likewise used to impart to new brandy and rum a *ripe taste*, resembling brandy or rum long kept in oaken casks, and a somewhat oily consistence, so as to form a durable froth at its surface, when strongly agitated in a vial. The colouring substances are burnt sugar, or molasses; the latter gives to imitative brandy

a luscious taste, and fulness *in the mouth.* These properties are said to render it particularly fit for the retail London customers.

The following is the method of compounding or *making up,* as it is technically called, *brandy* for retail :—

	Gallons.
To ten puncheons of brandy, . . .	1081
Add flavoured raïsin-spirit, . . .	118
Tincture of grains of paradise, . . .	4
Cherry-laurel water, ...	2
Spirit of almond-cakes, ...	2
	1207

Add also ten handfuls of oak-sawdust, and give it *complexion* with burnt sugar.

Mr Accum gives us a long dissertation on counterfeit tea, and another on spurious coffee; but as these are impositions by which we are little affected, we shall not allow them to detain us. The leaves of the sloe-thorn are substituted for the former, and roasted horse-beans for the latter. These frauds, it appears, are carried to a very great extent.

We believe we have not yet noticed the frauds of the cheese-monger: we now beg, therefore, to introduce that gentleman to the notice of our readers.

"As a striking example of the extent to which adulterated articles of food may be unconsciously diffused, and of the consequent difficulty of detecting the real fabricators of them, it may not be uninteresting to relate to your readers the various steps by which the fraud of a poisonous adulteration of cheese was traced to its source.

"Your readers ought here to be told, that several instances are on record, that Gloucester and other cheeses have been found contaminated with red lead, and that this contamination has produced serious consequences. In the instance now alluded to, and probably in all other cases, the deleterious mixture had been caused ignorantly by the adulteration of the anotta employed for colouring the cheese. This substance, in the instance I shall relate, was found to contain a portion of red lead; a species of adulteration which subsequent experiments have shown to be by no means uncommon. Before I proceed further to trace this fraud to its source, I shall briefly relate the circumstance which gave rise to its detection.

"A gentleman, who had occasion to reside for some time in a city in the west of England, was one night seized with a distressing but indescribable pain in the region of the abdomen and of the stomach, accompanied with a feeling of tension, which occasioned much restlessness, anxiety, and repugnance to food. He began to apprehend the access of an inflammatory disorder; but in twenty-four hours the symptoms entirely subsided. In four days afterwards he experienced an attack precisely similar; and he then

recollected, that having, on both occasions, arrived from the country late in the evening, he had ordered a plate of toasted Gloucester cheese, of which he had partaken heartily, a dish which, when at home, regularly served him for supper. He attributed his illness to the cheese. The circumstance was mentioned to the mistress of the inn, who expressed great surprise, as the cheese in question was not purchased from a country dealer, but from a highly respectable shop in London. He therefore ascribed the before-mentioned effects to some peculiarity in his constitution. A few days afterwards he partook of the same cheese; and he had scarcely retired to rest, when a most violent colic seized him, which lasted the whole night and part of the ensuing day. The cook was now directed henceforth not to serve up any toasted cheese, and he never again experienced these distressing symptoms. Whilst this matter was a subject of conversation in the house, a servant-maid mentioned that a kitten had been violently sick after having eaten the rind cut off from the cheese prepared for the gentleman's supper. The landlady, in consequence of this statement, ordered the cheese to be examined by a chemist in the vicinity, who returned for answer, that the cheese was contaminated with lead! So unexpected an answer arrested general attention, and more particularly as the suspected cheese had been served up for several other customers.

"Application was therefore made by the London dealer to the farmer who manufactured the cheese: he declared that he had bought the anotta of a mercantile traveller, who had supplied him and his neighbours for years with that commodity, without giving occasion to a single complaint. On subsequent inquiries, through a circuitous channel, unnecessary to be detailed here at length, on the part of the manufacturer of the cheese, it was found, that as the supplies of anotta had been defective and of inferior quality, recourse had been had to the expedient of colouring the commodity with vermilion. Even this admixture could not be considered deleterious. But on further application being made to the druggist who sold the article, the answer was, that the vermilion had been mixed with a portion of red lead; and the deception was held to be perfectly innocent, as frequently practised on the supposition that the vermilion would be used only as a pigment for house-painting. Thus the druggist sold his vermilion in the regular way of trade, adulterated with red lead to increase his profit, without any suspicion of the use to which it would be applied; and the purchaser who adulterated the anotta, presuming that the vermilion was genuine, had no hesitation in heightening the colour of his spurious anotta with so harmless an adjunct. Thus, through the circuitous and diversified operations of commerce, a portion of deadly poison may find admission into the necessaries of life, in a way which can attach no criminality to the parties through whose hands it has successively passed."

We must now draw our extracts to a close; but we can assure our readers, that we have not yet introduced them to one tithe of the poisonous articles in common use detected by Mr Accum. We shall give the titles of a few to satisfy

the curious: — Poisonous confectionary, poisonous pickles, poisonous cayenne pepper, poisonous custards, poisonous anchovy sauce, poisonous lozenges, poisonous lemon acid, poisonous mushrooms, poisonous ketchup, and poisonous soda-water! Read this, and wonder how you live!

While we thus suffer under accumulated miseries brought upon us by the unprincipled avarice and cupidity of others, it is surely incumbent on us not wantonly to increase the catalogue by any negligence or follies of our own. Will it be believed that, in the cookery-book which forms the prevailing oracle of the kitchens in this part of the island, there is an express injunction to "*boil greens with halfpence* in order to improve their *colour?*" — that our puddings are frequently seasoned with laurel leaves, and our sweetmeats almost uniformly prepared in copper vessels? Why are we thus compelled to swallow a supererogatory quantity of poison which may so easily be avoided? Why are we eternally insulted at our entertainments with the presence of that villanous decoction of offal, falsely called *calf's-foot*[1] jelly? And why are we constantly made to run the risk of our lives by participating in custards, trifles, and blancmanges, seasoned by a most deadly poison extracted from the *Prunus lauro-cerasus?* Verily, while our present detestable system of cookery remains, we may exclaim with the sacred historian, that there is indeed "Death in the Pot."

Yet, after all, when we have drained the bitter draught presented to us by Mr Accum to the bottom, there will still be found a drop of comfort in the goblet. It is certain that the alimentary sophistications detected in his work have by no means become so prevalent in this quarter of the island as it appears they have done among our neighbours. Scotland is not a soil in which fraud of any kind has ever flourished, and, least of all, fraud of so aggravated a nature as to imply not only the total destitution of moral principle, but the utter

[1] We have the authority of Auld Reekie's first Patissier, for stating that, according to a most philosophical and accurate calculation made by him, the quantity of calf's-foot jelly consumed in *Edinburgh* alone, is *five times* greater than could be afforded by all the calves killed in Scotland put together! The truth is, it is generally made from bullocks' entrails, which are carefully preserved from the dogs, and transmitted to the mansions of those ladies whom their cards inform us we are to have the pleasure of finding "AT HOME" a few evenings afterwards.

absence of all human feeling in the perpetrator of it. But if we find some security from imposition in the general character of our population, we may rely with still greater confidence on the well-earned fame of individuals. The potency of Provost Manderson's pills will not readily be doubted by those who admire him as an upright and distinguished magistrate, and still less by those who, like ourselves, can bear testimony, by experience (alas! too frequent), to their efficacy. When revelling amid the luxuries of Bailie Henderson's shop, the very smell of which might create an appetite under the ribs of death, no dismal apprehension need spoil the flavour of our Bologna, or prevent us from washing it down with a bumper of his transcendent Maraschino. What delicacy is there of which we may not freely partake in Mrs Weddell's, Mrs Montgomery's, or Mr Davidson's?—There lurks no poison in the warm, soothing, and delicious jellies of the first, the inimitable mulligatawny of the second, or the exquisite patés and unrivalled ices of the third. Uncontaminated by drugs, the porter of the Prestonpans brewery will still maintain the high reputation it has acquired; and share, with Bell's ale, an honourable, an extended, and a lucrative popularity. Our Scottish wine-merchants, we believe, have yet to be instructed in the art of staining corks, and fabricating artificial crusts. With what delicious safety, therefore, may we quaff the aged Port and perfumed Longbouchon of Messrs Somervell and Campbell, the famous Madeira and Chambertin of the Frisby of Leith, the delightful Hock and superb Closvogeot of Mr Thomas Hamilton of Glasgow! We must conclude. The very mention of these things has thrown our whole frame into disorder. Even if it could be established that death was in the bottle as well as in the pot, we should pitch Mr Accum to the devil, and swallow the delicious poison at the rate of three bottles per diem, till the exhaustion of our cellar or our constitution should unwillingly force us to desist.

GYMNASTICS.[1]

[AUGUST 1826.]

People in general have no notion what awkward cubs they are, and how exceedingly unlike Christians. Out of every score you meet, is there one whose external demeanour has not something absurd or offensive? Yet they are all manifestly trying to do the decent and the decorous; and as they hurry by in every imaginable form of awkwardness, believe themselves admired from every window, and doing execution from thrice-sunk story to devil-dozenth flat. Of their mental powers, men in society are made to form, in general, a pretty fair estimate, but they are often sadly out respecting corporeals. An individual, at the Scotch bar, we shall say—*videlicet* an advocate—masters, as he thinks, a case, and his copious speech overflows the bench, and reaches up to the knees of the President. But the opposite counsel does not leave him a leg to stand upon. Judge after Judge demolishes his argumentation, and the case is given against him unanimously, with costs. This occurring constantly, our friend gets suspicious of himself, and, in a few years, joins the gentlemanly men, who are not anxious for business. But he is not to be so driven from his faith in natural and acquired bodily abilities. They are never brought into any very formidable competition; he can stand, walk, dance, ride, swim, and skate, always better than some one or other of his fellow-citizens similarly engaged; and thus he may continue to the close of a long and

[1] *An Elementary Course of Gymnastic Exercises;* intended to develop and improve the Physical Powers of Man; with the Report made to the Medical Faculty of Paris on the Subject; and a new and complete Treatise on the Art of Swimming. By Captain P. H. Clias.

respectable life in the belief that he has all along been a Cupid, a Castor, a Meleager, an Antinous, or an Apollo.

Now, the truth is, that not one man in a thousand knows even how to sit still. Watch the first friend you see sitting, and you will not fail to be shocked with his position—so repugnant to the laws of nature. The chance is that he does not even know on what part of his body nature intended him to sit! See! he is vainly attempting to sit on his hip-joints! and that, too, on a cane-chair. The most obtuse soon discovers his mistake, and seeks to rectify the error by suddenly bouncing from the left hip-bone to the right. The intermediate quarter never occurs to him, obvious as it is. And then, look at his feet, sprawling out into the middle of the floor, as if with his toe he sought to stop the currency of a half-crown, leaping into unintended circulation! With one hand in his breeches pocket, the other arm and elbow seemingly bound with cords to the back of his chair, and his head dangling over like that of a sick harlequin, why, he seriously calls that —Sitting!

Now, as it is universally admitted that we must creep before we walk, so is it equally palpable that we must sit before we stand. Captain Clias, therefore, should have begun with Sitting as the first branch of Gymnastic Exercises; and his instructions here too should have been illustrated by plates. The difficulty is not so much in the theory as in the practice. The golden rule has been already hinted at—in taking your seat, consult and obey nature—don't imitate with your back the poker, nor with your legs the tongs, nor with your feet the shovel. Sit at your ease—but not at your impudence—no sort of scratching allowed; and never cease to remember that you are not at present exercising with the dumb-bells. The characteristic of gentlemanly sitting is—animated composure.

By the by, we are wrong in stating Sitting to be the first branch of gymnastics, for manifestly the first branch is—Lying. Unless a man lie well, he must never hope to be a good sitter. Observe that person lying on a sofa. One leg drawn up with crooked knee—an arm awkwardly twisted round the neck—and to crown the horror, the monster is snoring on the flat of his back! When he starts from his doze, what sort of sitting, pray, can you expect from such a

lier? A soft bed has been the ruin of many men. The human frame sinks into grotesque attitudes in the yielding down, and the luxurious rest enervates and dissolves. Nothing like a hair mattress above the feathers! and oh! from the bright, balmy, blooming heather-bed, elastic in its mossy sweetness, how like a giant refreshed with mountain-dew springs up the pedestrian at first touch of the morning light —from the shieling-door shakes hands with the new-risen sun, nor in the bounding fever of his prime envies the rushing of the eagle's wing!

In Gymnastic Exercises, after Lying and Sitting, comes, as we said, Standing. Some unfortunate persons there are, who can neither lie, sit, nor stand; but the generality of mankind can be brought to do all three sufficiently well for the common purposes of life. Dancing-masters teach showy, but not sound, Standing. That of the professor of fencing is elegant and effective in his own academy, but formal in the drawing-room. The drill-sergeant's is better for ordinary use, yet smacks, in its stiffness, too much of parade. The system of the gymnasiarch alone is suited for society; and, of all modern gymnasiarchs, Captain Clias is *facile princeps*.

If you wish to stand well in the eyes of the world, do as follows:—

At the word of command—"Fall in,"—all the boys advance upon the same line, preserving between each other the distance of the arm's length. At the word—"Dress,"—each boy places his right hand on the left shoulder of the next, extending his arm at full length, and turning his head to the right. At the word—"Attention,"—the arms fall down by the side, and the head returns to the first position. The master places the boy in the following manner: the head up, the shoulders back, the body erect, the stomach kept in, the knees straight, the heels on the same line, and the toes turned a little outwards. All things being thus arranged, the master, standing in front, announces the exercise they are going to perform, taking care above all to explain clearly the movements which each boy ought to make. For example: Ordinary step, in place, explanation. At the word—"Hips,"—each boy places his hand on his sides, extending his fingers round the waist, and remains so.

Look around among and over your family, and friends, and acquaintances, and perhaps among them all you will not find a first-rate Stander. This gentleman turns in his toes—and that gentleman stands in the opposite extreme, and the third gentleman seems to be very much in-knee'd, while the fourth

gentleman is most unconscionably bandy. What the deuce does our friend in the long cloth gaiters (genteelest of wear) mean by dancing about in that guise, like a hen on a hot grid-iron? He is ignorant of the very first principles of Standing. Then, why will you, my eloquent and brawny Man of the Manse, keep drawing figures in the dust with your iron-armed heel, all the time you are expatiating on your augmentation of stipend? In short, the power of sitting still is a rare accomplishment; but we really begin to suspect that to stand still is absolutely impossible. We cannot charge our memory, at this moment, with one person, male or female, who can do it; yes—one we recollect, but he shall be anonymous, whom we saw some seven years ago "Standing for the County," and he, without moving a muscle, did for a week's broiling weather stand perfectly stock-still, at the bottom of the poll.

Supposing then, for a moment, that you can lie, sit, and stand, you come naturally enough to think of Walking. But a very little reflection will suffice to show, that walking is by no manner of means so easy an affair as is generally imagined, and that to do it well is, at the very least, as difficult as to play on the violin. Should any of our readers doubt this, let him read Captain Clias, and he will be satisfied of the truth of the apothegm. So numerous and intricate are his rules on this department of gymnastics, that we see at once that it requires not only good feet to walk well, but a good head also; and let no man who does not, in every sense of the word, possess a sound understanding, ever hope to be a Pedestrian.

But before treating the subject according to the laws of physical science, Captain Clias considers it, as we may say, in a moral and picturesque light. First of all, he well observes, that in "speaking of the walk, we mean that graceful and noble movement, by means of which the body, in transporting itself from one place to another, might increase or diminish the rapidity of its movements, without deranging its equilibrium, or the union of the parts in action. To walk is to make progressive movement. The body rests a moment on one foot whilst the other is advanced; then the centre of gravity of the body is made to fall from one foot upon the other, &c. It might be objected, that, generally, everybody knows how to walk, when not hindered by defects of con-

formation or accidental misfortunes; but our own experience has convinced us of the contrary; and if we give attention, we shall often have occasion to remark, that we see very few persons, however well formed, who in walking preserve a really erect position, and an air of becoming confidence and dignity. This movement, well executed, evinces not only the force of the body, but, more than is commonly thought, perhaps, the moral character of the individual. Walking may be considered in three different respects: first, with regard to beauty; secondly, to resistance; and thirdly, to promptitude."

No one, surely, after this, will deny that to walk well is at once useful and ornamental. It is obvious, however, that the bodily dispositions and daily habits have the greatest influence on the Walk, and therefore it is advantageous to accustom young persons early to a great variety of elementary exercises, in order to destroy in their origin the bad habits which they are inclined to contract, and to prevent, at the same time, many corporeal defects. Nothing is more common than to hear mothers affirm that their children (little prodigies) walk at fourteen months; yet look at the father of them, and you see he cannot walk at forty years. The honest man merely hobbles. The truth is, and we may as well say it boldly at once, not one man in as many thousands can walk. Lay down Maga, and look out of the window. Why, surely, you cannot so contravene your conscience as to say, that yonder gentleman coming round the corner of the street is walking—he is just as much flying. Indeed, it is but too certain that he is attempting to fly. See how his arms are flapping like wings—his neck stretched out like that of a wild-goose—his tail laboriously lifted with its long flaps from the pavement, and his body rolling about after the fashion of a tar-barrel. That, he and most of his friends imagine to be walking, but we and Captain Clias know better. Whatever it is, most assuredly it is not walking—nor will it ever be walking on this side of the grave. To get on at the rate of four miles an hour—so—would require the strength of a dray-horse. What a sudden relief given to all the rest of his days, were that man, all at once, as by a miracle, to walk! He would feel as if he had laid down a burden that had been borne since his birthday. To him, up and down hill would be all on the same level.—But, oh dear! only see him now walloping

up-stairs like a porpoise climbing a ladder! However, we have his address, and shall send him a copy of Captain Clias.

We find it impossible to abridge the Captain's theory of Walking. Suffice it to say, it treats clearly and concisely of Changes in Place—Double Step—Triple Step—Oblique Step —Cross Step—French Step—Walking on Heels—the Broken Step—the Tick-Tack—Balancing on one Leg—Pace of Three Times—the Cross Touch—the Touch of the Heel—Changing the Guard, &c. Let no man imagine that he can walk, unless he has mastered all these manœuvres. The one leads on to the other—a new set of muscles being daily strengthened into so much whip-cord; and the only difficulty, at the end of a year's exercise, is to sit or to stand still, the whole frame being so uncontrollably saturated with locomotion.

One species of walking (exercise IX.) is somewhat startlingly called—Kicking, and is thus described.

KICKING.

This exercise consists in throwing the feet alternately straight forward, as if forcibly striking at some object in front, and it may be made either advancing or retreating. When well performed, it acts powerfully on the muscles of the back and other parts of the body. It is also very useful as a means of defence against the attack of an animal, and in many other cases. The inhabitants of the mountains, in many European countries, fight in this manner, without making use of their hands, which they place in their bosoms or on their backs.

No doubt, Kicking may, as the Captain says, "be very useful as a means of defence," but to us it has always seemed preferable in the way of offence. It is seldom used in civilised society against the human species, except when the object of attack is on the retreat, and it is always confined to the same quarter. We are somewhat sceptical of its efficacy against any other animal—except, perhaps, a pug-dog, muzzled in apprehension of hydrophobia. We should be tardy in kicking a mastiff or a bull-dog—still more so in kicking a bear, a bull, or a bonassus. Captain Clias assures us in a note, that the Highlanders in Scotland fight after the fashion stated in the text; that is to say, they fight with their hands in their bosoms, or on their backs! They are no great pugilists certainly; but, our dear Captain, they do use their hands, once

perhaps every five minutes, during a battle. Your Celt is slow, and his favourite figure is the circle. Could he be taught to hit out straight, he would often be an ugly customer. The boxers in the interior of Africa hit, Clapperton tells us, with the heel on the jugular; and in that amusing farrago of fact and fiction, the "Customs of Portugal," the compiler tells us of a Black killing, in like manner, two hackney-coachmen, who had insulted him, right and left beneath the ear, and on the pit of the stomach. Kicking, however, is a branch of walking that cannot be too rarely practised, and may be left to the subjects of Sultan Bello and Ching-hong. Should any drunken carter or other cannibal lift his ugly foot with any such intent—do as we did last Thursday at Newington—catch hold of the proffered boon, and fling the proprietor head-over-heels into the kennel.

Having thus touched very slightly on Lying, Sitting, Standing, and Walking, Kicking included, we come in due course to Running. But hear the Captain.

RUNNING IN GENERAL.

Running only differs from walking by the rapidity of the movements. It may be seen by that how useful and natural it is to man. The advantages which this exercise produces are incalculable: its salutary effects operate in a very visible manner on the individual who practises it, and are reproduced in a great many circumstances of life. Running favours the development of the chest, dilates the lungs, and, when it is moderate, preserves this precious organ from the most dangerous and inveterate diseases.

This exercise, in contributing much to render us healthy and vigorous, may also enable us to avoid innumerable dangers. In effect, how many persons have been victims to their incapacity in this exercise! How many unhappy soldiers would have escaped a hard captivity, and even a cruel death, if they had been accustomed in their youth to run fast and long. Often do unforeseen circumstances oblige us to hold our breath a long time, and to run with the greatest possible rapidity, when our dearest interests force us to the rescue of those whom we most dearly cherish; and our own preservation many frequently depend on the celerity with which we pass over any given distance. What are the consequences of an exercise so violent, when we have not been previously prepared for it? Sometimes the most serious diseases, the vexation to see an enterprise fail on which our welfare depended; or, what is still more cruel, to see persons the most dear to us perish before our eyes, whom we might have saved had we arrived a few seconds sooner.

We also cordially agree with Captain Clias in all the following sentiments:—

Without the fear of hazarding too much, we may assert, that it is the same with running as it is with walking. If we see but very few persons run with grace and agility, we see still fewer run fast, and continue it for a long time. There are many who can scarcely run a few hundred paces without being out of breath and unable to go farther, because they perform that movement under a real disadvantage. Some, by swinging their arms with too much violence, agitate the muscles of the breast, and thereby compress the movement of respiration; others, by bending their knees, and throwing them forward, and by making long paces, fatigue themselves very soon, and also lose a great deal of time. Those who raise their legs too high behind, advance but very little, though they labour very much. It is also very disadvantageous whilst running, to throw the upper part of the body backward, to take too large strides, to press too hard upon the ground, and to respire too rapidly. To run fast and gracefully, one should, as it were, graze the ground with the feet, by keeping the legs as straight as possible whilst moving them forward, raise one's self from one foot upon the other with great velocity, and make the movements of the feet rapidly succeed each other. During the course, the upper part of the body is inclined a little forward, the arms are, as it were, glued to the sides, and turned in at the heights of the hips, the hands shut, and the nails turned inwards.

Although never in the army, we have frequently saved our lives by running—once, more particularly, in presence of the enemy, an enormous red bull, with dagger horns, a tufted tail shockingly perpendicular, and a growling roar like that of a royal Bengal tiger. We had not then read Captain Clias—but if we had, we should have made a more scientific escape. The Lord of Herds was reposing with shut eyes behind a rock, on the breast of a Highland mountain, when we, who were laden with a three-stone knapsack, fishing-creel, and salmon-rod, stumbled upon his majesty. For an animal sixty stone weight, fourteen pound to the stone, he possessed great agility. Yes—although neither had he, any more than ourselves, read Captain Clias, he was a proficient in "running in general." Not twenty yards' law did he allow the Editor of this Magazine, then an active stripling—for Christopher North was once young—and, at first starting, he took a most unfair, a most ungentlemanly, and un-John-Bull-like advantage, by meeting us right in the face beyond the earliest knowe in our career. As one good turn deserved another, we hit him a bang across the eyes with our rod, till he winked again; and then diverging unexpectedly straight south, led him after us about five hundred yards right on end, without either party gaining an inch, like a will-o'-

wisp, smack into a quagmire. Before he could extricate himself from the water-cresses, we were fifty rood of heather in advance, and within a mile of a wood. We heard the growl somewhat deepening behind us, and every time we ventured to cast a look over our shoulder, his swarthy eye was more and more visible. But bad as that was, his tail was worse, and seemed the Bloody Flag of the Pirate. The monster had four legs—we but two; but our knees were well knit, our hamstrings strong, our ankles nimble as fencer's wrist, and our instep an elastic arch, that needed not the spring-board of the circus—nothing but the bent of the broad mountain's brow. If he was a red bull—and who could deny it?—were not we one of the red deer of the forest, that accompanies on earth the eagle's flight in heaven? Long before gaining the edge of the wood, we had beaten the brute to a stand-still. There he stood, the unwieldy laggard, pawing the stony moor, and hardly able to roar. Poor devil, he could not raise an echo! He absolutely lay down—and then, contempt being an uneasy and unchristian feeling, we left him lying there, like a specimen of mineralogy, and wandered away in a poetical reverie, into the sun and shadow of the great Pine-forest.

Captain Clias's running exercises are called Running in Pace—to Rise and Fall with Exactness—Running in a Square —Spiral Running—Sinuous Running—Doubling the Line—Running with a Stick—Prompt Running—Precipitate Running. All these several modes of running are clearly explained, and must all be useful on the arena of real life. Few people have practised sudden stopping, and turning aside at a right angle. But what so preservative of life, when suddenly threatened by a blood-horse, for example, coming distracted along the street, with the ruins of a Dennet or Stanhope at his tail? Nay, even for a running fight with watchmen, those paid disturbers of the peace, such accomplishments are of great avail; nor can we ever cease to remember, with pensive and regretful melancholy, the delightful running fights on Port-Meadow or Bullington green, Oxon, when Reginald Dalton, Day of Merton, Agar of Christ Church, Gray of St Mary Hall, and a few more of us, used to show fight to the Oxford raffs, and pummel them into a jelly on a retreat, that, were all the particulars as well known and as eloquently recorded, would throw into the shade even that famous one of the Ten Thousand.

We cannot bring ourselves to think with Captain Clias that the same rules, the same system of running, ought to be applied indiscriminately to all men alike, for each individual has his own peculiar conformation of body, and must also have his own peculiar mode of regulating its motion. A Highlander, for example, five feet four, with lengthy spine, and short heather legs, ought not to attempt taking immense strides; and indeed, whether he will or no, must adopt the short step recommended by our author. But why should a six-foot man, with a long fork, abstain from striding like a shadow when the sun is low? So, too, some men are by nature straight as an arrow, others lounge and stoop by nature. Let both parties, respectively, run in attitude congenial with their conformation; nor will a philosophical anatomist pretend to say pointedly which conformation is best adapted for fleetness. Dogs, horses, and men of all shapes have excelled. The most beautifully proportioned is often worthless on trial, and Eclipse was cross-made who could give most racers a distance. Runners generally find out their own balance; and there would be as little sense in criticising the apparent awkwardness of a winning man, as in eulogising the elegance of a laggard.

Before leaving this part of the Captain's treatise, however, we beg leave respectfully and kindly to hint, that he does not seem to be at all acquainted with the history of British Pedestrianism. Now, without such knowledge no man can be said thoroughly to understand the science of Gymnastics. A first-rate walker, and none but a first-rate, will do—toe and heel—six miles an hour, for one hour, on a good road. If out of practice and training, the odds on such a match would, we think, be against any unknown pedestrian, 6 to 4 on time. A first-rate walker, in fine training, will do twelve miles in two hours. We should have no objection to bet 6 to 4 (in hundreds) against any man in England walking, fair toe and heel, eighteen miles in three hours, yet of such exploits one reads in sporting papers. A Captain Parker, somewhere in Lancashire, is said to have walked seven miles in one hour; and if he did so, he may safely challenge all England. Reduce the rate to five miles an hour, and pedestrians of the first class will do forty miles in eight hours—nay, keep it up, probably, for fifty in ten. Reduce the rate to four miles, and then a man may walk on for twelve hours a-day—we were going to say all his lifetime

—but certainly for a month; and if for a month, one sees no reason (sickness excepted) why not for a year; and if for a year, why not ten, and so on to twenty and fifty? There can be no doubt, that out of the British army, on a war establishment, ten thousand men might be chosen, by trial, who would compose a corps capable of marching fifty miles a-day, on actual service, for a whole week. The power of such a corps is not to be calculated—and it would far outgo cavalry.[1]

Of feats of running, Captain Clias seems to be equally ignorant. Of short distances we do not now speak, for we forget the precise time of hundred-yard or two-hundred-yard men. But a quarter of a mile in a minute is sharp going—and it requires one of the best in all England to do a mile in four minutes at four starts. The Captain, when speaking of "Prompt Running," speaks very simply of "a mile in four minutes, and afterwards in less," being done by his scholars. Were the Captain to risk his money on the swiftest boy among them, he would find out his gross and grievous mistake. The mile was never run in four minutes in England. Metcalfe, now the swiftest living for a mile, does it, touch and go, in four minutes and a half. The Captain afterwards says, "Many of our scholars run a thousand yards in two minutes—*without being much heated*;" and "at the last examination of the Royal Military Asylum, Chelsea, several boys ran 580 yards in one minute and eight seconds." These two last feats are perhaps possible—but the first is impossible; and the statement of the one throws discredit over the other. Let Captain Clias go to Tattersall's, and offer to produce a lad to run a mile in less than four minutes, and he will get as much money laid against him, at twenty to one, as lately depended on that useless favourite, the General. A mile in five minutes is fair work, and requires a good runner—two miles in ten minutes is a match oftener lost than won—and four miles in twenty, puzzles, we believe, even an Ashton or a Halton. Ten miles an hour

[1] Captain Clias tells us that Captain Barclay walked 180 miles without resting. He never did any such thing—nor attempted to do it—nor is it within human power. Perhaps he means without going to bed. Even that must be a mistake; for Captain Barclay would take his rest in the most judicious way during a match, and there is nothing like a bed. We question if any man ever walked 100 miles without some sort of rest. If any could, Captain Barclay was that man; for although there were many fleeter men than he, he never had his equal for united strength, activity, and bottom, as a pedestrian.

used twenty years ago to be reckoned prodigious, and was rarely attempted. Now it is done by all the first-raters. But fifteen miles in an hour and a half has never, to our knowledge, been done, although we think it practicable. Forty miles in four hours and three quarters or less, we think, was done at Newmarket by that most beautiful of all runners, Lancashire Wood, who was allowed five hours; and exploits not much inferior, allowing for bad roads, have been done in Scotland. Of great distances, we believe the ambition of Rainier was to accomplish 100 miles in eighteen hours—but he failed (in two attempts), and after him what man alive can hope to succeed?[1]

Captain Clias now comes to "Jumping in general," and remarks that, of all the corporeal exercises, Jumping is, without contradiction, the finest and most useful. But we must quote the *ipsissima verba* of the amiable enthusiast:—

> Of all the corporeal exercises, jumping is, without contradiction, the finest and the most useful. As it cannot be executed with facility, but in proportion to the strength, the elasticity, and the suppleness of the articulations and muscles of the lower extremities, much exercise is necessary in order to attain to that degree of perfection which smoothes every obstacle, or furnishes us with the means of overcoming them without danger. In a fire, or an inundation, it is often by means of a determined jump that we escape the most imminent danger ourselves, or render important services to our fellow-creatures. In a carriage, often at the mercy of a coachman asleep or intoxicated, riding an unruly horse, and in a thousand other circumstances, a jump, made with promptitude and assurance, might save our lives, or preserve us from fracturing our limbs. Lightness and perpendicularity constitute all the merit of jumping; the utmost ought to be done to acquire these two qualities, for, without them, jumping has neither grace nor security.
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> *Remark.*—To jump with grace and assurance, one should always fall on the toes, taking care, especially, to bend the knees on the hips; the upper part of the body should be inclined forwards, and the arms extended towards the ground. The hands should serve to break the fall when jumping from a great height. By falling on the heels, the shock which, in this case, is communicated from the extremity of the vertebral column to the crown of the head, will occasion pain in these two parts, and may be

[1] We intend writing an article about our most celebrated pedestrians. The inaccuracies to be found even in Pierce Egan's *Life in London*, the *Annals of Sporting*, and Bell's sporting paper, are gross, glaring, and innumerable. Not one match in fifty is rightly reported in any of the common newspapers; and in ordinary conversation, all is confusion and fiction together. Except on the Turf, it is the same with all matches between horses—of all sorts, at trot or gallop, out or in harness.

attended with very bad consequences. It is also useful to hold the breath whilst jumping, for, in all the efforts that we make, the retention of the breath, by preventing the blood from circulating with rapidity in the lungs, makes it flow into the members which are in movement, which greatly increases the strength of those parts.

There seems to us to be some little confusion in this extract. Pray, what kind of jumping is of most use to a man in a house on fire? Jumping out of the window. But it requires small activity to jump out of a window of the fourteenth story, and it might be done even by a bed-ridden old gentleman of ninety. In cases of inundation, jumping may be useful, no doubt, but swimming, we should conjecture, much more so; and as for jumping out of carriages, driven by sleeping or intoxicated coachmen, more limbs are fractured and lives lost by doing so, even with promptitude and assurance, than any other mode that could be named. Then, as to "perpendicularity" constituting the chief merit of jumping, we flatly deny it. Nothing is half so elegant as a horizontal swing, and it is plain that the man who raises his head five or six feet above the height he overleaps, cannot, agreeably to the laws of nature, animate and inanimate, clear such an altitude, as he whose head is little higher than his feet, and whose whole figure is almost parallel with the ground. Neither in the above extract does Captain Clias inform us whether he is speaking of high or far leaping—perhaps of both—as indeed he who leaps over a great height must also leap over a considerable distance, and *vice versa*. As to always alighting on the toes, that is manifestly impossible, when you have to overleap a great extent of country. A leaper who dexterously throws out his feet before him will leap at least six feet farther than one who alights perpendicularly; but how is it possible to fling out your feet yards in advance, and to alight on your toes? In all far leaping, whether over a height or not, all men must alight on their heels—in high leaping, when distance is no object, you may and ought to alight on the forepart of the foot — and on leaping down from the top of a house on fire, why, you must take your chance of heel or toe, and think yourself very well off if you do not break your neck, and fracture your skull into the bargain.

Since jumping is so necessary to the preservation of life, we cannot help being a little surprised at the Captain's want of

gallantry in not recommending it as an indispensable accomplishment of the fair sex. Surely in cases of fire and inundation, the ladies have at least as good a right to escape as the gentlemen. But the truth is, that we male creatures are a selfish set, and so that we can but jump ourselves, we are willing to let the softer sex perish in flame or flood. In carriages they are as much exposed as we are; but how, under their present imperfect system of education, can they be expected to jump out, in cases of drunk or sleepy coachmen, "with promptitude and assurance?" They must, therefore, be taught jumping. Every boarding-school must have its jumping-master and jumping-green, and what more delightful spectacle could be imagined than a bevy of maidens performing the preparatory movements?

Captain Clias lays down various exercises, which he calls preparatory movements—running and touching behind in place—trampling on the ground in place—walking pace in place—trotting pace in place—galloping pace in place, &c. A bright-eyed, round-limbed virgin of sweet sixteen "galloping in place," would indeed warm the blood of an anchorite, and drive Malthus to despair. "Touching behind in place" would also be bewitching, and the preparatory movements would form an easy introduction to a running hop-step-and-jump to Gretna Green.

All these exercises may be very well—but what says the Captain when he comes to the Jumping itself? But little, and that little most unsatisfactory. He talks of the single jump, the redoubled jump, and the continued jump; but of the single jump, with a run, and of hop-step-and-jump, with a run, he says nothing, although they are the most beautiful feats in the whole range of gymnastics.

A good high jumper will clear five feet, a first-rate one five and a half, and an out-and-outer among the first-rates six feet. The late Mr Ingleby, of Lancaster, we have seen clear a stick held six feet two inches high, springing off the turnpike road, and with a run of about five yards. What Ireland could do without the spring-board we know not—probably not two inches more than Mr Ingleby. Mr Ingleby despised perpendicularity, and swayed himself over almost horizontally with singular grace, elegance, and facility.

Twelve feet is a good standing single jump on level ground;

fourteen is a job for two or three in a county; twenty feet on level ground is a first-rate running single jump, but has been done often; twenty-one is something very extraordinary, but noways apocryphal; and twenty-two is, we believe, accomplished about once every twenty years, and that almost always by an Irishman. A hundred sovereigns to five against any man in England doing twenty-three feet on a dead level. With a run and a leap, on a slightly inclined plane, perhaps an inch to a yard, we have seen twenty-three feet done in great style—and measured to a nicety; but the man who did it (aged twenty-one, height, five feet eleven inches, weight, eleven stone) was admitted to be (Ireland excepted) the best far-leaper of his day in England.[1]

At standing hop-step-and-jump, level ground, ten yards is good—eleven excellent—and twelve the extent of any man's tether. We have heard of thirteen, but believe it to be a lie. With a run, thirteen yards is good, fourteen great, and fifteen prodigious. Perhaps there are not six authenticated cases on record of fifteen being done on level ground, and by actual admeasurement. All guess-work exploits shrivel up a good yard, or sometimes two, when brought to the measure, and the champion of the county dwindles into a clumsy clod-hopper. Ireland, it is said, did sixteen yards on Knavesmire, before he was known to the world; and indeed was noticed by some Londoners on that occasion, and brought forward at the Amphitheatre. He was the best leaper, both high and far, that ever jumped in England; and take him for all in all, it is most certain that we shall never look upon his like again. Now, we confess that instead of all that preparatory fiddling and piddling taught by Captain Clias, we should like to see his scholars stripped at a regular match of straightforward leaping—of either of the kinds aforesaid—and seeing that the Captain avers he has boys who can run a mile under the four minutes, what is to hinder him to produce a hero to leap twenty-three feet, back and forwards (the great desideratum)? Or fifteen yards and a half at running hop-step-and-jump? Or six feet over a string? Let this be done "without being much heated," and pray let it be at the next examination at the Royal Military Asylum, Chelsea.

[1] This "best far-leaper (after Ireland) of his day in England," was Professor Wilson himself.

Of our Three United Nations, the Irish are, we think, the best leapers, perhaps the best in all departments of Pedestrianism. With fists they are formidable—with shillelas tremendous—with legs beautiful. They are all fair stand-up leapers. It is an ignominious thing, at the end of a jump, to come down whack, or squelch upon your bottom. You ought to clear your ground. For suppose the ground were water, and you plumped into it with your posteriors, would you say you had jumped over the canal? In Scotland that system is too prevalent, and in all such cases the measurement should be to the mark of the corduroys. In a running leap, or running hop-step-and-leap, the run is a great matter. Now, the Irishman flies like a whirlwind, and takes the spring in an impetuous mood, that flings him over a rood of land. It is not safe to be near Pat when recovering from his last bound, for he goes whirling round and round among the bystanders, laying all flat within the wind of his careering circle. There is not much to choose, in leaping, between the Scotch and English Borderers, who are certainly the best in Britain. Tall, bony, wiry chaps, who bound, unshaken, from ground as hard as flags, and when tired, make strength do the work of agility. In Scotland, for our money, the leapers of Liddesdale. In England, the Westmoreland lads for leaping, the Lancashire for running, and for wrestling, canny Cumberland.

Much has been said and sung about the proper proportions of a leaper. We have already hinted, that in this, as in other things, Nature indulges in what we blindly call vagaries and anomalies. But we never knew a first-rater under five feet ten. First-raters range from that up to six feet two, but rarely exceed that height. Laird Shaw, in the parish of Kilbride, Renfrewshire, stood six feet three and a half, and he was the champion of the county at the close of the eighteenth century. The Border leapers of renown are rarely under six feet. Pretty leapers are frequent from five feet five to five feet eight, and will do their nineteen or even twenty feet at a single jump, and their fourteen yards at hop-step-and-jump; but when brought against men as good as themselves, half a foot taller, they must be beaten hollow. Between eighteen and twenty-six is the time of life during which leapers are in their prime. Before eighteen they rarely have mature power, and after twenty-six as rarely unimpaired elasticity.

When youths are leaping for amusement, all dangerous leaps ought to be avoided. What is the use of breaking a leg, and becoming a lameter for life? Never leap across rocky chasms, nor over sharp-pointed stakes, either of wood or iron. You may take a canal occasionally, for if you leap short you have a soft fall; and there is little or no danger in a five-foot gate of neat workmanship on a gravel walk. But be chary of your bones, and give your sinews fair play. Do not continue leaping too long at a time; and as soon as you feel tired, or winded, or falling behind your usual mark, on with your apparel, and walk home to dine or study.

Never believe one single word you hear in general society about any one single feat of Gymnastics—especially Leaping. People talk of seventeen yards at hop-step-and-jump. If they say they saw it done, and measured it themselves, they are either no honest men, or no geometricians. Never believe in any feat at leaping said to have been achieved by a Scotch Highlander. We have leaped, in our youth, the whole Highlands; and never met a man, even the champions of the districts, who could do nineteen feet on a level. The south-country shepherds who go to Highland farms (witness George Laidlaw in Strathglass and others), beat the Gael all to sticks in Gymnastics in general. They are a harmless, contented, patient, enduring, patriotic, pious, and brave people, full of hospitality and every social virtue, but very so-so jumpers indeed, and at wrestling not worth the toss-up of the smallest denomination of coin known, now or formerly, in these realms.

At the beginning of the previous paragraph we have warned our readers against ever believing one word they hear in general society about Gymnastics. Pray, may we extend our advice to all other subjects of public and private interest? Correct opinions and sentiments we have occasionally heard in mixed parties, but correct statements of facts, never. Only listen to a palaver about the battle of Waterloo—or Napoleon at St Helena—or the height of the Irish Giant—or the reduction of taxes—or the exaction of tithes—or Lord Kennedy and Mr Oldbaldiston and Captain Ross shooting pigeons—or the Silk Trade—or the Shipping Interest—or the Emigration of Swallows—or a great Bankruptcy or famous Forgery—or Salmon-fishing in the Tweed—or the population of Ireland—or the greatest number of annual swarms of Bees from one Hive—or

the colour of this Miss's hair (in our opinion clearly a fiery red), or that Miss's eye (certainly a grey squint),—and what contradictions, inaccuracies, blunders, misrepresentations, and distortions of poor unhappy miserable Facts!

Often, indeed, have we wondered how this world goes on! Nobody seems to know anything. The events of last week are either forgotten, or by treacherous memory so transmogrified, that we know not the ghastly faces of our sorely altered friends. Can this dim, faint, glimmering, attenuated, shivering, and spectral Fact be indeed the woe-begone apparition of the jolly reality of yester-morn was a week! You see men hurrying by you, on the wings of passion, as if their existence hung upon a moment, blind and deaf to the external world, and acting to admiration the part of spiritual essences. On the Monday following, by no train of circumstances can you recall to them from obliviscence the subject-matter of their headlong impetuosity. They say you must be dreaming, and with faces of blank vacuity turn into Montgomery's for an ice-cream. There is no such thing as a faculty of Memory, and we very much doubt the existence of Judgment. But how, in the midst of all this confusion and bewilderment, the said world goes on—there is the mystery which no Magazine has yet resolved. Every man you meet is more ignorant and stupider than another; no living being can extract from another the slightest useful knowledge of any kind; collect facts, and they all turn out falsehoods; from the invention of Printing to this blessed hour, never yet was there an accurate quotation; and oh! Heavens and earth! in Tables of Figures, to what countless millions amount the Sums Total of the Whole!

But we must return to Captain Clias. Captain Clias is such an enthusiast in his profession, that each branch of the science of Gymnastics appears to him to be, while he is teaching it, the most important. Thus he pronounces, as we have seen, a splendid panegyric on Walking; and, under the influence of his eloquence, we are led to believe it the noblest of all human exploits, far beyond either Lying, Standing, or Sitting, each of which, however, had received in its turn a glowing eulogy. But when he warms upon Running, we feel for Walking almost a sort of contempt. Running seems to be all-in-all—without it, human life seems still, sedentary, and stagnant.

Ere long, the Captain comes forward succinct for Jumping, and then all the business of this world appears transacted by leaps and springs. But no sooner have we joined the sect of jumpers, than the Captain lifts up his voice, and calls aloud in praise of Wrestling. We begin to wonder how we could have been so dazzled with the glories of Lying, Standing, Sitting, Walking, Running, and Jumping in general, and wish that Jacob were alive, that we might try the patriarch a fall. What can be more beautifully philosophical than the following eloge?

The salutary effects which result from the different manners of wrestling extend themselves over the whole body. The members are developed, the muscles are fortified, the vital spirits are circulated more freely, and increased in a very visible manner. This exercise presents also the advantage of arming young persons with patience, courage, and constancy. A long experience, supported by daily practice, has clearly proved to us, that, of all the exercises of the body, wrestling, well directed, is that which increases courage the most, inures to pain, and accustoms young men to perseverance. This only gives them that moral force which is commonly called resistance.

If we consider wrestling with regard to its general utility, we shall see that there is no other exercise which presents, more than this does, the certain, and not expensive, means of rendering the body supple, vigorous, and well-formed, and of preserving the health, and increasing its means of defence.

It is possible that some men, under the influence of prejudice, or the pretended brave, may think that wrestling is useless, since fighting with the fists is no longer practised amongst gentlemen; but let us suppose for a moment that one of these gentlemen unintentionally insults, or rather finds himself insulted, by one of those vigorous companions, who, to decide their quarrel, employ only the arms which nature has given them; in a similar case, what will the man do who has hardly strength enough to handle the sword which he carries?

The Captain then chooses his ground judiciously in the following passage:—

Both with regard to security and agreeableness, a close soil, covered with a good green turf, is, without contradiction, the most proper ground for wrestling on, when care has been taken to remove all the hard bodies which might injure the wrestlers in case of falls, or during the struggles which take place on the ground. Too hard a soil presents but little resistance to the feet, and it weakens the confidence of the wrestlers, because they are afraid of slipping and of hurting themselves in falling. Ground covered with a deep sand is very disagreeable, because in wrestling upon it the body is almost always covered with, and the eyes full of sand. Neither boots with high heels, nor shoes with iron about them, should

ever be worn whilst wrestling. The pockets should always be emptied of all things that might be injurious to the movements, or that might do harm at the time of falling. The sleeves of the shirt ought to be turned up above the elbows, the waistband of the trousers should not be very tight, and the shirt-collar should be open. It is expressly forbidden in wrestling for one to take his antagonist by the throat, or by any other improper part; to employ either the nails or the teeth, or to strike him under the chin."

Here we confess that we lose sight of the system of Wrestling taught by Captain Clias. But as we are above all prejudice on this or any other subject, we do not doubt that it may be a very good and useful system. We have been too long accustomed, however, to the simple, straightforward, manly, close-hugging, back-hold "worstle" of the North of England, to enter into the Captain's cantrips, and we devoutly wish that we could see himself, or his best scholar, try a fall with any one of fifty of the Cumberland and Westmoreland society of gentlemen in London. In order to prepare his scholars for wrestling, the most complicated of gymnastics, both with respect to the diversity of its movements, and the different situations in which wrestlers are often placed, Captain Clias explains a course of preparatory exercises, which serves as an introduction. They have a somewhat quackish character, and a few of them seem to us better fitted to make a mountebank than a wrestler. Thus, he teaches his scholars to kiss the ground in equilibrium, on the arms and points of the feet—to support the body on the hands and heels, as far from the ground as possible—to do the goat's jump, a foolish game at all-fours—and to rise from the ground by the action of the arms, keeping the legs still and extended—and a great variety of other manœuvres.

The essential difference between Captain Clias's system of wrestling and that of the North of England, is this, that in his the wrestlers catch hold in any way they choose; whereas in the north, each party has an equal and similar hold before the struggle begins. Who can doubt which is the better system? The Captain's is radically savage and barbarous, and more congenial with the habits and temper of African negroes than European whites. The other is fair, just, and civilised. To us the sight of one man catching hold of another round the waist, and consequently throwing him at his pleasure, without the possibility of his antagonist making

any effectual resistance, would be sickening indeed. Thus, what true Cock of the North can read without disgust Exercise XII., entitled "Of the First Fall"?

"Sufficiently prepared by all the elements of wrestling, we may now, without fearing any accident, familiarise ourselves with one of the most complicated exercises, both by the variety of the movement, and the different situations in which we are placed during the action which is about to be described. Placed opposite to each other, as has been indicated in the preceding exercises, the wrestlers endeavour, by all sorts of movements, to take the advantage; but as here the principal object is for one to throw down the other, it is permitted in the attack, in endeavouring to take him round the body, to throw him in any manner whatever; and when one of the wrestlers is much quicker and more dexterous than the other, it might happen that the victory may be decided before either has taken his hold of the other, for he who has twice thrown his adversary on his back ought to be acknowledged conqueror. As soon as one has taken the other round the body, he who has obtained the advantage ought to keep his head as close as possible on the highest of his shoulders, in order to hinder his champion from taking it under his arm; then, in raising him from the ground, to push him from one side, and throw him to the other; or to take advantage of the moment when he advances one of his feet, and throw him down artfully, by giving him a trip up. He who loses the advantage ought quickly to move his feet backwards,—to lean the upper part of his body forwards,—to seize, if possible, the head of his champion under one of his arms,—to fix his other hand on the hip, or on the loins, and to make his adversary bear all the weight of his body."

William Litt and Tom Nicolson, what think ye of that? At such an exhibition, what hooting in the ring at Ambleside, Coniston, Keswick, Penrith, or Carlisle! We offer to bet Captain Clias a dinner for six (a pretty number) of Fell mutton and Windermere char, with all other appurtenances, that the very first time he witnesses a belt wrestled for in either of the above rings, he will abjure his own system, as fit only for savages, and embrace that of Cumberland, as the "wrestling" of gentlemen and Christians. It certainly is the duty of Captain Clias, as a gymnasiarch of high character and high situation, to whom part of the education of our British youth is intrusted, to make himself, if not master, for that may not be so easy, acquainted with the elements, at least the spirit, of the character of British Gymnastics. If he knows nothing at all about them, which we suspect is the case, then why should our unfeigned respect for his character, and admiration of his bodily accomplishments, prevent us from saying that he

is not thoroughly qualified for the responsible, and, we presume, lucrative situation which he now holds?

Of all athletic amusements of the people, wrestling is, beyond doubt, the best. It is indeed entirely unexceptionable. Good humour, mirth, merriment, and manliness, prevail in such a ring, and therein quarrels are like summer-showers, rare, short, sudden, and refreshing. Wrestling, at least such wrestling as we speak of, awakens so much enthusiasm over the whole country where it prevails, that there is little or no fighting except at an election. Wrestling, therefore, produces precisely the same effect on the manners of the people as pugilism—they both make people peaceable. The pugilistic prize-ring has now become infamous, from the villany of many of the men and their supporters. Ward, the most finished pugilist since the days of Jem Belcher, is, in the ring, a convicted robber. May the integrity of the wrestling-ring remain for ever unimpeached and sacred! Sometimes, we fear, a few of the last standers compromise; not so much for the gain, which is no great object, as for glory. But the system is universally scouted, and soon proves fatal to character. William Litt was the Bayard of the ring, the *preux chevalier*, *sans peur et sans reproche*. Miles Dixon of Grasmere had always a soul superior to every meanness; so had William Wilson of Ambleside. Wightman is, we believe, incorruptible—the reputation of Cass is without a stain—Abbot is game to the back-bone, and deserves to win at Carlisle—and Sandys, although somewhat fractious at the hold, and inclined to chip, would not sell his honour for a collar and a crown of gold. The Nicolsons, the Richardsons, the Harrisons, and the Armstrongs, are not their names alone equivalent to the life of Sir Philip Sydney? And would the worst man among them have sold the championship for the national debt, amounting, as we have been credibly informed, to many hundred millions of money?

What a most absurd and nondescript affair of a world would ours be, were all the inhabitants of the globe—Quakers! Great, big, fat, placid, greasy faces—and no more jumping, boxing, or wrestling, among a fast-doubling population of broad-brims! But to be sure the established religion would soon break down into sects, clothed, in the spirit of enlightened reform, in red, blue, yellow, and purple apparel; after the lapse of a few centuries, belts would be again wrestled for at Carlisle, and

the ropes of the P. C. extended in the Moulseyhurst Aceldama, or Field of Blood!

We come in due course to a part of the Captain's book, which, now that the thermometer is standing at eighty-four in the shade, it is cooling to peruse—his chapter on Skating. O thou most ambitious and aspiring of thermometers, hast thou indeed ever been down so low in the world as the freezing-point? Ice! What a charming cold little word! Oh! it comes over us like the chill north over a bank of cranreuch, giving and stealing rigours! Will that bright, shadowy, and sleeping lake ever again tinkle to the circlings of the hissing skate? Will booths ever again be erected, and Glenlivet quaffed from quechs where now hangs the image of that sultry, castellated, and thunder-bearing cloud? But let us hear the Captain.

SKATING.

This exercise, carried to a certain degree of perfection, surpasses all those of which we have hitherto spoken, as well with respect to the beauty of the movements, as to the infinite variety and rapidity of graceful attitudes, which the skilful skater knows how to assume and change instantaneously, without appearing to take the smallest trouble. Sometimes, his movement resembles that of a bird hovering about the same place; sometimes, with his body easily balanced, he waves from side to side, like the bark driven by the wind; then instantly uniting all his powers, the active skater dexterously and courageously darts forward with astonishing rapidity, and the velocity of his course equals the rapid flight of a bird which appears to cleave the air. Sometimes, appearing to yield himself to a simple movement of impulse, he slides upon this compact surface without the spectator being able to perceive the smallest muscular action, and passes as a flying shadow before the surrounding objects. This magical action, which seems (so to speak) to set us free from the laws of gravitation, possesses, indeed, something of enchantment; and, without doubt, it was the delightful pleasure which this recreation affords, that suggested to the immortal Klopstock the idea of celebrating, in his songs, the delights which the people of the north find during winter, on the smooth and solid ice of their numerous canals and lakes.[1]

Yes! of all pastimes skating is indeed that which makes us feel allied to the gods, and believe in mythology. There goes an Edinburgh advocate in the character of Cupid—an account-

[1] During the winter, Holland presents a spectacle which may be enjoyed at a small expense. When the canals and lakes are frozen, they travel on the ice with skates. In all the provinces, but especially in Friesland, this art is carried to so great a degree of perfection, as to become the wonder of all foreigners;

ant that would shame Apollo—and a W.S. more gracefully fleet than Mercury gathering the shore!

What season in all the year can bear comparison with winter? Can the imagination dream of a day superior to one of cold bleak frost? What bright and beautiful incrustations on house-eave, bank, and tree! What a glorious glitter on the mountain-top! Who would long for summer skies beneath that magnificent arch of heaven, "so deeply, darkly, beautifully blue!" The air you breathe belongs to a clime in which all living things must reach longevity without the labour of reading Sir John Sinclair. With every sweet single soul of that blooming bevy of fur-clad virgins are we in love; in such a bracing atmosphere we behold charms in every matron, and something pleasant in old women themselves! Then, and then only, do we lament our bachelorship, and vow "to show her the ring, and implore her to marry." But our courage melts with the first thaw, and Cœlebs ceases to go in Search of a Wife.

What varieties of scenery does the skater enjoy! The broad meadow, where the tree-stems are bound in the crisp water-flow, and the bells are heard jangling sweetly from the old monastic tower,—the pond in pleasure-ground, in whose oozy depths the carp repose, and whose margin is shaded from sun and storm by a brotherhood of sycamores, or horse-chestnuts perpetually in bud,—the long river-shallows, with ivied precipices closing up the vista, and overhead blue sky and white cloud, with perhaps a few cawing rooks,—the canal winding on its scientific level round knoll and hill, with stray house and scattered village on its banks, and passage-boat, ferry-punt, and coal-barge imprisoned in the frost's embrace,—tarn up among the mountains, where no sound is heard but the cracking cliffs—or living lake, living, but asleep in its pel-

and it is surprising to see with what agility and boldness they will pass over twelve miles in one hour of time. All the countrywomen know how to skate. Sometimes thirty persons may be seen together—that is, fifteen young men with their mistresses, who, all holding each other by the hand, appear, as they move along, like a vessel driven before the wind. Others are seated on a sledge fixed on two bars of wood, faced with iron, and pushed on by one of the skaters. There are, also, boats ten or fifteen feet long, placed on large skates, and fitted up with masts and sails. The celerity with which these boats are driven forward, exceeds imagination; and, it may be said, they equal the rapid flight of a bird. They go three miles in less than a quarter of an hour.

lucid glassiness, with an old castle reflected in it, and a grove contemporary with the foundation-stone!

Then with what an appetite does the skater return to his Dulce Domum! In no other exercise is there so little fatigue. Fox-hunting is glorious, but severe—cricketing is noble, but straining to the sinewy system—and we have felt somewhat too wearied from Tennis and Fives—but skating is always like the undebilitating and restorative exercise of a new faculty. Hunger and thirst seem mere names, as we glide and skim along, yet, soon as we untie our skates, they are felt to be realities. No sleeping after dinner among a bright-eyed company of skaters! Quips and cranks, and wreathed smiles,—joke, jest, pun, and repartee,—sallies of pointed merriment, grotesque remarks, acute observations, original whimsies, nay, even profound reflections bordering upon the philosophical, intermingle with song, catch, and glee, till, through the illimitable range of laughter, from faint susurrus to indomitable guffaw, the long glass-jingling table, with its central punchbowl, is on a murmur or a roar!

But lo! Winter is over and gone, and warm-bosomed May-day dips her lily-feet once more in the tepid murmurs of stream and lake, or in the foam-bells breaking over the heaving beauty of the grass-green sea—and the season of Swimming shines over the watery world. Captain Clias strips, and, like a merman, flings his muscular anatomy into the flowing tide, or over a waterfall. Perhaps the best part of the Captain's work is the chapter on Swimming. In Swimming, as in Poetry, no mediocrity must be allowed, and that for excellent reasons.

It is not sufficient, as many may suppose, to know so much of this art as merely to extricate ourselves, but it is necessary to possess sufficient ability to succour another in the moment of distress. A swimmer who has only attained mediocrity, is incapable of this latter gratification, for his swimming cannot be considered as an action that he executes with facility; on the contrary, it appears as a continued struggle with the element, in which he must perish, should the least accident occur to confuse him, or impede his efforts. It is, then, essential for those who would possess the real benefits of this art, to convince themselves of its great utility, and not to commence, until they have resolved to pass the bounds of mediocrity.

In the arts of fencing, dancing, music, horsemanship, &c. a tolerable progress produces no unhappy consequences—it is even productive of pleasure: it is not thus in regard to swimming; we can have but little pleasure, and no safety in the water as indifferent swimmers. Experience proves to us

that more fatal accidents happen to those who swim imperfectly, than those who cannot swim at all, the latter having no temptation to expose themselves to danger.

This is sound doctrine, and we are willing to subscribe to it on the sole authority of Captain Clias—but he clenches it with Rousseau.—"Without having finished his studies," says Rousseau, "a traveller mounts on horseback, keeps his seat, and this he can do sufficiently well for his purpose; *but in the water, if he does not know how to swim, he will probably be drowned.*" Rousseau was indeed a strange paradoxical creature.—It is an error to suppose that grown-up men cannot learn to swim,—experience teaches the contrary,—and the great number of soldiers and private individuals who are taught swimming in the different European establishments, proves clearly that men may become most expert in the art at any period of life. Still there have been few first-rate swimmers who did not practise the art from childhood.

Surely it may be called a duty of parents to attend to this part of the physical education of their children. Is it not truly pitiable, to see the smallest animal find its safety in crossing rivers, and in sustaining itself on the water for hours; whilst man, the king of animals, so proud of his knowledge, may be drowned in a brook, if he has not learnt to swim? In the moment of danger, of what service to a person are all the valuable pleasures of literature, and the stores of the mind? Of what avail to know the whole circle of the mathematics, the properties of different bodies, their mechanism and specific weight, if he should fall into the water, and not be able to remedy that property in his own body, which causes it to sink in that fluid? Nay, we beseech him to learn to swim, that he may preserve more effectually from accident those gifts and attainments which would cause his loss to be severely felt.

The motions we must make in the water, in order to preserve our equilibrium, or to direct the body according to our will, are not natural to man; it is therefore necessary to learn them, if we wish to preserve ourselves from danger. Even if the body of a man, placed horizontally on the water, had the property of buoyancy, it would be of no advantage without the art of urging it forward, or directing its movements. It would either remain stationary, or in a rapid stream be drawn into gulfs, bruised against rocks, or perhaps crushed by the wheel of a mill.

Let the English youth feel this truth, and learn to govern their own persons, in its healthy kingdom, with as much skill as they do their ships of war and commerce, which have raised their country to the highest pitch of maritime glory and prosperity.

It is certainly most absurd to live all the days of one's life

at the mercy of any one of the elements whatever, more especially water; and, in most instances, people who are drowned deserve death. In much of the interior of Africa, and in the central deserts of Arabia, swimming is of no use, owing to the general aridity of the soil, and want of atmospheric moisture. But islanders like us, who are rarely out of sight or sound of stream, lake, and sea, ought to be amphibious. In angling, no man can be called a master who is not a swimmer. There is not a bridge at every turn across the Tweed, Tay, and Clyde,—ferry-boats are rare,—and fords are deep. Over with you, therefore, like a sagacious Newfoundland dog, back and forward from shady and sunny bank, according to the flow of flood, and giving yourself a shake, drop the fly lightly above snout of trout, grilse, or salmon. In lake-fishing, wherever you see a strong and shelving shallow stretching along the deeps, have instant recourse to natation, and you will fill your pannier with pounders, while land-lubbers are in vain flogging from the shore. Don't talk to us about danger. The wave is tepid as milk, so no chance of catching cold; cramp is a mere bugbear; and as every man knows his own strength, he is just as safe while he keeps within moderate limits in the water as on the land.

We have, indeed, heard it seriously mentioned in conversation, that people who can swim run a greater risk of being drowned than those who cannot; and, no doubt, people who cannot swim do not often plunge into pools twenty feet deep, just as people who cannot ride are rarely seen on horseback, and never killed acting as jockeys at Newmarket. In all accidents with boats, the good swimmers, it is said, are uniformly drowned. That, in the first place, is a lie; but when it does so happen, pray who drown them but the knaves who cannot swim a stroke, and clutch hold of the legs of better men, and drag them to the bottom? A prime seaman is not worthy the name who cannot swim, nor can he discharge all his duties. In shipwreck during a storm, and on a lea-shore of precipices, swimming cannot greatly avail, and the sea will dash to death a thousand men among the floating fragments of the Dreadnought; or fire will consume the ship from the face of the sea; "and the strong swimmer in his agony" knows that he shall never behold the setting sun. But, to say that men in shipwreck have not a better chance of their lives,

if able to swim, is about as rational as to say that men, in balloon-wrecks, would not have a better chance of their life if able to fly.

Most parents love their children (the organ of philoprogenitiveness being a large bump on all heads, if there be truth in phrenology), and cannot bear the thought of their being drowned; so they are apt to look upon bathing as a dangerous pastime. Although we have no children of our own, nor a right to have any, not being married, yet we can pardon the amiable weakness which betrays a rational mistrust in the efficacy of resuscitating machines. But swimming may be learned in water not deeper than your knee—nay, many of our readers with large families will be happy and surprised to hear, on the authority of Captain Clias himself, "that children may be taught the elementary principles of natation without having recourse to water," and may become tolerable swimmers on dry land.

The apparent paradox Captain Clias explains by a very clear and full account of the process, by which, with the aid of machinery, a boy may be taught the elements of the art:—

The swimming-girdle is placed round the pupil's breast, in such a manner that its upper edge touches the pap of the breast. The girdle, which is formed of *hemp or linen thread*, must be four fingers in breadth, and provided at both ends with brass rings. It must be of such a length that these rings may touch on the back. Through these the rope is drawn, the ends of which are left loose, which the teacher holds in his hand. The pupil is then conducted to the water, and recommended to go gently into it.

As soon as the pupil is in the water, in order to inspire him with confidence, the teacher winds the end of the rope, which he holds in his hand, round the pole, and leaning the pole on the rail, he swings the pupil into the water, in such a way, that the latter appears to repose on its surface. The pupil is not placed in a perfectly horizontal position; the head is plunged up to the mouth, the arms are stiffly stretched forwards, so that the palms of the hands touch each other; the legs are also stiffly stretched out, and the heels are kept together, but the toes are turned to the outside and contracted; this is called *ranging*. In this position the pupil must remain for some time, till he feels it becomes easy to him. *When this is well known*, the pupil proceeds to the movements.

We have not room to enter into any detail of the various exercises by which the pupil is finally, and in a wonderfully short time, enabled to despise rope and pole, and launch out into river or sea.

This system, which Captain Clias put in practice in 1809, for the first time, with the two grandsons of Marshal Blucher, and in 1811, in his own country (Switzerland), has been introduced for some years, by Colonel Pfull, in the Prussian army, with great success, and lately in many other parts of the Continent. Paris, Vienna, Berlin, Copenhagen, Stockholm, Moscow, St Petersburg, Amsterdam, Berne in Switzerland, and a great many other places, have now regular Swimming Schools established and maintained by the Government, or private societies.

In the year 1818 there were formed, in the central school of Denmark, one hundred and five masters, destined to teach in the different cities of that kingdom. All of them having been instructed after the same method, learnt, in less than four months, to swim a distance of nine miles, to dive twenty feet deep, and even to swim a considerable distance in full dress and arms, carrying a man on their back. In the different Swimming Schools of that country, 2707 individuals have learnt to swim perfectly in the same year, and almost every one of those institutions on the Continent offers the same satisfactory result.

We recommend Captain Clias's book to all swimmers. They will find excellent instructions respecting Treading water—Swimming on the side, without employing the feet—Floating—Leaping, or Plunging—the Running Plunge—the Flat Plunge—the Fling—the Mill—the Wheel backwards and forwards—the Thrust—the Double Thrust—Diving—and Saving from danger.

As a specimen of his style of treating the subject, hear him on diving:—

The exercise of diving must begin by remaining under water without motion. The most pleasant manner for the diver is to let himself sink gently into the water, by means of a pole or rope. The breath must be drawn in slowly, and expelled by degrees, when the heart begins to beat very strongly. If the pupil has practised himself in this for some time, he may then begin to swim under water, and *to dive to the bottom.* In swimming under water, he may either move in the usual way, or keep his hands stretched before him, which will enable him to cut the water more easily, and greatly relieve the breast. If he observes that he approaches too near the surface of the water, he must press the palms of his hands upwards. If he wishes to dive to the bottom, he must turn the palms of the hands upwards, striking with them repeatedly and rapidly, whilst the feet are reposing; and when he has attained a perpendicular position, he should stretch out his hands like

feelers, and make the usual movement with his feet; then he will descend with great rapidity to the bottom. It is well to accustom the eyes to open themselves under the water, at least in those beds of water which admit the light, as it will enable us to ascertain the depth of the water we are in.

Except when it is sought to bring up drowning or drowned people from the bottom, we dissuade our readers from diving. It cannot be good for the health. Never, as you love us, dive under logs of wood, or barges, or frigates, or line-of-battle ships. We have seen such things done—we have ourselves done such things. On one occasion, with our head touching the keel of an eighteen gun-brig, we began to feel want of breath, and would have given a rump and dozen for a single gallon of air. The brig was rather big-bellied, and we could not get clear of her great fat sides. We began to fear that we should not find our level, and the journey upwards was indeed most intolerably tedious. Unluckily, on reaching the surface, we came up under a boat of live lumber, from the shore, and had to put on our spectacles to see our way from under her ugly flat bottom. Then a pretty high sea was running, and when we had bobbed our head above water, wave after wave smote us, till we were heard from on board blowing like a porpus. We would not take such another dive again, no, not for a bushel of pearls; and we believe that, for nearly a quarter of an hour (so the time seemed to us), we had been given up by the whole ship's company—we had almost said the squadron.

In diving, beware of muddy bottoms. It is a shocking sensation to feel yourself settling down to the middle, head foremost, in sludge, among eels. Beware of weeds and water-lilies, for there the Naiads are ladies of indifferent reputation, and their embrace is death. Never leap from the battlements of a bridge—let a soft, green, sunny bank, of a few feet, suffice. As you are a gentleman, scorn canals—and neither bathe nor fish in troubled waters. Gentle river! gentle river! let me float adown the elysium of thy flowing murmurs; and then, in kind contention, lovingly buffet back my way to the pool, on whose tree-shaded brink lie my nankeen trousers and shirt of fine linen, like a snow-patch amid the verdure. Ah! above all things else, as you are a man, let no foot-path, however unfrequented, touch the water-edge near the pool where you, like a wild goose, are at play; but steer your state like a swan, that, bold yet shy, disports in the solitude, and ever and anon

rising on the surface, awakens the lonely echoes with the flapping of his victorious wings!

Often have we longed to save the life of a fellow-creature; and we have rescued from drowning one very young child, and one very old woman. But oh! that it had fallen to our lot to save some lovely virgin, unengaged to be married, and who had not yet lost her heart! That is a happiness that falls to the lot of one man in a million. Yet one precious life we have saved—when the waters rose and beat over her, nor has she been ungrateful—the life of the dearest, best creature alive——Maga the incomparable!—even at the very hour when her days were as those of a virgin when the days of her virginity have expired.[1]

In all ordinary cases follow the advice of Captain Clias:—

It is necessary for a swimmer to know how to act in rescuing a drowning person, without himself becoming the victim, as so often happens; we therefore lay down the following rules:—The swimmer must avoid approaching the drowning person in front, in order that he may not be grasped by him; for wherever a drowning person seizes, he holds with convulsive force, and it is no easy matter to get disentangled from his grasp; therefore he ought to seize him from behind, and let him loose immediately the other turns towards him; his best way is either to impel him before to the shore, or to draw him behind; if the space to be passed be too great, he should seize him by the foot, and drag him, turning him on his back. If the drowning person has seized him, there is no other resource for the swimmer than to drop at once to the bottom of the water, and there to wrestle with his antagonist; the drowning man endeavours, by a kind of instinct, to regain the surface, and when drawn down to the bottom, he usually quits his prey, particularly if the diver attacks him there with all his power.

For two swimmers the labour is easier, because they can mutually relieve each other. If the drowning person has still some presence of mind remaining, they will then seize him one under one arm, and the other under the other, and, without any great effort in treading water, bring him along with his head above the water, while they enjoin him to keep himself as much stretched out, and as much without motion, as possible.

In the last *Quarterly Review* (an admirable Number, Mr Editor) there is an article on swimming, at once sensible and ingenious, entertaining and instructive. We have our doubts, however, about the superiority of upright natation. No doubt that method more closely resembles walking than the usual one, which, indeed, has no resemblance to walking at all; but why should swimming resemble walking?—Walking, Swim-

[1] See Chaldee MS.

ming, and Flying, seem to us three distinct kinds of locomotion, in three distinct kinds of elements—earth, water, and air. Such savage swimmers as we have seen—we speak of the natives of Otaheite and the Sandwich Isles, also of Malays and of the negroes on the coast of Guinea—do not swim upright, although certainly they do swim deep in the water, which is perhaps all that the reviewer means to recommend. Men would take no heed of time but by its loss, were they to swim great distances upright; and on the whole we must remain partial to the method of the frog, the most elegant and powerful of swimmers, and an animal to whom, in many essential points, we have always thought the human species bears a very striking resemblance.

Some swimmers, at every stroke, raise not only their neck and shoulders, but absolutely breast and body, out of the water, and the style is imposing. But it must exhaust, and part of the power exerted is nearly useless. It is sufficient to keep your mouth above water; yet even that is not absolutely necessary, for you may breathe through your nostrils. Longish strokes are the best; but you may vary them at your pleasure. As far as our observation or experience goes, power in the arms is of more avail to the swimmer than power in the legs; and we would always bet on the pugilistic, in preference to the pedestrian figure.

Captain Clias will have ladies to learn to swim as well as jump; and of the two, natation and saltation, the former is, we think, according to our notions of feminine delicacy, the accomplishment which we should prefer in a wife or mistress. It is difficult for the female form to jump gracefully. Camilla herself, we suspect, would have looked awkward at hop-step-and-leap. Venus was no jumping Joan—but she walked well. And Urania, there can be no doubt from her name, was a charming swimmer. Petticoats, however, are not such good things to swim in as breeches; but that difficulty married ladies will be able to get over, while in the water all virgins must be Musidoras.

Life is sweet—so, swim in no sea where by any possibility a shark can be within a hundred leagues of your leg. Remember the print of the young man saved with loss of limb from that marine attorney. Should a dolphin disturb you, up with you on his back, and, calling for your fiddle, sport Arion. Bottle-

noses are harmless. We never knew a life lost by Craken; and there is only one on record swallowed by a Whale.

In the *Quarterly* are some pleasant natatory anecdotes, to which we add a brace given by Captain Clias.

In 1699, a small vessel belonging to the monks of La Charité was overset by a gust of wind, between St Lucie and Martinique, and all who were in it perished, with the exception of a Carabee, who, without being aided by a plank, or other morsel of wood that might have assisted him, kept himself buoyant upon the water for the space of sixty hours, supporting hunger, thirst, and the violence of the tempest which caused the loss of the vessel, and at last landed at a small creek, and communicated the news of the wreck which had happened.

In the famous defence of Genoa, by General Massena, that officer felt the necessity of making known his perilous situation to the First Consul—the fate of the place, and that of the French army, depended upon the event of the siege; the blockade cut off all communication by land, and that by sea was attended with great danger. Francesche, a young officer, was the first to present himself for this great act of devotion; he received despatches from the general, and jumped into a fishing-boat, with three intrepid rowers. By favour of the night he passed through three lines of the English fleet, but at day-break they were perceived, and chase was given them. Francesche escaped for a long time the pursuit of the English, until they were but a few leagues from Antibes, but the enemy then gained upon them, and the fear of falling into their hands was severely felt. Francesche stripped off his clothes, bound the despatches to his body, and having recommended the sailors to manœuvre as long as possible, to draw the enemy's attention from himself, gently dropped into the sea. He swam several hours, landed among his countrymen, and had the satisfaction to present the despatches safe to the First Consul, who could not withhold his admiration of this proof of courage and success. The former begged to finish his enterprise, received the answer, and carried it back to General Massena at Genoa.

Captain Clias, we wish you good morning. Gentle readers! remember that all the gymnastic exercises in the world are not worth a bam, without regular, sober, active habits of life. All kinds of debauchery and dissipation incapacitate equally for

lying, standing, walking, running, leaping, wrestling, skating, swimming, and a thousand things else beside. O what a charm in moderation! How strong the heart beats and the lungs play! The eye, how it sparkles! and the mantling blood on the clear cheek, how beautiful! But your fat, pursy, purfled son of a witch, who, from morn to night, guzzles and gurgles like a town-drake in a gutter, and from night to morn snorts and snores to the disturbance of other two tenements, no system of gymnastics will keep that man alive till Christmas; and then he will be seen practising *bonâ fide* that species of walking which Captain Clias calls the Spectre's March.

And now, gentle readers, we must part. We have indeed bestowed our tediousness upon you, but believe us when we declare 'pon our honour that our error was unpremeditated. Half a sheet was all we had allowed ourselves at starting, and we are really afraid to count the number of pages. We must not hope that you may never be drowned, in case you should come to a worse death; but may you live all the days of your life, and long may the stone sleep unshaped in the quarry that is destined to bear the epitaph commemorative of your virtues.

CRUIKSHANK ON TIME.[1]

[JUNE 1827.]

TIME is generally represented either in the character of a Stream, or of an Old Gentleman. Of Time, as a Stream, the less that is said in a Magazine with any pretensions to originality, the better. Of Time as an Old Gentleman, suffice it to remark, that he is alternately active and passive. When active, he is armed with a scythe, and an excellent mower he is, laying a double swathe with inimitable neatness and precision; when passive, a crowd of idle people are engaged in killing Time, and he appears lying in a stupor; but no sooner have the delinquents fled, than he jumps to his feet with all the alacrity of a man in his seventh thousand year, declines the offer of medical assistance, and disappears. Formerly, he used to wear a long beard, and pride himself on a "slape sconce;" but nowadays he often sports a chin that "shows like a stubble-field at harvest-home," and mounts a wig that gives him quite the air of an Apollo. In good truth, old Father Time, as he used to be called, is now a confirmed bachelor at whom maidenly ladies of a certain age keep setting their caps in vain. You see him frequently sitting in a bang-up greatcoat, on the box beside Coachee, or even with the ribands in his hand, driving like the very devil; and we know of nobody else to whom he bears so strong a general resemblance as Washington Irving's Stout Gentleman.

George Cruikshank and we have long been cronies, and George has treated us with some admirable Illustrations of his Friend Time's character and pursuits. The frontispiece is excellent. There Time is seen resuming his antique appearance and propensities; winged, bearded, with his notorious fore-lock, and hungry as hell. The solitary glutton has a

[1] *Illustrations of Time.* By GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.

board spread, for his exclusive delight, with all the delicacies of all the seasons. At head and foot of the table stands a castle—one quite fresh, only a few years old, the other dilapidated and ivy-wreathed, that the epicure may glut his maw with variety as he crunches battlement and foundation-stone. The two corner-dishes near the head of the table are a stately sycamore grove, and a three-decker; near the foot a date tree and a dromedary, a farmhouse and a wheat-stalk. The three side-dishes on the farther side of the table, are a shepherd piping to his flock; a 68-pounder carronade and grape-shot; a bull and a heifer. Of the three side-dishes close to the devourer, one is untouched, or nearly so,—a splendid coach, full of nobility, with only the leaders as yet eaten up; in a spoon in his right hand, a church; on a fork in his left, an elephant, endorsed with a tower bristling with spears; while in the centre of the table, is an ample miscellany of all ages, and sexes, and professions; with plumes, and helms, and crowns, and all the meanest and most majestic paraphernalia of mortality. There Tempus Edax sits, like Christopher North at Ambrose's, ere Tickler, and ODoherty, and the Shepherd have appeared, impatient to have all the good things of this world to himself; although, in gobbling up all the real and movable property in the universe, he leave himself to die of famine on the Last Day.

George Cruikshank knows better than some people we could name, the grand secret of descending with skill and dexterity from stilts, and walking like an ordinary biped. The Frontispiece, therefore, is the only very sublime thing in all the Illustrations—and turning it over, dromedaries, elephants, towers, and temples and all, lo! "Time Called and Time Come." The scene is on Moulseyhurst—within a roped ring of twenty feet—worth all the Boxiana of this Magazine, of Pierce Egan, and of John Bee. Conspicuous in the middle of the picture stands the Time-Keeper, with his tatler in his hand,—bawling the monosyllable. To the left, within the ropes, lies on his back, with his face up to heaven, the Man of the flash-side—say Jem Ward—in a state of innocence. His daylights are darkened, and something more than slumber has sealed up his eyes, which have been lanced in vain. In vain, too, does his strong-lunged Second roar into his ear. To

him, it is like a faint and far-off echo—or perhaps he hears it not at all, but is deaf as a house. His Bottle-holder on one knee, and with one fist half-angrily clenched, seems to upbraid him for being past the restoration of the water of life. A Jew kneels over him in despair, muttering and moaning about his "monish,"—while a sporting surgeon feels the feeble pulse in a wrist that is overshadowed by the blue swollen hand, all of whose knuckles seem dislocated with paying away at Crawley's *os frontis;* and a great big hulking disconsolate Cockney, such a one as always appertains to the flash-side, half swell and half gull, can with difficulty believe his heyes when the odds are finally floored, and his betting-book is a bankrupt. And there, close to the ninny's elbow, is that familiar, Bill Richmond, the Lily-white, with his box of ivories unlidded, his ogles leering with a knavish I've-neither-lost-nor-win hedgingish expression, in which, to the cheated Cockney, no consolation is to be found, and his topper so askew and askance on his knowledge-box, that, but for an enormous organ of destructiveness, it would slide to the sod. Five more finished reprobates you will rarely see in a pyramidical group, and should the man die they will be all lagged together;—but the gallows is not to be robbed of its dues—for a vein is about to be opened—and Jem, though vanquished to-day, will yet live to be elevated to that conspicuous situation which he was born and bred to adorn. But look at his opponent! Second and bottle-holder lift him like a log from the sod. Those masses of muscle have lost their strength; he is sick and exhausted as a dog that, after a forty-mile run, lies down check-by-jowl with reynard on the road-mire—his face is indistinguishable in mouth, nose, or eyes—but he staggers up to the scratch like a drunkard, and then, as deaf to time as his antagonist, falls down with a squelch—thirteen stone—bating a few pounds of sweat and blood.

While we live, Jem Ward shall never be Champion. Is it the part of a man who aspires to the championship, to travel about the country, shamming Yokel, and cheating haw-bucks and provincial boxers out of the purses for which they wish honestly to contend? No—it is but one form of that swindling at which Jem, under various auspices, has long been so expert—and we cannot but wonder at John Bee, as honest a man as lives, and in all other instances the sworn foe of

knavery, giving countenance to such base and unmanly tricks as were never practised before by any of the first-rate men. Then, in the London ring itself, has not the knave and fool been guilty of the most barefaced cross with Abbot? And of something very like a cross with Josh Hudson? If Hudson really licked him, what title has he to be a candidate for the championship at all? If Josh did not lick him, then Jem should, for that his second offence, have been kicked for ever out of the ring. His battle with Crawley was a fair one—and was he not fairly beaten? After all this, it is sickening to hear him talked of, even yet, by the flash-side, as Champion. If ever he fight Brown of Bridgenorth, he will bite the dust. Jem is a fine fighter, that is certain—active, skilful, a hard hitter, nor is his bottom bad. But he has not power to stand up against Brown, six of whose blows will settle his hash. It is all very well to talk about "poor old Shelton" whom Brown beat. "Poor old Shelton" is only a very few years, some three or four, older than Brown; and although he had seen rather too much service, was he not, previous to that battle, considered the very best two-handed fighter on the list? But be all this as it may, no cross-cove, whether knave or fool, should ever in our day be the Champion of England.

Forbid it, ye living worthies, Cribb and Spring—forbid it, ye dead immortals, Jem Belcher and the Game Chicken! Forbid it, ye shades of heroes all, from Broughton to Power! Forbid it, ye—whose mauleys are armed more formidably than of old with the cestus—with the unpurchased pen, pencil, and press—Bee, Egan, Cruikshank, and North—for the eyes of your country are upon you, and "England expects every man to do his duty."

But enough—too much perhaps—of blows and blood—so cast your eye, fair reader, down to the left-hand corner of Plate I.—and tell us what thou readest—"A SHORT TIME—GOING OF AN ERRAND." There stands, winged gorgeously as that superb moth, the great owl-moth of Brazil, him whom the enthusiastic Kirby calls the glory of the Noctuidæ, him whose portraiture James Wilson, brother of the Professor, hath in his late Illustrations of Zoology with pen and pencil so finely visioned—there, we say, stands Oberon the fairy king—and Puck, is it?—yes, Puck let it be—like lightning obeying his lord's command.

Oberon.

"Fetch me this herb—and be thou here again,
Ere the Leviathan can swim a league."

Puck.

"I'll put a girdle round about the earth
In forty minutes."

How infinitely more poetical are wings like these, than seven-league boots! We declare, on our conscience, that we would not accept the present of a pair of seven-league boots to-morrow,—or, if we did, it would be out of mere politeness to the genie who might press them on us, and the wisest thing we could do would be to lock them up in a drawer out of the reach of the servants. Suppose that we wished to walk from Clovenford to Innerleithen—why, with seven-league boots on —one single step would take us up to Posso, seven miles above Peebles! That would never do. By mincing our steps, indeed, one might contrive to stop at Innerleithen; but suppose a gadfly were to sting one's hip at the Pirn—one unintentional stride would deposit Christopher at Drummelzier, and another over the Cruik, and far away down Annan Water! Therefore, there is nothing like wings. On wings you can flutter, and glide, and float and soar—now like a humming-bird among the flowers—now like a swan, half rowing, half sailing, and half flying adown a river—now like an eagle afloat in the blue ocean of heaven, or shooting sunwards, invisible in excess of light, and bidding farewell to earth and its humble shadows. "O that I had the wings of a dove, that I might flee away and be at rest!" Who hath not, in some heavy hour or other, from the depth of his very soul, devoutly — passionately — hopelessly—breathed that wish to escape beyond the limits of woe and sin—not into the world of dreamless death—for, weary though the immortal pilgrim may have been, never desired he the doom of annihilation—untroubled although it be, shorn of all the attributes of being—but he hath prayed for the wings of the dove, because that fair creature, as she wheeled herself away from the sight of human dwellings, hath seemed to disappear to his imagination among old glimmering forests wherein she foldeth her wing and falleth gladly asleep—and therefore, in those agitated times, when the spirits of men acknowledge kindred with the inferior creatures, and would fain interchange with them powers and qualities, they are willing even to lay down their

intelligence, their reason, their conscience itself, so that they could but be blessed with the faculty of escaping from all the agonies that intelligence, and reason, and conscience alone can know, and beyond the reach of this world's horizon to flee away and be at rest!

Puck says he will put a girdle round about the earth in forty minutes. At what rate is that per hour, taking the circumference of the earth at 27,000 miles, more or less? There is a question for the mechanics, somewhat about as difficult of solution as Mr Brougham's celebrated one of the smuggler and the Revenue Cutter,—for the solution of which he recommended the aid of algebra. It is not so quick as you would imagine—not seven hundred miles a minute. We forget the usual rate of a cannon-ball in good condition, when he is in training,—and before he is at all blown. So do we forget, we are sorry to confess, the number of centuries that it would take a good stout, well-made, able-bodied cannon-ball, to accomplish a journey to our planet from one of the fixed stars. The great difficulty, we confess, would be to get him safely conveyed thither. If that could be done, we should have no fear of his finding his way back, if not in our time, in that of our posterity. However red-hot he might have been on starting, he would be cool enough, no doubt, on his arrival at the goal,—yet we should have no objection to back him against Time for a trifle,—Time, we observe, in almost all matches, being beat, often indeed by the most miserable hacks, that can with difficulty raise a gallop. Time, however, possibly runs booty; for when he does make play, it must be confessed that he is a spanker, and that nothing has been seen with such a stride since Eclipse.

We never understood Shakespeare's fairies—nor his witches either—nor his ghosts. Perhaps he did not intend that we should understand them,—perhaps he did not understand them himself,—perhaps no fairies, no witches, no ghosts, either Shakespeare's or any body's else, are altogether intelligible, or at least very consistent characters. Yet we do like people to be what they say they are—one thing or other—dead or alive—mermaid or salamander—goat or griffin—Christian or cockney—miser or arimaspian. Then, whatever you are, fish, flesh, or fowl, you are, in our humble critical opinion, bound to stick to it. If fish, sport whatever scales you choose; but unless you shelter yourself behind the plea

of being a seal or a sea-lion, what right have you to a hide of hair? Be satisfied, too, pray, with fins, unless to your misfortune you are a flying-fish,—and do not insist, also, on legs and arms, for these belong of right to bipeds and quadrupeds, which you are not; remember your Horace, and beware,—

"Desinit in piscem mulier formosa superne."

If flesh—and not amphibious—which is an *exceptio probat regulam*—keep you to dry land, my boy—and follow Nature just as she has made you, graminivorous, carnivorous, or omnivorous. It is vastly pleasant, certainly, to be omnivorous—but that, far beyond his boasted reason, is the privilege but of us—Man. If fowl,—act according to the shape of your beak and talons, and all will go well; otherwise, be what bird you may, even the bird of Jove himself, in a twelvemonth, or less, you will be taken for a Goose, or the Glasgow Gander.

We have been anxious, for some sentences past, to get at the philosophy of Shakespeare's fairies, witches, and ghosts, but do not seem to have made any great progress. His fairies are small—almost invisibly small,—and often lodge in flower-cups,—a harebell being a palace, a primrose a hall, an anemone a hut, and a daisy a shieling. Yet they fall in love with us who run—males—from $5\frac{1}{2}$ to $6\frac{1}{2}$ feet high,—females, some six inches lower. That is preposterous and impossible. Titania, too, when she falls in love with Bottom, lays his ass's head on her lap, and seems, at a rough guess, to be somewhat about the middle size, between Mrs Cook and the Swiss giantess. On what principle she originally married Oberon, one is at a loss to guess—not love surely—perhaps ambition. In short, there is sad confusion in Shakespeare's ideas of all these creatures of the element—a complete higgledy-piggledy—there is no making either head or tail of them—and the traditionary elvish superstitions of all climates—especially east and north—are blended together, not without rhymes indeed—for many of the fairy lays are pretty enough,—but certainly without reason, and, may we be permitted to say, if without any reason, then without much imagination, these two faculties, as they are called, being, as we opine, merely modifications of the one thinking, feeling, willing, creating, and acting principle, called Soul.

Now, as Shakespeare is said, by his devotional and idolatrous admirers, to have surpassed all other mortal men in poetical powers, why, we ask, did he not frame more fairy-like fairies,—more spiritual spirits—than those in the "Tempest" or "Midsummer-night's Dream"? If all that such poetry requires is fanciful and fine imagery, dancing measures, and a sort of mimetic sympathy of preternatural with natural beings, why, anybody with a little tact, taste, feeling, seeing, and hearing, reading, fancy, and some practice in tagging verses, may compose it very prettily and effectively, and hold up their heads, in that line, as so many smartish Shakespeares. But if such poetry, conceived of in the perfection of its own nature and essence, not only demand genius to invent richly, but to combine consistently, and according to immutable and inviolable laws, so that the creatures of the element shall be creatures of the element indeed, and neither more nor less;—so that Oberon, and Titania, and Puck, and the rest, shall be a peculiar people, inhabiting a peculiar world, mingling, it may be, with us, and with this world of ours, but in every expansion or contraction of their bodies, in every enlargement or diminution of their wings, still true through all transformations, and transfigurations, and transcolorations, to their original and necessary fairy forms, figures and colours,—then, say we, contradict us who may, that Shakespeare was, in these his attempts, no Poet,—nay, the "lift" is not going to fall, so, gentle reader, read on,—no Poet, we say, or but a poet of the second degree,—not the Poet-Laureate of the Court of Faery, nor worthy of the butt of dew that, in the shape of a deaf hazel-nut, filled with the tears of Morning and of Evening, shall be presented—so legends tell—to that inspired Bard of our earth, who by the music of his lyre shall lay all the pipes of the Silent People mute, and charm Oberon asleep on his Titania's bosom, beneath the unwaning honeymoon, that hangs like a cresset in the heaven of Fairy-land.

Away, then, to the blasted heath, and see what kind of witches Shakespeare conjures up before us and Macbeth. "The air hath bubbles as the water hath—and these are of them." That is good—but the witches, wild and withered as they are in their attire, are but so-so creations to frighten and to prophesy to a doomed king. They have no kindred with the wide black moors of the Highlands of Scotland.

Their gibbering is not in the idiom of the ancient Erse—not phantoms they worthy to be stared at, till reason reels, by the Children of the Mist. Gray Malkin and Paddock are sorry names for the witches of a mountainous region; and Mr Upton, imagining himself to be eulogising the passage on which he annotates, observes, that to understand it, we should suppose one Familiar calling with the voice of a Cat, and another with the croaking of a Toad. Must we indeed? And what have cats and toads to do with "thunder, lightning, and the rain; when the hurly-burly's done, when the battle's lost and won"? Here, as in the case of the fairies, Shakespeare writes as if he had been fuddled. He cannot get rid of his poor, flat, hearthstone, broomstick, English, Stratford-upon-Avon superstitions; and out with the truth at once, horrible as it is, Shakespeare in Scotland was—a Cockney! Just before Macbeth and Banquo forgather with the witches, in thunder on the moor, we have this colloquy—

> "1*st Witch.* Where hast thou been, sister?
> 2*d Witch.* Killing swine.
> 3*d Witch.* Sister, where thou?
> 1*st Witch.* A sailor's wife," &c. &c.

What is there good in this, or in all that follows? Little or nothing. Killing swine! Shakespeare wrote these two words —therefore, and for no other reason, are they witch-like and terrible. From killing swine, the transition is natural (is it not?) to prophesying about kings, crowns, and thrones. Let the Weird Sisters either be the Northern Fates or Destinies —or let them be the Witches of Warwickshire—but no man has a right to confuse the two characters, least of all to bring down our "Posters of the sea and land" to the level of Anglo-Saxon crones riding on besoms.

Now, is it any answer to such objections as these, to say, that these beings are anomalous, and that, therefore, their creator is at freedom to characterise them as he wills? None whatever. If it be, then Shakespeare could not go wrong, as long as he gave them a gibberish utterance — breathed through their skinny lips a hellish spirit, made fiercer by the compression of their choppy fingers—enveloped the beldames in a ghastly atmosphere, and when their prophecy, half-benison half-malison, ceased to quake, bade them vanish into

the air, and what seemed corporeal melt as a breath into the wind. That being summoned hither to betray and destroy, they should do their duty, and do it witheringly and well, is the least that could have been expected from a far inferior magician to Shakespeare; but from Shakespeare we expect far more than that—not merely some witch-like words, and motions, and gestures, and gesticulations, but the full display of powers meet for such a mission, such as should not only have left Macbeth and Banquo overcome with horrid forebodings, against which it was in vain for the one to struggle in his visions of ghastly hope, and the other in his visions of still ghastlier fear; but all who read the drama—all who saw it acted—should have been sunk—overwhelmed—lost—and helpless, among the shadows of passing events all dripping with murder, and lowering alike with the gloom of guilt and retribution.

Was Macbeth a superstitious person? We cannot tell—Shakespeare does not let us into this secret of his idiosyncrasy. Had he who had lived in Scotland all his days, and been a traveller by night, never seen a witch till then? If the witches were but creations of Shakespeare, Macbeth, of course, never could have seen them before; but if they were "in a manner born" in Scotland, how could he, a man of forty-five at the youngest, have missed seeing them over and over again a hundred times? Judging from what passes between Macbeth and Banquo, neither of them had ever seen a witch in their lives till that terrible and fateful night; a degree of blindness inconceivable in an age when all eyes, from castle to cot, beheld preternatural agents once at least every moon, and belonged to an ancestry, mean or mighty, that had ever been familiar with the voices that syllable men's names "in antres vast and deserts idle."

Finally, if the Weird Sisters are impersonations of ideas prevalent in national superstition—try them by that test; if they are anomalous fictions of Shakespeare's fancy, try them by that—and in both cases alike will they be found wanting: in the first they are degraded by an intermixture of another, and lower, and more vulgar creed; in the second, they are of a contradictory and inconsistent character, fluctuating between the old women who frighten English chaw-bacons or yokels, with beards and whiskers, cat-attended, and obnox-

ious to ducking in a pond, and those more truly terrible and spiritual agencies that have power given to them by the Prince of the Air to elevate men's sons to high places, or dash them down to the dust in blood of their own shedding, and by the instrumentality of their own throne-shaking crimes that spare not the heads of Heaven's anointing. On which horn of the dilemma must Shakespeare be stuck?

Now for his ghosts. We need go no farther for reference than to the ghost in *Hamlet*. His first appearance is more than respectable—it is solemn and impressive. The solitary reader's hair at midnight begins to bristle—his flesh to creep—his heart to quake—and he has hopes of a ghost that will curdle his blood, and make him ring the bell for the sight of a human face, should it even be that of the alarmed cook with her papered hair in a mutch. But when the old mole begins mining in the cellar, the gravity essential to the working of spiritual influences begins to relax—the reader waxes merry as the worthy pioneer—the well-done-old-boy himself—and helps himself, in pure love of the Glenlivet, to a fresh jug of toddy. Far be it from us to tie a ghost down to a specific number of lines of blank verse, or to insist on his observing all the pauses with scientific precision. We have no doubt that had Mr Wordsworth seen it expedient to introduce a ghost into the *Excursion*, he would have occupied the whole book with a single speech, and set Poet, Solitary, and Pedlar, all three at defiance and asleep; but one expects more sane conduct from Shakespeare, who sadly forgot himself in making an interlocutor in his drama long-winded, after the breath had left his body, just as he had previously forgot himself in making the ghost say, that he had come from a bourne from which no traveller returns. Any person can count the lines as correctly as we can—and he will find that the buried Majesty of Denmark spouts, right on end, with little or no interruption, seventy-eight lines—and no fewer than thirty-five after he has exclaimed, with visible apprehension of being bedawned—

> "But, soft, methinks I smell the morning air."

The extreme and painful minuteness of his communication is only to be equalled by its intolerable prolixity; and we have often felt, in reading it—for, prosy as it is, it has its felicitous expressions, (leperous distilment, and so forth)—that it is the

model on which Cyril Jackson, the celebrated Dean of Christchurch, constructed his conversational discourse. Cyril Jackson, D.D., was an eminent man in his day, and his talents were more than respectable; but there was nothing supernatural or preternatural in his conversation; and had any ghost imitated his oral style in the loneliest churchyard in England, we should have smoked him in an instant, and laughed in his face; yet we should have been to blame, if Shakespeare be to praise; for James Smith himself could not imitate old Hamlet more to the death than did Cyril Jackson, and, consequently, any ghost that should have imitated the Dean, would have been in character, giving his accents something more of the tomblike and sepulchral.

All this will, we fear, seem very heterodox to the million,—nay, to those who have been pleased to set up Shakespeare as the god of their idolatry, even impious, and with a slight tinge of blasphemy. It was even so with us, when we described the Red-Tarn Raven Club supping upon a Quaker beneath the dark brow of the mighty Helvellyn.[1] Some subscribers threatened to give up the Magazine, because we described, somewhat after the dashing manner of the savage Rosa, a Fact in Nature. Others were shocked that we should have written so of the "Meek Pilgrim of Nature," whom Sir Walter had so beautifully bemoaned as bleaching to the snow-storm beneath that sonorous mountain, Catchedicam. But we demand as a right that our picture, both sides of it—for back as well as front of the canvass is painted—be compared with that of the Great Known, and we shall abide the verdict. If ravens will eat Quakers who have lost themselves in the snow, and that after a fashion at which humanity revolts while it gazes, and shudders while it narrates, we are not the man to be afraid of taking up the pen or the pallet; and if Shakespeare will make the ghost of a king, who in life was a personage of few words, prose away like the Head of a College, neither are we the man to abstain, in fear of a shallow world, from exposing the spectre's prolixity, and recommending him as an honorary member of the right worshipful company of Maunderers, with the present representative of the county of ——— at their head. But we particularly request that no correspondent send for insertion in this Magazine any defence of Shakespeare—Into the Balaam-box it shall inevitably go—from whose jaws this very

[1] *Recreations*—"Christopher in his Aviary."

Leading Article has itself made an almost miraculous escape. Let our ingenious friend Mr James Ballantyne take up the cudgels for the Swan of Avon—if he pleases—for we are free to confess, that the very worst and the very best criticisms on Shakespeare we ever read, have appeared from his pen, at divers times, and in sundry manners, in the *Weekly Journal;* and we do not know that, with equal truth, we could say the same thing of ourselves.

But lo! in the same Plate, "A Long-Time Waiting," a gentleman, pondering by a pond, fishing! Judging from the external character of that piece of water, it contains nothing of the fish-kind beyond a frog, a snail, or a leech. It is truly a most uncomfortable little wet sheet of water—most dismal indeed—quite such an Elstree-looking sink as received out of the sack the Thurtelised body of Weare.[1] It acquired, we understand, a fishy character, from the circumstance of a small dead perch having been seen floating on it some years ago, which had probably been flung into it in spite by some schoolboy, on his way home from an unsuccessful holiday at a marl-pit miles off. There he sits, and has long been sitting —the Piscatorial Solitary of the Excursion! He is obviously catching his death of cold. His sore throat has begun—buckled up as the cuff of his jacket is to the brim of his hat, it is all in vain; for, at this blessed moment, both tooth-ache and ear-ache are his—cold, cold is his seat of honour, as that of a marble monument. What he expects to find in such a place, heaven only knows; but truly that is a searching rain,—if rain it may be called, which rain is not, but commingled hail and sleet murdering a day of spring.

Behind Piscator, who, were he to stretch himself up into his altitude, could scarcely fail of being six feet six, and proportionally thin, stands a fat friend from the inn two miles off, who, prompted by an aimless curiosity, has come to inquire about the day's sport. "No fish yet?!! Why, I say, Popjoy, haven't you had a bite all day?" To this seemingly inoffensive interrogatory does Popjoy reply with all the monosyllabic laconicism of our First Lord of the Treasury,—"No!" the long lank reeds, sedges, and bulrushes rustling "hear, hear, hear!"—There is a mystery in this same matter of angling which has never yet been elucidated. We remember that,

[1] *Noctes*, vol. i. p. 81, note.

when a child, we used to angle from morning to night in a piece of water, where we *knew* there was no fish. But it was the only piece of water within our reach; and as water is the element in which fishes exist, that was enough for us, and there we sat eying our float, which our reason (even then strong) assured us never was to descend. Do not tell us that, ever and anon, our mind fell into a transient delusion, and that we had—hope. If it had been so, would we not have cut and run the instant reason came to our aid, and told us to fling aside the Pleasures of Hope? Nay, how could Hope rouse us from our bed at dawn, and carry us to angle in a pond where we knew fish was none! It was some far deeper principle in human nature than Hope that led us to that lonely moor—it was an instinctive and inextinguishable feeling, amounting to passion, of the adaptation of the being of fishes to the liquid element of water, and which overcame the conviction accompanying a particular case, by the sense of universal Fitness. We cannot get nearer than this to the truth, but to the fact itself we pledge our honour.

Poor Popjoy! we daresay thou art far from being a bad fellow—and if we had thee in Scotland, we do not doubt we could make a man of thee in a single spring and autumn. What a contrast between thee, by the side of that piteous little pond, and Christopher North angling his way down the Tweed! River of rivers! each stream, each shallow, each pool of thine has its own peculiar murmur, as familiarly known to our ear, even in imagination,—for in dreaming of thee memory is herself imaginative,—as the voice of each distinct friend that we have known from youth to age. Along the holms of Cardrona, how flowest thou along with an almost inaudible whisper—with but here and there a single tree shaking its tresses in a mirror set nearly motionless in a framework of green and gold, where the fast-nibbling sheep seem forgetful of their lambs, but in a moment bleat them to their sides, as the harmless angler goes by; and where the linnet sits songless now near her nest, full of gaping mouths, in the yellow broom.

"That lends the windward air an exquisite perfume."

Along Elibank Wood, thou rushest on in a delighted hurry, as if eager to hide thyself from the sun, beneath something cooler than cloud-shadows, the old forest-gloom. Till, lo!

again baring thy bosom to the heavens, away thou huddlest over low linn, and into "shelving plumm," by the braes of Ashiesteel, where erst the mighty Minstrel abode—and on—on—on—through brake, and shaw, and grove, on to the Holy Melrose—but there, alas! Poor Popjoy, art thou still sitting beside thy puddle—and four hundred miles are between thee and us, now, after a glorious day's sport, reclining on the window-seat of the Fisherman's Parlour, at sweet Clovenford.

Supper, as we are a Christian! Well, our dear George, we must lay thine Illustrations aside for an hour of trout and toddy; and would that thou wert thyself here, to take thy seat at the foot of our little table. Red as the dawn-blush, and firm as the rosebud—a trout of ten thousand! How deliciously peels off the brown-blistered buttery skin from his well-basted sides! His tail slightly curled—say, rather, crunkled up in the direction of his head; and, mercy on us! he surely cannot be yet alive! He certainly seemed to stir—yet the frying-pan must have done his business, to say nothing of the crash we gave his skull against the butt of our rod, that he might not play spang out of our fist, and re-plunge into his native pool like a very fish. The ketchup, if you please, my dear—thank you—you are the prettiest girl in Tweeddale—nay, don't blush and hang down your head—you might give us a kiss, for we are old enough to be your great-grandfather. Dickson's mustard, I'm sure—no other mustard on earth could make Kit North sneeze like a young one. Now, my love, you may be bringing ben the cutlets—but see there's a lid to the ashet. Very amiable whisky indeed—Here's to the memory of poor Sandy Govan,—last time we dined in this parlour—it had not a bow-window then—Sandy sat on that very chair! With what a face he stopped short in the middle of that queer tune on the fiddle, when the bit lassie came in with the fry!

> "But away with melancholy,
> Nor doleful changes sing,
> On life and human folly,
> But merrily, merrily sing, fa, la."

Another caulker! Not one single thing in this whole world is now wanting to our perfect felicity—except the cutlets, and there they are.

> "O, why have bards in many a lovely lay,
> Forgetting all their own delightful years,
> Sung that this life is but one little day,
> And this most happy world a vale of tears?"

Would that we could live for ever!—O, no—no—no—for then the angler could no more moralise on the stream—the soul would be plucked out of all his peaceful enterprises—there would be no profound joy of grief in remembering the old familiar faces—and we should never meet Isaac Walton in Heaven!

Turn over to Plate II. The central piece is entitled "BEHIND TIME," and no man who has ever been "too late for the coach," may look at it without acutest sympathy with the sufferers. The sufferer in the foreground is a Welshman—for, from an inscription on a sign above his head, he has been intending to go by the Times coach, on Tuesday, at twelve o'clock, to Llanbigwigdigingden, which must be in the Principality. We absolutely hear him groan when Mr Tapstave, the Boniface, says to his glaring question—"Coach, sir! The coach has been gone about three-quarters of an hour, sir—they start, sir, to their time, sir, to a minute, sir!" What a face! Far whiter, and more woe-begone than that which drew Priam's curtains at dead of night. The coach runs but once a-week, and Taffy and his spouse must wait till next Tuesday. That travelling-cap, which is really handsome, will not be needed till no fewer than one hundred and sixty-eight hours have expired. No wonder he is breathless and aghast, for he is laden with portmanteau, and travelling-bag, and bundle, and umbrella, and greatcoat, and shawls, and pelisses, and has been hurrying from his lodgings at the other end of the village, at the rate of five miles *per horam*—while to the Times—"O tempora, O mores!"—the turnpike gate is flying wide open eight miles nearer Wales! With band-box and child, his better half is seen flying under a load of fat through the market-place in the rear, nor slackens her pace, although she sees from the confabulation afar, that Times and Tides wait for no man. How calmly, all this while, does the dial-plate on the old church-tower show the whole world that it wants but a quarter to one! Hapless pair! What could you have been about since six o'clock this morning, when you rose? Had you risen at four, and the Times not left Mr Tapstave's

till two, answer us candidly, would it not have been the same thing precisely, and would you not, hapless pair, have been panting, sweating, staring, gaping, groaning, and almost cursing the hour in which you were born, at about a quarter or sixteen minutes from three, while then, as now, the inexorable Times would have been rolling perhaps in another county? Yes, we see, Mr Owen, that you were born—but to be too late. Nay, do not think of laying the whole blame on Mrs Owen—although you have, indeed, most ungallantly gotten the start of her by at least thirty yards. It was all your fault, Mr Owen—that trailing garter betrays you—and our firm belief is, that you have forgotten to put on your drawers.

> "Oh! for a blast of that dread horn
> On Fontarabian echoes borne,
> That to King Charles did come
> When Roland brave, and Olivier,
> And every Paladin and Peer,
> On Roncesvalles died!
> Such blast had warn'd you not in vain," &c.

We have had our share of most sort of suffering in this life, yet we do not scruple or hesitate to say, that the hour of our greatest agony was on just such another occasion as this! We do not mean you to understand, gentle reader, that we were ever too late for the coach, so beladen with luggage as Mr Owen, or so wife-pursued by a spouse dragging progeny so desperately along the stones—but we do mean you to understand, gentle reader, that were we to live a thousand years, never could we again suffer, either on a similar or dissimilar occasion, the anguish that, some forty years ago, we endured on being too late—by about ten minutes—for the Fly. SHE was in it—SHE was in it—whom we had not seen for an age—and whom we were not to see again for an age more, and yet—heavens and earth!—we overslept ourselves, and she was off—off—off—off—with, as we were told on the spot, a dragoon officer inside, none but their two selves—he the most blessed, and we the most accursed of mortal men! Why did we not follow in a chaise and eight—at the rate of thirty miles an hour? We did follow in a chaise and four, but the leaders had to drag on the reptiles in the shafts—and then crash went the axle-tree, and the whole concern, into a ditch. We mounted

one of the leaders, but he was wholly unaccustomed to gallop out of harness, and, deprived of his customary equipoise, came down, at full speed, into the attitude of prayer, and projected us over a green paling, into what, in Scotland, we call a policy. She and the dragoon were by this time at the extremity of Cornwall, and our evil genius told us that farther pursuit was hopeless. It is forty—ay, nearer fifty years since that day, yet so vividly does imagination realise the horrors "of jealousy, the injured lover's hell," that like Mr Owen there, whose picture is before us, we could even now curse the hour in which we were born;—but let us both call reason—religion to our aid—and remember that while The Times have cruelly caused all his sorrows, so will they gratuitously heal them; while, for ourselves, have we not had a long, a glorious, a lofty, and a useful career, since, in the bitter blindness of youthful passion, we thought our sun had set with the disappearance of the Reading Fly—

"And wept the more, because we wept in vain"?

We have inadvertently turned over three pages, and got to Plate VI., of which the central scene breathes the very spirit of philanthropy and domestic happiness. It is ycleped "Pudding-Time." Just as the female domestic has uncovered the plum-y wonder, a friend of the family ushers himself in—somewhat too late for soup, fish, beef, and fowl;—but no occasion for apologies on either side, for the hospitable John Bull welcomes him to his seat, pointing to the *magnum bonum* in triumph, while Mrs Bull vainly tries to allay the ecstasies of their five children, heedless of the stranger's approach. Writers on education are all very severe on greediness and gluttony in children, and go the length of picturing the love of good things as a carnal sin. But think for a moment on the fresh, keen, sensitive, healthy palates of children that have been all day breaking the brittler furniture in-doors, or furiously gardening it without, or driving it four-in-hand among the flower-beds. Would you have the little rosy rascals of either sex to sit prim, and act the pretty, in presence of such a pudding as that—and, when duly helped according to their respective sizes, to mince away like mice at the slices of savoury suet, as if they would prefer eating some lime from a hole in the wall? No—no—blessings on these little glorious gormandising gluttons,

whom Cruikshank's benevolent genius has embodied! and may that nurse-like cook, who has just unlidded the Delight, have a lesser pudding in reserve, to soothe their stomachs into perfect repose. Confound, cuff, and kick the ugly little scoundrel, male or female, who carries tid-bits or bon-bons into a corner, and enjoys them in secret, apart from his or her contemporaries. Solitary sensuality is shocking, and cannot come to good; but when the good things of this life have been, in equal division, allotted to such five imps as these, where no one has advantage of another, but all are laughing individually and in the gross, why tame their transports by subjecting the merry mess to the laws of imaginary good-breeding, far less to the restraints of that ascetic morality that allows unlimited venison and turtle to the parents, but would stint their progeny of pudding, even in that its most gracious form? Grown-up people, too, are exceedingly and absurdly apt to draw a line of distinction between themselves and people who are not grown-up. They consider themselves, merely because they are grown-up, privileged to devour, on the spot, whatever delicious dish is so unfortunate as to come in their way—till men and women are absolutely sick, or nearly so; but should any of the people who are not grown-up, take a spoon, and without being ordered, help itself to a fritter, forthwith one of the grown-up gluttons at the head and the foot of the table reads the growing gormandiser a lecture on its enormity, that would pass current in a country church. While the very green fat is melting in the father's mouth, he threatens to chastise Parvus Iulus for paying his stealthy addresses to a custard; and the mother, through cheeks swollen with an oily shred of the apron of a roasted turkey, splutters reproaches at Julia, an interesting child of ten years, whose mouth may very possibly be rather too full of blancmange, protesting that at her age she had not proceeded beyond hasty pudding. Is it not wonderful that grown-up people, especially those who are parents, are never struck with an instant sense of their own atrocious greediness and selfish injustice? Nothing more common than to hear a great greasy civic orator insisting, at the head of his own table, on the Catholics being emancipated, and admitted to a full and free participation in all the blessings of the British Constitution, while he excludes his own little Protestants, who are biting their nails and cooling their heels

up-stairs, from the numerous rich things in the gift of the gentleman or lady at the head of the home department.

But here is, in central scene of Plate VI. the exemplification of a very different system of government. That two-year-old, mounted on a safety-stool, with one whole side of the table to himself, is heard crowing cock-a-doodle-doo in triumph, with legs and arms extended as wide as they can sprawl; nor is there any danger of a surfeit, for the urchin's digestive power is as his power of swallow, and he gains a pound a-week. Missy, who threatens to be pretty, holds up her hands in more moderated admiration, having been taught by her maid that it is vulgar to have a large appetite: yet still the healthful creature is fond of plums, and has no sympathy for the sylphs she reads of in picture-books all living on the empty air. The two rogues next her are obstreperous in their joy, and seem cheering the rich rotundity with absolute huzzas; but of all the fat, bunchy, thick-lipped, small sensualists that we ever saw guzzle, never clapped we our eyes on the equal of him seated on his papa's left hand! While the others hold up their expanded hands in different moods of imaginative admiration, his feelings are all concentrated in his palate! With both dumpy paws he grasps the edge of his plate, and is shoving it in that he may be first helped, while his mamma, justly offended, is rating him soundly for his impatience. If the "boy is father of the man," he is doomed to die of apoplexy at a city feast. No fear of his being drowned, for he never will be a skater—nor yet a swimmer he,—for field-sports, that is no natural genius;—he never will drive a tandem that boy—no, never; but all his habits will be safe and sedentary, and his belly will be the only god the fubsy young Idolater will worship. Let Phrenology flourish; for as we live, there is the organ of Gustativeness enormously developed! So too is that of Veneration, while Conscientiousness is very small, and no room has been left for Ideality in the narrow region above his temples. Never did character and development so tally and coincide—no frontal sinuses there—to cover sixteen organs; and a cast of his skull must be handed round at the next charitable Demonstrations of the Evidence for and against the Science.

By the by, what is to be thought of the Friend who is thus seen dropping in at pudding-time? If friends will go to

other people's houses to dine without especial invitation, they ought at least to go at the proper hour. Here we see a hungry hound about to deprive five children, who, we are entitled to believe, never injured him, of their equitable shares of one of the greatest enjoyments that ever befell the young Idea. He has no right, the monster, to apologise himself at such an interesting predicament into the dining-room even of his own brother. Whence has he come? From the country? Well, then, he ought to have dined in the New Hummums, if such a house still exists—if not, anywhere else than on the central piece of Plate VI. of George Cruikshank's *Illustrations of Time*, and on any other substance than that pudding. Does he live regularly in town? Then he should be sent to the tread-mill. Bad enough had he intruded himself before the bell; but in the middle, nay, near the end of dinner—words are wanting to express adequately our idea of the enormity of his conduct. What good can a slice of that pudding possibly do to that interloping and uncalculated-upon glutton, eaten as it must be amidst the most religious curses of these five innocent and voracious children? As yet they have not seen him—buried in their joy. What a yell of angry dismay will penetrate his drums, as soon as they are awakened to a sense of their condition, and catch a full front-view of his face, that to their frightened imaginations will seem all one illimitable Maw!—He is the man Tommy dreamt of—But we must not pursue the picture—suffice it to say, that his entrance has clouded an hour in Paradise, and that his image will henceforth continue to infest Pudding-Time, till Pudding-Time shall be no more.

But joking apart—what man living has a right to enter your dining-room, unbidden verbally, or in writing, as you are sitting, or have sat down, to allay the *fames edendi?* Do not misunderstand us. It is not because there is not enough for him, as well as for us, to eat—however large may be our family—and how large it is, we need not now say, for its magnitude does in no way bear upon the present argument,—it is not, we repeat, because there is not enough for him to eat, and half-a-dozen more monsters as ugly as himself—if to offer such a supposition be not an unpardonable outrage on humanity—it is not, we repeat again, because there is not enough for the ignorant and ungentlemanly beast to eat, for

is not that a thirty-pound round of beef, and are not these Fife how-towdies?—It is not, we repeat it, for the fourth and last time, that there is not enough, and more than enough, for the long, lean, lank Stomach to eat, till he swell into a haggis-bag, for were he to clear the board, is there not the cold remains of many four-footed animals in the larder (a whole fox, caught yesterday in a trap, included), and somewhere about the premises several dozens of cheeses, Cheshire, Kibbock, and Cream? But it is the sudden breaking-up and disruption, the instantaneous, unexpected, unprovoked, undeserved, unpardonable, and yet unpunishable destruction of a whole afternoon, evening, and night's cosy comforts, of which perhaps the chief and the choicest of all is the gradual Nap in the soft embrace of that loving arm-chair, that is felt to fold its arms round its lord and master, even like a wife repenting her of a scolding-fit, and soothing you into forgetfulness of the vanished termagant, by the sweet, insidious endearments of chaste connubial contrition!

There is but one word only, and it is in the Scottish tongue, that to our ear doth fitly and fully express the aerial sinking away of an after-dinner Nap, from this noisy world, into a region far away, still, shadowy, and sublime—that only word is the word the Shepherd is so fond of in the Noctes, *the word* DWAWM! It would be wrong to say that in a DWAWM, at least in the kind of delicious and delightful DWAWM of which we speak, that this wide and wicked world, in which we were born, live, die, and are buried, is entirely, utterly forgotten, and ceases to be! No—there is still a "laigh sugh" of this earth, which is felt still to be one of the seven planets of our solar system—still do we feel that we are mortal and unmarried—a mysterious feeling of our Editorship, even, is with us in our DWAWM—and each successive scene that hovers away before our ken is as a glorious and still more glorious Opening Article. Now, is it endurable that such a visionary beatitude shall be at the mercy of every commonplace acquaintance that chooses, out of pure idleness or gluttony, to drop in, as he calls it, for pot-luck? There are times when the interior of a man's house, especially if he has passed his grand climacteric, ought to be sacred, when no unprivileged and unhallowed foot must cross the threshold. No man who knows in what the value of threescore and ten years consists,

would think of breaking in upon such consecrated privacy—and should such practices be established in society, there is an end to domestic delights. The dearest friend we have—and we have many dear—is not entitled to defraud us of a single snore. We except not even him who on one occasion saved our life. For saving our life, we owe him eternal gratitude; but not if, by claiming privilege of an entrée, he should render that life a curse. At the moment he leapt overboard to "pluck up drowned honour by the locks," which he most heroically did, when our yacht was going ten knots, he surely was not actuated by the base thought, that for all future years there would be a knife and fork for him at our table. If so, we had much rather have been saved by a Newfoundland dog, out of that pure philanthropy characteristic of his kind, than by a fellow-Christian, capable of such interested and selfish humanity.

A knife and fork constantly kept for any one man at any other man's table! Is not the thought shocking? Better, far better, to have him domesticated at once—boarded, lodged, bedded, washed, and scoured, at so much *per annum*.

Think not, gentle reader, that we are inhospitable. No, no—our failing is rather the other way—and not a man in all Scotland keeps a better table, or one more frequently surrounded with troops of friends. But we like to choose our company. No verbal message by a servant, with Mr North's compliments—no oral invitation even—except on rare occasions, when we chance to meet on the street with an old friend from Tripoli or Timbuctoo;—nothing like a card, day and hour fixed to a minute by the Post-office clock. An answer, too, is imperiously expected—so that we know to a dead certainty whom we are to have; nor breathes the man, clerical or lay, entitled to bring with him—my friend Mr So or So. What! shall he disorder the symmetry of our genial board? Disarrange our chairs? Huddle upon our shoulder? Push the obesity of one of our best friends upon a pointed corner? Expel another to a side-table? Insult that well-known superstition or freit of ours, that it is unlucky to say grace before meat in presence of an odd number?

There are too many worthy enough people in their way in this world, utterly destitute of common sense. They do not

know when to call upon you—what to talk about while they stay—nor when to make themselves scarce. Having made good his admittance, through some mistake of the servant, who did not suspect him to be one of the interdicted, such a bore takes up his position in an arm-chair (which no man is entitled to do out of his own house), then drags himself along in it, if winter, towards the fire, that he may place his huge hulky heels on your fender, for which he deserves to have his shins broken by the poker—and blows his nose—another enormity—like a trumpet. He asks if you have seen the newspaper of the day, and like Mr Canning, you answer, "Yes;" on which he begins to repeat to you, in short-tongue, all the Whig speeches that had already inspired you with pity and disgust, commenting upon them like a cuckoo, and assuring you that the administration will stand. Then he asks for soup—and if you are so silly as let him have a bowl, he slobbers your blue cloth all over, and without apology splatches your *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, or your *Wealth of Nations*, which, unless a ninny, you will send to him before dinner to get handsomely rebound. It rains, and he begs the loan of your greatcoat and umbrella, which he promises to send home by a porter. Afraid that he may stay dinner, you order up the umbrella, but the housekeeper has left it at a friend's house at Claremont Crescent, two miles off—and the greatcoat is asserted to be at Scaife's. On such occasions it never rains but it pours, and you have nothing for it but to retire for a few minutes to a closet, and pray for strength sufficient to carry you through the evening. "The day will be a hard one, but it will have an end," said Damiens or Ravaillac, on the morning of his execution; and you or we have to comfort ourselves with the same philosophical and pious reflection. Sometimes, during the course of the evening, you begin to doubt, to entertain the most serious apprehensions that it never will end—time seems to stand still—then to become sedentary—then to lie down, and fall into a troubled sleep—but still to keep stretching away into the crack of doom;—nay, you become sceptical in your religious principles, and suspect that the Last Day will never come;—the tenses of verbs seem the fictions of grammarians, all except Is—Is—Is; and whether Is be an interjection, an adverb, a preposition, or a conjunction, you know not,

but the only other word in the vocabulary is Now—Now—Now!

Think not that we exaggerate; so far from it, this is but a feeble sketch of what we have frequently suffered. Will you blame us, then, if we put on the chain that enables the lassie or the lad to study the physiognomy of every applicant to our knocker—and, according to our hue-and-cry description of all murderers of our peace, to shut the door slowly and steadily in the faces of the culpable homicides?

We have had offers made to us of a knife and fork at the tables of various friends of ours—all married men, with the usual complement of children. We can now charge our memory with four—and of these, three were instances of the basest and boldest hypocrisy. They no more dared to keep a knife and fork for Us than for the Royal Bengal Tiger that devoured the son of Sir Hector Munro. Their wives, we have good reason to know, hated us. Why, we never could understand—indeed it is a mystery past finding out how we can be hated by any living thing, for we may say of ourselves what Wordsworth says of his Pedlar—

> "Birds and beasts,
> And the mute fish that glances in the stream,
> And harmless reptile coiling in the sun,
> And gorgeous insect hovering in the air,
> The fowl domestic, and the household dog,
> In his capacious mind he loved them all."

However, true it is, that the three Mawseys (see Dr Jamieson) hated us—and this their several and respective husbands well knew at the very time they made proposals to us about the knife and fork. We tried the experiment on each of them, on three days, successively and successlessly—and such a blow-up! Mrs L. left the table with a cramp in her stomach—Mrs M. had to be supported out of the room, with a ringing in her ears, and a swimming in her head of a very alarming kind indeed—and Mrs N., who we confess did really look very red about the eyes and nose, had to go up to the nursery to attend a measled brat, who had just taken physic, and who unquestionably did most providentially squall, in a style that must have dislodged some slates, just as the hotch-potch was brought in, in an earless tureen, by a red-armed Girzy;—so that from these three several and respective domi-

ciles of domestic love and hospitable amity did we successively hobble home, just in time for our sole and our cutlet. But the cruelest case of all was the fourth :—Not only had we given away the bride with these our own blessed and chalky hands, but their first boy was, absolutely and *bonâ fide* in our own hearing, christened—Christopher. Little Kit and we became great friends, and we have left him something handsome in our will. Well, would you believe it?—the knife-and-fork arrangement there, too, was all a hum. We put it to the proof—not from any suspicion—for to all sorts of suspicion our open and generous nature is known to be averse—but in pure simplicity and *bonhomie*. The cold of a Lapland winter was nothing to the reception we met with from Mrs O. There was a drop at her nose that was frozen—her cheeks were pinched and blue like a radish that has grown out of the sun—she was absent and monosyllabic, and severe indeed were her unavailing struggles at a smile. It was in vain to attempt being pleasant. Seldom, God knows, are we stupid, but that day all our great and various abilities shrivelled themselves up like so many bits of caoutchouc—all our ideas, first one after the other, and then all in a body, flew off like pigeons from a dovecot, leaving our cerebrum and cerebellum utterly tenantless—all our heaps of information lay, like so much bonded corn, musty and unmarketable—and there we—even we, Christopher the Incomparable—sat with our finger in our mouth, the image of a perfect and prodigious ninny.

After this rehearsal, it is needless to say that we insisted no knife and fork should be kept for us at our friends the O.'s. But O. himself was a fine round little fellow, as full of kindness as an egg is full of meat—nor was his rib by any means an unamiable or unaffectionate woman. We therefore put it to him, plump, what such a reception meant in such a latitude—and he confessed that Mrs O. could not endure smoking, and feared that were we to become a knife-and-fork guest, cigars would be established—with cigars twist—with twist oysters—with oysters toasted cheese—with toasted cheese indigestion—with indigestion death—with death burial—and with burial a widow and a small family of orphan children. This sorites relieved our minds from many unpleasant feelings—for we saw in a moment that our gelid reception was owing

not to dislike of our society, but of her husband's dissolution —and we offered to leave at home our cigar-spleuchan. But how shall you eradicate fears, sown by love, in a woman's imagination? "Nobody she liked so well to see in her house, in a mixed company, as Mr North—for he is the life and soul of every society which he condescends to dignify and adorn; —but, my dear O.—he is a dangerous companion for a convivial man like you, at what you call a twa-handed crack; and confess now—my chuck—did you ever leave him on such occasions perfectly sober?" It is thus that calumnies arise against the habits of us distinguished characters. That Mr O. may have occasionally been seen, on his way up to town from Buchanan Lodge, of a long summer evening, apparently more anxious to ascertain the breadth of that noble line of road than was at all necessary, seeing that the breadth is known to an inch, we shall not venture either to affirm or to deny; but allowing that it was so, whose fault, pray, was that? And of whose character can it be philosophically said to have been a fundamental feature? Not surely of ours. We were, all the while, sitting with a cigar in our mouths, below our own flowery porch—nor doth Araby the Blest produce any perfume more delightful than the blessed balminess of Trinity honeysuckles and Havannah cigars—perusing, haply, a page of Plato or Epictetus, of Quintus Horatius Flaccus, or Publius Virgilius Maro, him the Mantuan Swan. We were not seen stoitering gyrally away up-hill towards the metropolis, into the presence of a wondering wife, too sulky to scold. We were not seen stumbling even upon a macadamised road, losing our hat, and clutching at it as if it had been afloat on the treacherous sea. We were not seen speaking gruffly to an old woman in a red cloak, supposing her to be a watchman, and anxious for a quarrel with the imaginary guardian of the night, that might lead to the police-office, and a fine of five shillings to the Infirmary. We were not seen taking the altitude of a lamp through our telescopic fingers, poetically dreaming it to be Hesperus himself, and soliloquising a lecture on astronomy to an attentive audience of young larches in a nursery garden. It was Mr O.—not Christopher North—that was guilty of all these follies; and yet, such is the penalty that we pay for our greatness, this story we ourselves heard told against us in the Carlisle Mail, as we were going to Cloven-

ford for a week's angling; and the other three insides,—one a minister, and the other a mawsey,—the Teller, from the evident state of his liver, had been some forty years in India, in an uncivil department,—declared, without one dissentient voice, that we were a most dangerous man indeed, and that *Blackwood's Magazine*, for no other reason we could discover, but because Mr O. has not the strongest head in the world, should be written down!

Ay, there's the rub—*Blackwood's Magazine* written down! That was long the prophetic cry of the Whig and Radical Seers. But all the quills that shall be plucked from all the tame geese in the Mainland of Lincolnshire, and the Isle of Ely, flinging in all the other fens in England to boot—all the quills that might be plucked from all the wild geese of the north of Europe, were we to suppose them, when congregated by instinct into countless millions, clanging along hundreds of leagues of the brumal sky, struck to the earth by plague, pestilence, and famine, and plucked upon the spot,—not would they all suffice, although wielded by the whole literary population of the globe—all the inhabitants of China having been previously taught to compose in English under the Hamiltonian system—to write down one degree beneath its present sunbright level in the heaven of glory that Periodical whom the four seasons, the twelve months, the three hundred and sixty-five days, and the twenty-four hours obey, ministering to her like angels, and from her golden urn drawing light that overflows the universe!

We have been told that there are men now alive who never read Periodicals; men of education—scholars—who always go, for every one single individual draught of knowledge, to the Fountain-Head. They fear the water will be muddy else; fetid, and full of small worms, fever, and atrophy. Such are sad stupid folks, with all their learning, they may depend upon it; and lose half their lives on the road, often miry or adust, going and coming to and from the Fountain-Head. How much better to have the element brought to them, where they sit or sleep, filtered of all impurity, and sparkling "with touch ethereal of heaven's fiery rod," in free-flowing pipes and conduits that never run dry. What better Fountain-Head could they desire than this Magazine? Thence issues a clear and copious stream, carried into every house at the small

expense of half-a-crown a month. Turn the cock, and you see your face—your smiling face—in the liquid mirror; true to nature, yet of the most delicate flattery, and ever pleasant reflections. Nay, there are many cocks. Turn one—out gushes soft water for washing; another—hard, for tea and toddy; a third—cream for tart and pudding; a fourth—hippocrene; a fifth—Glenlivet. The fact of the matter is, that you are the inhabitant of a Fairy palace, and are served by the hands of Invisibles. Sweet voices whisper to you of all that is going on in the everyday world, and all the Elements are Contributors.

Change the image; and, instead of a Fountain-Head, suppose people addicted to a Brown Study. Who out of Grub Street would be a Book-worm? Think not that happiness is to be found in calfskin, or Russia binding. O Lord preserve us! what a multitude of blockheads are confined in a large book-case,—as Mr Wordsworth says of the tea-drinkers about the Lakes—all silent, and all damned! You view the matter in a different light? Well then, what is the use of a seraglio of ten thousand volumes? The octavos ogle at you all in vain—the clumsy quartos get absolutely disgusting—folios fat, fair, and forty—look all comely flabby—and you devoutly wish the little teasing twelvemos at the devil. You would be happy were they all bound in Russia together; and exclaim, with Solomon, in a similar situation, all is vanity. But Maga—divine Maga—she blooms in immortal youth. Custom cannot stale her infinite variety—increase of appetite grows on what it feeds on,—and you hug her in uncloyed transports to your heart, a faithful Subscriber, Contributor, and Monogamist!

We had intended this for a twenty-four page Article like that celebrated one, by the same or another hand, on Selby's Ornithology. But a devil is at the door; and as this is positively the eighth article—short and long—that we have undertaken to write for this month's Maga, without once being ready with copy according to appointment—there is nothing else for it, but to cut it off with a shilling. Buy the Work, facetious reader; for you have six plates, each containing five Illustrations (thirty capital things), for eight shillings plain, and twelve shillings coloured. If you are the man we take you for, you will have all Cruikshank's Works, for they are

almost all *chefs-d'œuvre*—and the worst of them is more than worth double its price. But these *Illustrations of Time* are about the very best things George has ever done; and if, on purchasing them, you are disappointed, why, have your revenge by giving up *Blackwood* and taking *Colburn*, and thus prove yourself to be a man of the most correct taste, but no genius. The truth, however, is, that the dullest of dogs are amused with Mr Cruikshank's sketches. There is a vein of nature about them that is visible to all human eyes; and it was no farther back than yesterday that we thought a worthy friend of ours, almost as complete a dunce as breathes, would absolutely have burst a blood-vessel on beholding "TIME THROWN AWAY," in which half-a-dozen washerwomen are endeavouring with might and main to whiten an Ethiopian, who, as he sits in the tub, strongly reminds us of the late Lord Molineux.—Do, George, visit Edinburgh, and become one of the Noctes Ambrosianæ, which, being interpreted, signify Ambrosial Knights. Sally! bring our nightcap.

NOTE.—The attack on Shakespeare's fairies and witches in this Essay is not to be accepted as Professor Wilson's serious and deliberate judgment. It appears from a MS. *memorandum* that it was his intention to "write an equally eloquent answer to all about the fairies, &c. in this paper." This intention was never fulfilled; but its execution had been to some extent anticipated in an early number of *Blackwood's Magazine* (vol. iii. 608), where he says: "It is most true that everything about the Witches, as they are painted in this drama, is terrible as poetry can render superstition."

HEALTH AND LONGEVITY.[1]

[JANUARY 1828.]

LET no man abuse the Doctors, either of Religion or Medicine. We love the healing tribe, because we love our own souls and our own bodies. The soul being considered, on the whole, a superior article to the body, it might be said that we ought to prefer a parson to a physician. But no such inference can be logically drawn from such premises. For, in the first place, we do not positively know that the soul is a superior article to the body. That is a mere conjecture. Secondly, we do not positively know that the soul is a different article from the body. Here we are—soul and body it may be—or merely a Something which should in our humility be nameless—a something which thinks, feels, fears, loves, hates, goes mad, and—dies; and that is all we know about it, whether we choose to call ourselves Materialists or Immaterialists. As long as we believe that we are the children of God, and strive to act accordingly, in that creed we are safe. But thirdly, making use of the common distinction of soul and body, and giving the usual superiority to the former, still we need not prefer the parson to the physician. And that for many reasons. First, we know—men in general we mean——more of our own souls than we do of our own bodies—and therefore cannot surrender our judgment so entirely to the one professional man in black as to the other. Secondly, the soul is often sick and sore—sadly out of sorts—without our being aware of it—whereas no ailment assails the body without our shrewdly suspecting that something is amiss. For once, therefore, that we call in a parson, professionally, we send twenty times for a physician. Who ever heard, except in

[1] *Sure Methods of Improving Health and Prolonging Life*, &c. By a PHYSICIAN.

extreme cases, of knocking up a parson, out of his warm bed at midnight, to visit a sick patient? Thirdly, the spiritual Pharmacopœia is very meagre. The ablest practitioner—can he minister to a mind diseased? He may feel our pulse—look wise—order conscience a purge—and depart. But we, the poor miserable sinner, toss on our bed, give no sign, and die. Not a word more on that point. Fourthly, bad as the diseases of the soul are—very bad indeed—quite shocking—they seldom prove fatal; when they do, the patient lingers for a long time with a rueful countenance—and seems neither the better nor the worse of all ghostly prescriptions. Nay, what more common than a hoary-headed hale sinner of fourscore? But the diseases of the body, though sometimes mild and tedious, have a manifest tendency towards death, and therefore we take the alarm speedily, and long for the face of the physician. Fifthly, the diseases of the soul yield intensest pleasure—deny it not—and the active sinner laughs the praying and preaching parson to scorn. But the diseases of the body twitch and twinge, and pinch, and tear, and squeeze, and stifle, and suffocate, and we cry out with a loud voice to be released from the stake in fire or flood.

For these, and a thousand other reasons, we are inclined, contrary to what might have been expected of us, to prefer the physician to the parson. Still the parson is dear to us—exceedingly dear. We have a most particular esteem for him in pulpit and in parlour—in the pit of the General Assembly, or of the theatre—in peace or polemics—exhausting topics or teinds—battling for the Bible—or against the Apocrypha. As a bottle-companion—a friend—nay, a brother, we love him; but when anything goes very wrong with our soul—when the *primæ viæ* are obstructed—when we shiver in an ague—or in the delirium of fever "see more devils than vast hell can hold,"—would you believe it?—we give the servant orders to tell the minister that we are not at home, hide our heads below the bed-clothes, and remember indistinctly what Shakespeare says—

"Therein the patient must minister to himself."

We have scarcely been able to bring ourselves to believe that human beings are in general indifferent about the state either of their bodies or of their souls. It is the high-flown

fashionable doctrine, however, at present, both in the Religious and Medical World. The soul may be sorrowfully and penitentially sensible of its sins, without wishing to obtrude its sufferings on the notice of all eyes,—and a careless exterior may conceal a serious habit of inward self-meditation. That portion of the life of almost every individual that is visible and audible to the public eye and ear, is necessarily the least spiritual; and we can learn little or nothing of any man till we have been with him in his familiar privacy, and seen something of the chosen channels in which his thoughts and feelings love to travel, when his hearth is lighted and his house hushed. What false judgments does even the religious world pass,—and how slowly does it rescind or revoke them, even on new and full evidence, clear as the light of day! Charity is indeed then an angel, when she searches for, and sees, and believes, in the religion that lies hidden in almost all human hearts—unrepelled and unprovoked by differences in faith, creed, profession, pursuits, manners, or appearances, and still inspired in all her judgments of other human beings, by that meek yet lofty spirit of which the word "Christian" expresses the sacred signification.

We would almost venture to say, that many people are too anxious about the state of their souls, their anxiety making them selfish in all their religion. They deliver their consciences up into some saintly keeping, that it may be safe, and a look or a whisper from the mortal creature in whom they have put their trust, disturbs their serenity, and throws them before him almost upon their very knees. There is much Popery in our Protestant land; and the days are not yet gone by of auricular confession. Perhaps the people who speak least of their faith, have it deepest and most steadfast, —preserving its sanctity unprofaned by unseasonable colloquies,—avowing it on the Sabbath before man as well as God in public worship,—and to God alone every morning and every evening in the private chamber of their own thoughts. Yet may they be pronounced, by the rash judgments of the righteous overmuch, indifferent about the state of their souls!

Just so with that which we call our bodies. It is not possible that rational beings can be utterly careless about the health of their bodies any more than of their souls. We all fear to die,—and at the slightest tap from the finger of Death

at the door of our earthly tabernacle, how we hurry to barricado it, and to fasten all the bolts and bars! True, that when that disturber of all our peace is thought to be at a distance, we forget how suddenly he can be with us, and through what a small cranny he can creep in! But in this case, too, we may be too anxious about this body of ours, and look now in the same sort of selfish superstition towards the physician, as we did then towards the priest,—beseeching and imploring him to keep our body from disease,—terrified at the thought of its ceasing to breathe, and dropping and decaying into dust.

It is our belief, then, that people are, for the most part, far from being indifferent about the state either of their souls or bodies, although they are too often betrayed into fits of strange forgetfulness of the true interests of both, and into the adoption of the worst possible means for preserving their well-being; and this, we hope, will not be considered too serious matter for an introduction to an article which is intended to be, on the whole, of a facetious character—for mirth may be moral, and laughter as salutary as tears.

We have been very fortunate in our physicians—that is to say, we have had them of all the Three Kinds—and yet are alive, and supped at Ambrose's on Thursday. First, we have had, and have now, your man of education—your scholar and your gentleman—who is as open, honest, and sincere at your bedside, as at your dinner-table, and who would be disinterestedly sorry were you, in spite of his efforts to detain you here, to go to another and a better world. Experience has strengthened and refined his sagacity into an instinct; and what skill and knowledge can do, he will do for us, should we, which may be highly probable, die to-morrow. He is no monger of mysterious monosyllables—no silent head-shaker—no appalling mute, with one fearful forefinger on your pulse, and two horrid eyes fixed on your face, till you are faint with the ticking of that accursed chronometer in your swimming brain—while you think you see visions of undertakers, saulies, a hearse, and many mourning-coaches—a deep-dug wet hole, much shovelling, the sudden off-taking of hats, and the breaking up of anything but a convivial party, all discussing your character, and wondering if you have died rich or poor. Every smile on his face is worth a fee, and you set death and the devil at defiance, when he asks

you "if you do not think the last an admirable Noctes, and Murray inimitable in Pong Wong?"

The Second Kind is your Old Woman. A pleasing imbecility reigns over face and figure—his speech is a trefoil of terror, stutter, and lisp; and he smiles so sweetly, that you pluck up courage to believe that you cannot possibly be near the last agonies. His sole anxiety is about your bowels—he beseeches you to keep quiet—administers his pill—tells you not to allow yourself to be flurried—and as he trips bustling away, and keeps talking to himself, and your housekeeper, all the way down-stairs, and out of the street door, you begin cautiously to put first one leg out of the bed, and then another, and having found your breeches secreted in your drawers, you apparel yourself in warm winter-raiment, order dinner, and in a few hours are sitting with a friend, with your feet on the fender, and on your right hand a jug of hot toddy, a cheerful and chatty convalescent.

The Third Sort is your Quack—and from him Heaven preserve all the subscribers to this Magazine! Hard-hearted, coarse, vulgar, greedy, profligate, and unprincipled, in his unfearing ignorance, you see at once that he is the active partner in the firm of Mors, Morbus, & Co. He treats you as if you were a horse, and drenches you with drugs to death. Hence so many widows left with eight children—so many men six feet high on Monday, and only six feet long on the Saturday following—letters announcing the death of contributors on the eves of articles—in place of marriage-sheets, funeral-shrouds—instead of trips to the Trosachs in jaunting-cars, rattling along eight miles an hour, journeys to the place of interment in the Greyfriars and the West Kirk churchyard, in a vehicle that, although drawn by six horses, goes nodding on at a snail's pace, and lands you in the dirt at last. The quack attends impatiently the patient corpse, in his own chariot, and then drives off to give the *coup-de-grace* to another incumbent.

The house visited by the true physician is known from the aspect of its inmates—especially the children. There is an airy freedom in the figures of the family; a clear-skinned complexion of face, inclining to pinkiness; a laughing lustre of lip and eye, set off by the glitter of well-brushed hair; a taking tidiness about the dress of the creatures, as if health and happiness had stood behind them at the mirror. This you

seldom or never meet with in a house annoyed by the Old Woman, or cursed by the Quack. Not that the Old Woman often does much serious mischief to the bairns; that is to say, she seldom either kills them outright (though such things occasionally happen), or for life ruins their constitution. But then she teaches them to have recourse, on the most insignificant occasions, to small bottles and boxes, so that not the slightest touch of a sore throat, a headache, or a colic, is suffered to go off of its own accord, but must be ejected by drop or pill; while the amiable patient appears with a yard of flannel round her pretty throat, or a cap on her curly head, and is treated perhaps for a whole week as a valetudinarian. The Old Woman frequently infects both parents with her own fiddle-faddle, and when there is unfortunately no illness of any kind in their own families, they are like people appointed to a Dispensary, and prescribe for all the paupers about the place. We know not how it is, but were we a young man, we should not—we could not—we would not—marry out of a family attended by an Old Woman. Certain habits are disgusting; and from young women, whose health has been under the care of old women, that sensitive and instinctive delicacy is not to be expected, which guards wedded life from all offence of coarseness, and preserves to the husband's eyes the matron-wife pure and beautiful as the virgin-mistress.

As for the Quack, when he has fairly established himself in a house—farewell domestic peace! He is a paid and privileged murderer. All your family, even when at their highest health, are more or less sick; when allowed to be ill, they are at death's door; and when they die, it is in some startling and shocking manner, enough to break your heart and turn your brain. Although two children are perhaps born to you in three years, your family never increases; and by the time that you and your wife are fifty, looking dismally about the house, you see yourselves to be childless, and feel yourselves to be old people.

There is, it must be confessed, something exceedingly perplexing in the medical profession. We are subject to a vast variety of diseases; and physicians, in order to cure them, study the art or science of medicine. By dint of extraordinary natural sagacity, great practice and experience, a physician becomes so wise in the knowledge of all diseases, and anti-

dotes to death, that he acquires the character of a life-preserver. You see him driving about with supplies of health in his carriage, just like that neat cart-waggon with its Peebles ale, dropping comfort at every door. He dies; and in some half-dozen years or so, a physician whom he had long kept down, lifts up his now undepressed head, and gets into prodigious practice. He adops a system diametrically opposite to that of his predecessor. That which the one said would kill, the other says will cure. Now, the question to be answered is, which of these two men is the murderer? If it indeed be within the power of medical treatment to put a patient to death, a hot close room, with a huge fire and nailed windows, and a cool airy room, with no fire at all, and windows frequently open, cannot be equally good for a small child, with its face one blotch of small-pox. So on with all other complaints under the sun, moon, and stars. Fathers and mothers fall down on their knees before physicians, blessing them for having, under God, rescued a beloved child from the tomb; while, had they known the truth, as it is expounded by a future Hippocrates, they would have screamed him off the premises as an assassin. Yet the bills of mortality preserve a wonderfully nice equilibrium; and it would almost seem that both Life and Death laugh at the doctors. A patient labouring under a hereditary disease, say a cancer in the stomach, like Napoleon—or gout in the toe, like Christopher North—is puzzled, when told that at the very fewest, his father, grandfather, and great-grandfather have been murdered, and that he must submit to a new regimen, the result of which said new regimen is, some hundred years afterwards, quoted to a generation yet unborn, as one of the most melancholy cases on record, of an invaluable life having been sacrificed to a mistaken policy of insurance. This is to us a riddle, which we wish the clever Sphynx would solve, since Œdipus is dead.

It is pleasing to think how very difficult it is to kill people by improper medical treatment. The doctors have, doubtless, doomed many millions to death—in their day—but many millions more have escaped scot-free from their most pernicious prescriptions, after having swallowed them with the most obedient and graceful simplicity, gulped them down with such monstrous ugly faces, that death most likely took fright and

scampered off to do the job of less forbidding and formidable patients. Some people, indeed, there are, whom we defy you to kill by hook or crook—and who, like old castles that have stood sieges without end, will crumble at last into ruins. You do not so much wonder at their tenacity, or rather pertinacity of life, for they are lean, lank, bony, gaunt, grim, and ugly customers, of whom death cannot get a fair hold, when the two stand up to wrestle, and it is pronounced a dog-fall—or a draw. But the persons worthy our unqualified admiration are your poor, puny, slight, slim, slender billies, weighing barely seven stone, and whom Favonius might flit away with under his wing like a leaf—who, the moment they receive the smallest insult from any disease whatever—be he who he may—show fight, without minding the difference of weight, and often, by a dexterous dig on the wind, floor the lubber, amid the uproarious applause of the ring. They then put on their clothes with the utmost *sang-froid*, and leave the ground without a scratch. We know several such prime bits of stuff —more especially one—a Highlander who was out in the Fifteen, then a mere boy,—and afterwards, of course, in the Forty-five, a growing lad of two-score—and who, never measuring above five feet three, nor weighing above seven stone seven—was yesterday—when he came for his caulker—as fine a fellow of a hundred and twenty and upwards, as ever turned up his little finger, although, independently of being riddled by balls and bayonets, he ran the gauntlet in many fevers, scarlet, brain, rheumatic, and typhus, through Queensberry House and the Infirmary. Others again there are—fine, straight, stout, jolly, ruddy-faced fellows, such as you see in the Six-feet Club, who occasionally go off like the snuff of a candle, after the long wick has been hanging for an hour or two alongside of the melting tallow—or who first keep walking about weakly and weekly in greatcoats—are next seen shivering on horseback with long hair to its heels—then observed with whitey-blue faces at the window of a glass-coach—and finally—all within the month—are hearsed invisible to all eyes, and deposited beneath the galleries of the subterranean mowdiewarp.

But to return—Is the author of this medical work a Physician, an Old Woman, or a Quack? Or is he of the Composite Order? He is an Old Woman. The rustle of the petti-

coats is heard in the very preface. On his way up-stairs, you hear that he and the old lady that used to edit my Grandmother's Review, are twins. His object is, to "impress people with the fact, that there are *certain* means of insuring a freedom from disease, and a long life." He is such an extremely old woman himself—such a dowager Lady Raven—his origin stretches back into such a remote antiquity, that he has little allowance to make for those foolish persons who persist in dying at fourscore. Galen, he tells us, reached, by means of regimen, the great age of one hundred and forty, although his constitution had been much shattered before he had arrived at the twenty-eighth mile-stone on the road of life, not then macadamised. The noble Venetian, Cornaro, half dead at forty, so restored himself to decent health, as to outlive the century that was born along with him, and see it gathered unto its fathers; and there is an Admiral Henry, he tells us, of Rovelden, in Kent, who, till his sixtieth year, was a martyr to various chronic diseases, but who some years ago reached the age of ninety-one, and walked daily three miles, back and forward, to the neighbouring town of Tenterden, without stopping or wetting his whistle. "The Admiral," quoth he, "is, I believe, now living." No doubt he is; and the very expression, "I believe," seems to imply a doubt that proves our friend the Doctor to be, after all, of a very incredulous and sceptical mind—for if such puny fellows as Galen and Cornaro so bearded Time, why may not gallant old Henry—true English heart of oak—live six hundred years or more, and be entitled to add CCCCC to Rear-Admiral? The only difficulty with most people is to get safely and stoutly on the weather-beam of a hundred. After that it is all plain sailing—and, were we not restrained by our veneration for old age, we should say that the man who dies at all after a hundred and forty, must be a sad old blockhead—entirely superannuated, and in the last stage of dotage.

Before we go farther, we wish, with all due respect, to ask this worthy Old Woman one single question. Why all this anxiety for a long life? Does she not know that since the Flood the term of human life has been fixed at about threescore and ten years? It is quite long enough. If a man will but be busy, and not idle away his time, he may do wonders within that period. Only think of Alexander the

Great, who had conquered the world at thirty, and having nothing more to do, got dead drunk in Babylon. Think of Master Beattie, who was the Young Roscius at twelve. Remember the name—which we have forgotten—of that universal linguist, who hopped the twig before he had cut all his single teeth—or fairly given up sucking. Lord preserve us in this literary age—if people were to keep scribbling on for centuries! When, pray, would a man or woman be in the prime of life? We presume a maiden lady of sixty would be quite a tid-bit—and that it would be nuts to carry off the great-grandmother of a gentleman in extensive practice at the English bar, or haply Lord-Chancellor, to Gretna Green. No—no—no—life is long enough as it is—there is no occasion to stretch it to the crack of doom. Let us die at a moderate age and be thankful. Why this vain longing for longevity? Why seek to rob human life of its melancholy moral—namely, its shortness—and deprive flowers, grass, dew, smoke, vapours, clouds, and bubbles, of the poetry and passion now inherent in their names and natures, as natural emblems of the destiny of man?

Have you ever ruminated, our good Old Lady, on the consequences of the prolongation of human life—free, too, from all those diseases which at present flesh is heir to? What would become of the University of Edinburgh? The medical school would be knocked on the head—and instead of a hundred and thirty doctors *per annum* issuing out of its gates, you might as vainly look for a physician as for a phœnix—an arimaspian as an apothecary—a griffin as a graduate. If there were no sufferings of the body, there would be no paupers, and no charity. Religion would be a luxury rather than a necessary of life—people in general would walk about counting their fingers—ennui would cease to be fashionable, because epidemical—the most pathetic elegies would be poured over the interminable length and slowness of human life—and ten to one there would be a violent reaction terminating in universal suicide.

Let us see, however, by what means our author proposes to add a century or so to the life of each purchaser of his volume. "I shall," says she, "proceed at once to point out the qualities of the chief articles used as food by man, both animal and vegetable, with the proper times for eating and

drinking, and the quantity best adapted to the purposes of health and longevity; in order that those who are earnestly desirous of becoming acquainted with the art of living long and comfortably, and of adhering thereto, may not be at a loss on any point of consequence relating to so material a branch of that art as diet." The "march of mind" now moves at double-quick time, awkward squad and all—and we look over our left shoulder, as we advance, with contemptuous pity on our ancestors. They knew nothing, they could do nothing, and it is odd how they contrived to keep themselves out of the fire. Before their eyes, the road to their own mouths lay dim and uncertain, and they sorely lacked a finger-post. Even now, it would appear from this book, that mankind, although, or rather because, an omnivorous animal, left to their uninstructed reason and instinct, are incapable of arriving at the discovery of the proper hour of the day at which they should all, as at the toll of one bell, or beat of one gong, sit down to dinner. It is now somewhere about six thousand years since man became an animal, or living creature, and it is singular he should all along have been such an ass as never to have discovered—not only not the longitude—but longevity. Millions, billions, trillions, quadrillions of human beings have been all that time eating and drinking, indeed doing very little else worth mentioning; and yet they now know no more about the matter, if indeed as much, as Adam or Eve. Either the "art of living long and comfortably," to use our friend's words, is one of very difficult acquisition, or all the nations of the earth are noodles, and incapable or unworthy of reading to any effect this Magazine. He speaks, in the passage quoted above, "of those who are earnestly desirous of becoming acquainted with the art of living long and comfortably;" but, heretofore, how small must have been their number! What clouds of ephemeral children are for ever warping away on the wind of death—whence coming and whither going, why, how, or wherefore, who can tell? Poor motley phantoms, they had not sufficient sense given to them to "be earnestly desirous of becoming acquainted with the art of living long and comfortably, and of adhering thereto;" but why did not their parents know this for them? Why suffered they fate to blow them away out of sight for ever, like midges, and thousands of other sorts of small insects, all

most beautiful when you look at them through a microscope, nay, even magnificent miniatures—pardon the Irishism, if it be one—in their flexile armour, their brightly burnished coats of mail beaten by the noiseless hammer of Nature out of silver and gold!

Yet true it is, this is a silly world—and therefore let us see how an Old Woman is to set us all to rights. He begins with diet, and tells us that food is of two kinds—Solid and Liquid—which, for the sake of convenience, he considers in separate sections. We have a confused recollection of having heard this distinction—this distribution of the subject—in early youth. It is not, we are confident, a new discovery, as our author seems to think. Indeed, the world we inhabit may be also said to be of two kinds—solid and liquid—the land and sea. But passing from that, all solid food is either of animal or vegetable origin. Thus, a cow or ox, a cod or how-towdy, is of animal origin. Wheat and oats, a potato, nay, even a parsnip, is of vegetable origin. The native of a cold climate ought to eat much animal food—of a temperate climate much vegetable. In favour of vegetables generally, it may be said that man could hardly live entirely on animal food, but we know he may on vegetables. "A man was prevailed on to live upon partridges without vegetables, but was obliged to desist at the end of eight days, from the appearance of strong symptoms of putrefaction." The same man might have lived for eight years on potatoes, without appearing to putrefy. Vegetable food has also, we are told, a beneficial influence on the powers of the mind, "and tends to preserve a delicacy of feeling, a liveliness of imagination, and acuteness of judgment, seldom enjoyed by those who live principally on meat." Now every lady and gentleman in Great Britain lives principally on animal food, or, as our author has it, "on meat." But then, Dr Franklin, we are told, "took entirely to a vegetable diet," and a delicate person he was truly. Why, he was as clever, acute, and thoroughly coarse and unimaginative a gentleman of the press as ever defended Deism—the beau-ideal of a philosopher, to be set up as an idol in a Mechanics' Institution.

Notwithstanding the story of the partridges, and of Dr Franklin,—"from the preceding facts," quoth our friend, "we rightly infer that the combination of an animal and

vegetable diet is, in general, best suited to preserve a perfect state of health and strength, and, as society is now constituted, to conduce to longevity."

The excellent Old Woman then tells us that the proportion of this mixture is of importance—that the valetudinarian will often find that a small portion of animal food is the best for him, especially if he be very ill indeed—and that where little bodily exertion is employed, much animal food is improper; but where the bodily exercise or labour is constant and great, the use of animal food ought to be liberal.

Now really there needed no old woman to come from her bed to tell us all this. Who ever ate, or saw eaten, a beef-steak without bread, or potatoes, or shalot, or mustard,—all vegetables, every mother's son of them? What round of beef in this world was ever devoured without greys or greens? Even cannibals eat you with vegetables.

So, on the other hand, observe a man narrowly on a vegetable diet, and you will be delighted to see the immense quantities of animal matter which he devours. True, that enormous shave of bread in his paw is vegetable; but then the surface is the eighth part of an inch deep of butter, which is animal, we believe, as several full-grown flies well knew a few minutes ago, now imbedded in a state of insensibility in the yellow milkness. True, that boundless bowl of broth seems filled to the rim with barley, beans, pease, turnips, carrots, and many other vegetables which we have not now time to enumerate; but two pounds of mutton have been stewed down into it, and so amalgamated with the mess, that the whole seems the produce of the garden, and the gormandiser before you a member of the Horticultural Society. In short, it requires no nice analysis to detect all vegetable diet to be three-parts animal; and even in Ireland, the potato, which, we cheerfully grant, is, when eaten by itself, very much of a vegetable, often, thank Heaven! falls into the trap along with a bit of pig's face or trotter, than which there is no matter more animal in all the world. The mixture, then, of animal and vegetable diet will be found to prevail so generally, both in savage and civilised life, as to set—now that we have mentioned it—this Old Lady's mind completely at rest.

There is but one step from the Truism to the Paradox. The Old Lady forthwith tells us, that, "in the summer, our diet

should be wholly vegetable." The devil it should! What! with all those beautiful fat lambs bleating on the hills? That hen and chickens searching for pearls on that dunghill before our very eyes? Those turkey-pouts, glancing their snake-like necks and heads in every direction—slim, yet satisfactory—and, as part of a dinner for a single gentleman, when nicely roasted, oh what a remove! Leave the Old Lady herself alone with such a temptation, about four o'clock of the afternoon, for she keeps good hours, and she will not pout at the turkey—not she indeed—nor yet turn her back upon the ham. If quite alone, she will draw, with both hands, first the one leg and then the other, through and through her teeth, tearing off all the sinews, and sucking out the pith, and even crunching the bones, till her plate is as clean as if Bronte had licked it; and yet, after all, the Old Lady does not scruple to say, "in the summer our diet should be almost wholly vegetable!" What a world this is for hypocrisy and double-dealing!

Summer! a pretty reason for a vegetable diet indeed in this country! Why, do you remember the summer that came upon us some four years ago? Thermometer seldom above fifty—the day a dismal drizzle, or an even-down pour—some light but no sun—and the night a hollow howl, through which you could not hear the owls. A vegetable diet, forsooth! Pretty vegetables they were—not two peas on an average to the pod! Animal food, in all its possible modes, was the sole resource of the wretched inhabitants. Then, the summer did not stop at the usual time, but kept soaking away through the autumn on into the very heart of winter—so that instead of a fine bold black frost at Christmas, we had a close clammy time of it, which, had people been weak from a vegetable diet, would have swept us off in thousands; but we found safety in the shambles, and the City, strong in animal food, was saved from the Plague.

The first section of the chapter on Solid Food terminates with this original advice: "It is worthy of observation also, that vegetable food is much the best for children, after they have done with the nurse's milk." Who ever doubted it? Suppose a child weaned within the year, who ever thought of cramming it with fat bacon without any beans, with sausages, or haggis? The imp would become a Vampire if thus fed on blood—would fasten upon its mother or dry-nurse; and when

sent to school, instead of purchasing barley-sugar with its Saturday penny, would regale on Pluck.

The good Old Lady now comes to particulars, and treats of Animal, as one great branch of Solid Food. Bull-beef, she informs us, is tougher than that of cow, and ox-beef best of all. Old ewe mutton is coarse—five-year-old well-fed wether mutton fine—there is less nutriment in veal than in the flesh of the full-grown beast—lamb is less dense than mutton—venison very digestible, wholesome, and nutricious—good pork is a very savoury food, and suited to persons who lead an active and laborious life—some writers praise it pickled—but with some delicate people it immediately affects the bowels in rather a violent manner—the flesh of the sucking-pig is a great delicacy—bacon is a coarse and heavy food—hare and rabbit are sufficiently nutritious—turtle a most nourishing and palatable food—and the esculent frog tastes much like chicken. Birds, in point of digestibility, rank nearly as follows :—Common fowl—partridge, pheasant, turkey, guinea-hen, and quail, pigeon, lark, thrush, and fieldfare, woodcock, snipe, and grouse, are easy of digestion. The goose is fit only for strong stomachs, and those who labour hard. The duck is preferable to the goose—and wild water-fowl cannot be much recommended, being generally heavy and indigestible.

Now, our own opinion is, that all the above birds are most easily digested; and that, to a hungry man, it is of little moment which of them you lay upon his plate. It is an idiotic calumny against the character of wild-fowl, to say that they cannot be much recommended. They are always in bang-up condition—melt in your mouth beyond all praise—and we defy you not to digest them, if you ever digest anything. A teal!

The Old Lady is no admirer of fish, and denies that they are nutritious. Salmon, she says, is unwholesome!—Pray, may we ask, to whom? Not to men or otters, although a very small slice of salmon will indeed sicken a Cockney, who does not understand the curd, and likes it all in a slobber. Stewed oysters, we are told, are extremely pernicious to lying-in women—not so raw, which are highly nutritious, of easy digestion, and may be taken with great advantage by the robust, as well as the weak and consumptive. Notwithstanding this, in our opinion, a single barrel of oysters is as much as is good for man or woman at a single sitting; and even that

quantity may be pernicious without a jug or two of Glenlivet.

"The best time for the consumption of fish," sayeth the Old Lady, "is in the summer"—that is, when the best among them are all either out of season, or not to be got for love or money.

By reducing to practice the above information concerning Solid Animal Food, any person of a tolerable constitution will infallibly, barring accidents, reach a good old age, say a hundred and forty—the age of Galen.

We come now to the second great branch of Solid Food—Vegetable. And first of farina. Of the two sorts of bread, fine white, and coarse brown, the latter, we are assured, is the most easy of digestion, and the most nutritive. Perhaps it may be; but it is cursed bad, and infernally vulgar. It has a sweetish damp taste, that adheres pertinaciously to the tongue and palate, and is generally gritty, and full of sand and small stones. Respectable servants object to it, and you are reckoned anything but a good Christian by the beggar who opens for its sake the mouth of his reluctant wallet. "A dog," it is asserted by our author, "fed on fine white wheaten bread, with water, both at discretion, does not live beyond the fiftieth day; but if fed on coarse bread, with water, precisely in the same manner, he preserves his health." Oatmeal porridge is not a bad thing, as the Scotch can vouch; and on rice the Hindoos thrive. But never do you drink ale after rice and milk, as it is almost certain of producing cholic.

The Old Lady herself, however, now and then makes some not unsensible observations. Thus, she says that we may consider it an unerring rule, that any kind of aliment for which we feel a natural and permanent appetite, is salutary and conformable to our nature. We are delighted with the following panegyric on the much-abused, blameless, and most meritorious Potato.

Of this kind is that invaluable root the potato, which, in the most simple preparation, and without any addition but salt, affords an agreeable and wholesome food to almost every person. It is the best substitute we possess for bread, being a light, alimentary substance, neither viscid nor flatulent, and having little tendency to acidity. It is consequently very nutritious, and for the most part easy of digestion. A few dyspeptic and bilious people, indeed, find it to disagree, more especially if not well cooked, or if not of a good sort; but this is a rare occurrence. A convincing proof of its highly nutritive qualities is, that the greater part of the arrow-root sold

in England is extracted from it. The dry, mealy sort of potato is the most easy of digestion, and by far the most nourishing; and the simplest mode of preparing them for the table is the best: mashed potatoes are more difficult of digestion. The valetudinarian should, in general, avoid the young potato, till after the first of August, on account of its indigestible nature when very young.

The history of the potato conveys to us a most instructive lesson, forcibly reminding us of the extraordinary lengths to which prejudice will carry mankind, and showing us by what apparently trivial circumstances this prejudice is often removed, when the most powerful and influential arguments have failed to weaken it. The introduction of this valuable root to the gardens and tables of the people received, for more than two centuries, an unexampled opposition from vulgar prejudice, which all the philosophy of the age was unable to dissipate, until Louis XV. of France wore a bunch of the flowers of the potato in the midst of his court, on a day of festivity; the people then, for the first time, obsequiously acknowledged its usefulness, and its cultivation, as an article of food, soon became universal. Now, its stalk, considered as a textile plant, produces in Austria a cottony flax. In Sweden, sugar is extracted from its roots. By combustion, its different parts yield a very considerable quantity of potass. Its apples, when ripe, ferment, and yield vinegar by exposure, or spirit by distillation. Its tubercles made into a pulp are a substitute for soap in bleaching. Cooked by steam, the potato is one of the most wholesome and nutritious, and, at the same time, the most economical of all vegetable aliments. By different manipulations, it furnishes two kinds of flour, a gruel, and a parenchyma, which in times of scarcity may be made into bread, or applied to increase the bulk of bread made from grain; and its starch is little, if at all, inferior to the Indian arrow-root. Such are the numerous resources which this invaluable plant is calculated to furnish.

Our author does not seem to know that it has been discovered that the Potato is too productive and too nutritious; and that the people of Ireland have so much to eat, that they are all in a state of starvation. The great end of political economy is to get people fed. This the potato does to a miracle. Its beautiful eyes, God bless them, cheer the hearts of seven millions of Pats and Patesses, and, therefore, they must all be extinguished as they open to the light of day, on their prolific lazy beds! They are, it seems, a precarious crop! They are not. Name a vegetable in which such implicit confidence may safely be placed during any cycle of years. Wheat? Oh the smutty sinner! why, once every three years he has not an ear to his head. Oats? He is often so short-legged that you cannot catch him to bring him under the sickle. Barley? Often all chaff. Pease and beans? Poor pods, indeed—empty shawps, and a mere rustle of straw!

But the Pot oooooooo's—there they are, always sound at the core, whether waxy or mealy; and the shaws, are they not of a beautiful green, the apples that adorn them of a lovely yellow, and the root itself, whether roasted or boiled, pregnant with strong sustenance, and the parent of a thick-calved, broad-shouldered, strong-backed population, able and willing to fight the whole world in arms?

We now approach Section II., Liquid Food, and we find these are chiefly water, milk, toast-and-water, gruel, tea, coffee, chocolate, broths, soups, wine, malt liquors, and ardent spirits.

Of these, the first seven are obviously of little worth; the next two are better; the three last are excellent.

Our physician, on the other hand, holds, "that water is by far the safest and most salutary beverage in which a man can possibly indulge." We never remember seeing any man indulge in water. The best authenticated stories of water-drinkers are very apocryphal. It appears that there are several kinds of water, but rain-water, snow-water, and spring-water, are the best. But the truth will out; and the passage that follows, proves that hard-water, that is well-water, is a very dangerous beverage, unless boiled, and, of course, made into toddy. Our author pretends to prefer toast-and-water, and has the hardihood to call it nutritious; but nobody will believe that—toast-and-water being well known to be the most insipid of all waters; toddy, again, tasty in the extreme, while the Glenlivet renders unnecessary alkaline carbonate, or carbonate of soda.

We had marked for quotation a panegyric on water—but are afraid of corrupting the taste and feelings of our readers—therefore we omit it. It is open to a thousand objections—but might stagger the young and inexperienced, and have a baleful influence on their habits. We earnestly beg our subscribers to remember that more people get their death by drinking cold water than any other fluid. Not that they indulge in it to excess—not that they are water-sots. But the poor hard-working labourer can no longer endure the thirst of mid-day toil, and, laying down scythe or sickle, he goes to a spring, and drinks sudden death. It is a most beautiful Element—witness Windermere in England, Lochlomond in Scotland, Killarney in Ireland, and all the rivers of the three dear United Kingdoms—bless them, one and all, as they float or

flow! We know the use they are of in the economy of nature. But drink not, we beseech you, the simple but insidious Element. Yet it is the groundwork—the basis—of every other liquid. To it Glenlivet owes its being—but for it, we should seek in vain for the mountain-dew. But for it, fermented liquor had never been—cold as it is, it is the parent of all ardent spirits.

From water the transition is easy and natural to milk. "Milk holds a very conspicuous place among the various articles of liquid food. It is one of the most valuable presents that nature has bestowed upon the human race." Milk certainly is most nutritive to the young of many animals, especially little sucking-pigs and children; but to grown-up men and women it is by no means so, and consequently has fallen into desuetude. Ladies and gentlemen seldom drink milk—and even coffee, when fine, is much better without it. It does not kindly coalesce with the viands of civilised life. It sours and curdles on the stomach, and makes most people sick. It agrees well but with the most commonplace characters—and we scarcely know a more opprobrious term in our vernacular than milksop.

It is a pretty sight to see a milkmaid milking a cow. Everything smells so sweet—the wild-brier hedge—the clover—the pail—the heifer's breath—and, above all, the breath of the milkmaid herself, who, every now and then, turns towards you her mouth so like a rose, that you do not try to refrain from kissing it, and are over head and ears in love with a rural life. But attempt to drink a bowel of milk warm from the cow for ten mornings, and long ere that you will be as sick as a dog. Milk is only long eatable in butter and in cheese. Cream cloys the soonest of anything—but honey. As for buttermilk, which our Old Lady panegyrises, never does man or woman look so vulgar, as when we see him or her walking along after a draught of it from a tin can. Who would waltz with a long lady who drinks buttermilk?

We now come to gruel—which is said to be "a wholesome and nutritious article, well calculated for the supper of all persons." Imagine a man going out to supper on gruel! Or even supping at home over a bowl of gruel!

Our author again quotes Dr Franklin for an old lady who lived in Philadelphia, on an annuity of twelve pounds, to a

very old age, on gruel. Had she had twenty-four pounds per annum, the worthy soul would have given up gruel long before the ghost. Art, Fancy, Imagination, all love to play with Poverty. Thus, gruel being the most attenuated of all possible thin potations, they borrow its name to denote its opposites; and a contributor taking a trigonometrical survey of York Place on his way from Picardy, under the power of Glenlivet, is facetiously said to have got—his gruel!

Being now master of the chief kinds of Solid and Liquid Food, the next question is, When and how much are we to eat and drink, in order to die at a hundred and fifty years of age?

For persons in the high ranks of life, the best periods, we are told, are eight, twelve, four, and eight o'clock—that is, breakfast, luncheon, dinner, and tea. No dinner should be taken later than four o'clock; and in "fixing this hour," quoth the worthy Old Woman, "I go to the utmost limit allowed by the principles of health and longevity. Three o'clock is a much better hour for fashionable society."

What a radical reformer! But don't you know, dear granny, that three o'clock itself was once reckoned the most portentous innovation that ever struck at the backbone of the good Olden Time? Your ancestors used to dine at eleven, and none but the Blood-Royal delayed sitting down till one. Without knowing it, you are far gone in the luxurious spirit of the age—and at the very moment that you make that imp of a granddaughter of yours stare, you make the ghost of your grandmother shudder.

But you are for having recourse, we see, to the solar system—Up with the sun and down with the sun. In the dead of winter then you go to bed, you and your husband, and all your sixteen sons and daughters, and all your ten male and female servants, between four and five o'clock of the afternoon! Let the solar system, say we, mind its own business, and let us mind ours. There is room enough in the Universe for us all. Because an immense globe of fire, or luminous matter, of one kind or another, ever so many millions of miles off, chances to set at a given hour, is that any reason why you must set too, who are close at hand, and not of luminous matter? We hold that it is as reasonable to sit up with the stars, as to lie down with the sun. The man in the moon is as much of a

man as the man in the sun is—every inch of him—and though he occasionally rises, no doubt, and goes to bed very early, yet, unless we are much mistaken indeed, we have seen him with a glass and a lass too—after the watchman had ceased to crow the hour, and morning showed, by a restless glimmer, that she was about to awake, and again to "stand tiptoe on yon eastern mountain-top." But nothing like a general system of rules for the guidance of human life can be deduced from the motions of the heavenly bodies.

But let us see how literary men ought to fare, especially when composing. Only look at the following table, which the Old Lady thinks rather leans to the side of luxury :—

		Ounces.
Breakfast at seven.	Stale bread, dry toast, or plain biscuit (no butter), ...	Three.
	Tea (black), with milk and a little sugar,	Six.
Luncheon at Twelve.	An egg, lightly boiled, with a thin slice of bread and butter, . . .	Three.
	Toast-and-water, ...	Three.
Dinner, at Half-past Two.	Of Venison, Mutton, Lamb, Chicken, or Game (Roast or Broiled), . .	Three.
	Bread (no vegetables), ...	One.
	Toast-and-Water, or Soda-Water, .	Four.
	White Wine, or Genuine Claret (one small glassful), ...	One.
Tea, at Seven or Eight.	Stale bread, biscuit, or dry toast, with very little butter, ...	Two.
	Tea (black), with milk and a little sugar,	Six.

No man need write for Maga, with the most distant chance of admission, on any other scale than the following :—

Breakfast at 9.	Two hot penny rolls—two toasted rounds of a quartern loaf—one ditto of butter toast—two hen's eggs,—not earocks—a small ashet of fried mutton-ham—jelly and marmalade, *quantum suff.*—two bachelor's bowls of Congo—a caulker.
Lunch at 2.	Caviare—anchovies—pickled salmon—cold how-towdy and ham—a pint of porter—the loaf—two glasses of Madeira.
Dinner at 7.	Round of beef—hodge-podge—cod-head and shoulder—roasted turkey—plum-pudding—jellies—a few tarts—two pots of porter—four glasses of hock—ditto, ditto, of champagne—two ditto of port—a bottle of claret.
Supper at 11.	Oysters—crabs—rizzers—Welsh rabbit—pint of porter—three jugs of toddy.

By one o'clock the article is finished, perhaps a leading one, and given to the devil; and by breakfasting, dining, and supping in this style, for the last ten years, have we not enthroned Maga at the head of the Periodical Literature of the World?

Yet of all men that ever lived, we are the most abstemious. We care not—not we—what we sit down to—or how it is cooked. Bread and cheese has to us a gusto that penetrates the palate, up through the roof of the mouth, to the centre of that noble organ, the Brain. Even cold potato and point we neither despise nor deprecate. Our servant sometimes sees us at sowens. Breadberry—would you believe it?—is a favourite food of ours; and how would they wonder, who always think of Christopher North, when they hear these words—

> "Fee fau fum,
> I smell the blood of a Christian man"—

were they to see him some night sitting in his nightgown and slippers, with a red Kilmarnock on his head, with a horn spoon feeding himself on—Pap?

But we love to sweep the whole range of culinary science—from its simplest elements to its ultimate results. Our taste is as plain and simple as our appetite is sound and strong. But lovers as we are of divine simplicity—we can enjoy intensely the Oriental, the Asiatic style of most ornate cookery—passing with pleasure to and fro, backwards and forwards, from Meg Dods to Monsieur Oude. We are not, like too many men of taste, fastidious and exclusive—and declare on our conscience, and as we hope to be saved, that we have had—and hope often again to have—as exquisite pangs of pleasure from the blue lean of a sheep's trotter, as from the green fat of a turtle's fin—and would as lief dine on a how-towdy as on a bird of paradise.

It is just the same with what we drink. With all our perpetual talk—often wearisome, no doubt—of claret wines and Glenlivet, a more sober old man than North is not in his Majesty's dominions. Much of our swilling is imagination. Then could we drink up Eisil were it claret all—the Baltic were it black with Burgundy—the Mediterranean dark

> "As vernal hyacinths, in sullen hue,"

with its tideless Port. Drunk are we in our dreams as Bacchus,

but when awake, ever sober as a Judge with a triple gown. Our debauches are like Sir Walter's Novels, great Works of Fiction—yet true to nature, and overflowing with truth.

> "Is that a tumbler that I see before me?
> Its handle towards me?"

So it seems to be—smoking too with the real Glenlivet—but it is but an air-woven crystal filled with light, and like that image on our study wall, obeying the flickering flame—now grows faint and unsteady—and finally disappears. Even so evanish many of the things of this life supposed to be Realities!

Sweet! oh sweet is the transition from a Noctes Ambrosianæ—all ringing with mirth and madness—to that "nest within a nest," that Sanctum within a Shrine—that peacefullest place within the Penetralia—this our dearly-beloved Study within the very heart of the heart of low-founded, low-roofed, still, secluded, grove-embosomed, beautiful Buchanan Lodge! It is midnight—but we must not say not a mouse is stirring—for there he comes gliding from his hole, and, familiar as the robin red-breast now asleep in the eaves, runs up the leg of the table, and sitting up among all those wicked papers, squirrel-wise, with his fore paws at his mouth, minces and munches his bit of biscuit, without even having said grace, yet grateful to me the giver—for he knows no other—and then dips his whiskers in a little wine and water, sweetened to suit his taste to a very nicety—till, only see! he frisks round about the ink-stand as if he were tipsy—flings a somerset over the edge of the table—and scampers up and down the room at his wit's end with joy! "What if that great red tom-cat were to leap upon you, now, Mr Mousey?"—"Nay, what if that tall, thin, fleshless skeleton, that men call Death, were to leap out upon you, master?" the small moralist replies—or seems to reply—and with that *memento mori* disappears in the wall. The wicks of our candles are long—and their light is lost in that of the spacious window, from the moon and stars. There thou standest, pale, glimmering, and ghostlike—image of Byron. Methinks the bust breathes! Surely it gave a sigh—a groan—such as often rent and rived that bosom of flesh and blood! But thou art but a mockery of the mighty—moulded of the potter's clay! Lo! the stars, which a voice, now for ever mute, once called "The

poetry of heaven!" Onwards they come—clouds upon clouds —thickening and blackening from the sea—heaven's glories are all extinguished—and the memory of Byron forsakes me—like a momentary brightness, self-born, and signifying something imperishable—in the mysterious moral of a dream!

This article seems to be a Rambler. So let us try to bring it to a point, by sharpening the nib of our pen. We have mislaid the Old Woman's work, and cannot remember whereabouts we were—where we broke loose about Byron. Oh! yes—we were saying something about eating and drinking——and praising our own temperance. We were comparing ourselves, we believe, to a hermit in a cave, living upon roots and river-water. Yet the world will not give us credit for the virtues of a hermit—merely because our habits are irregular. Let us say a few words then to the world on this very subject-matter—regularity.

There are people who prefer to all other virtues—what they call regularity. Let a man go to bed—rise—take his meals —always at a stated hour—and he is then considered by many fathers and mothers as a very eligible match for any one of their numerous daughters. Nevertheless, 'tis ten to one that he is a numbskull—five to one that he is a profligate. Your stupid, sotting, soaking sensualists are all regular at board, bed, and bowels. They divide the day into its different departments, set aside for avarice—greed—gluttony—and grovelling gratifications. They break no engagement—for they make none that is not selfish. You see the wretches going out and coming in, to a minute—snug, smooth, and as if butter would not melt in their mouth—although their appetencies are oily to the most animal degree—and their diary, if they keep one, full of luscious chapters—and overflowing with rancid matter. They are generally well to do in the world—hold stock both of the Royal Bank and the Bank of Scotland—buy no books—get Maga from a circulating library, when she is a month old—and were never known, in all their lives, to make a party to Newhaven or Leith for a fish dinner.

In all these respects, we and ours are the antipodes to the Regulars. We go to bed at any time, from ten at night to ten in the morning—scorn to tie ourselves down to any hour for any meal, and obey only the finer impulses and move-

ments of our own spirits. When we feel our Fancy free, we fly away over flowery fields, and disappear from before the ken of our contributors in a shower of sunshine;—when we know that our Intellect is strong, we tackle to philosophical criticism and politics. When we suspect that we are in a state of Civilation, we lie back in our easy-chair—laugh, or go to sleep. Of our soul, in short, it may be said, as Wordsworth said of the Thames at Westminster, before London was awake, "The river glideth at its own sweet will."

Do not accuse us of being capricious. We are the most consistent of characters. We give all the parts of our nature fair play. At times, you never saw such a pedant—and our talk is of longs and shorts—quantity is everything with us—quality nothing; Priscian, and Porson, and Parr—or the three P's, as we then call them—the prime men of the earth. Then we love to babble of green fields, and get so pastoral and so pathetic, that we begin to weep. In the twinkling of an eye, our tongue deals in "drums, guns, blunderbuss, and thunder;" we fight all Napoleon's battles o'er again, and thrice we slay all Wellington's slain, showing Borodino to have been but a skirmish, and Waterloo an affair of posts. Forthwith we are "on our legs," and bully Brougham about the Holy Alliance, till he has not a word to throw to a dog. Then off upon fox-hunting, like Nimrod of the *Sporting Magazine;* and with the brush round our caps (an old fashion), into a Cathedral we go, and preach away like the best bishop or archdeacon of them all—Bloomfield or Wrangham—with the left hand smiting the Dissenters, and with the right lending the Catholics such a facer, that they are unable to come to time, and give up the Veto.

We love to do our work by fits and starts. We hate to keep fiddling away, an hour or two at a time, at one article for weeks. So, off with our coat, and at it like a blacksmith. When we once get the way of it, hand over hip, we laugh at Vulcan and all his Cyclops. From nine of the morning till nine at night, we keep hammering away at the metal, iron or gold, till we produce a most beautiful article. A biscuit and a glass of Madeira, twice or thrice at the most,—and then to a well-won dinner. In three days, gentle reader, have We, Christopher North, often produced a whole Magazine—a most splendid Number. For the next three weeks, we were as idle

as a desert, and as vast as an antre—and thus on we go, alternately labouring like an ant, and relaxing, in the sunny air, like a dragon-fly, enamoured of extremes—impatient only of mediocrity, leading the life of a comet one day, of a planet the next, and of a fixed star, perhaps, the third, never wearied of shining, yet avoiding all sameness even in our lustre—our motions often eccentric, no doubt, and irregular; but anything, as you know, better than standing still,—the only fault we ever had to find with the Sun, but which we are happy now to understand cannot fairly be laid to his charge, as our whole solar system—nay, fixed stars and all, do, we are credibly informed, keep "moving altogether, if they move at all;" and, although they journey fast, and have been journeying long, have a far way before them yet stretching untravelled through the Universe.

The Old Lady is clear for a great deal of exercise, and, of course, fresh air. Fresh air has been exhausted by so many writers, that we shall confine our few concluding remarks to exercise alone. "Leaping," she informs us, "among the ancients, was confined to distance—but in modern times extended also to height."—Strange that the ancients did not discover high leaping!—"One Ireland, a native of Yorkshire, in the eighteenth year of his age, by a fair spring, without any assistance, trick, or deception, leaped over nine horses, standing side by side—and a man seated on the middle horse." He also, according to this old woman, "jumped over a garter held fourteen feet high!!!" Now, neither Ireland, nor any other man on record, ever leapt seven feet in height without a spring-board, and none but a fool would talk of fourteen. The nine horses were thin narrow animals—not fairly placed—and Ireland leapt from a spring-board—two feet above the level on which they stood. It was a great leap—for Ireland was the prince of leapers,—but not more than twenty-three feet on level ground—which we ourselves have done—on level ground or nearly so—in presence of a thousand spectators. That by the way; but far leaping is to people in general an unsafe exertion—as all intense exertions must be—and ought to be taken in moderation. Nor should any man leap at all after five-and-twenty. It is only for light elastic lads to leap more than twice their own length. Elderly gentlemen, from twenty-five to thirty, should become archers—and old men of

forty and upwards, golfers. Indeed, various Golf-clubs—here and at St Andrews—are most amiable associations of old men. Such spindleshanks you may nowhere else see as on those links—and even Galen and Cornaro themselves, and old Admiral Henry, would look juvenile among the shadows slowly moving from Tee to Tee.

The Old Lady likewise approves of walking, which she tells us is of two kinds, "either on plain ground, or where there are ascents." But "walking against a high wind is very severe exercise, and not to be recommended." Persons who are kept much within doors, "ought as much as possible to accustom themselves to be walking about, even in their own houses." No doubt they have a right to do so if they choose, and do not occupy an upper flat. But stair-walkers with creaking shoes must be disagreeable husbands and fathers. She advises also to change the place where we walk, "for the same place constantly gone over, may excite as many disagreeable and painful sensations as the closet or the study." An agreeable companion, too, she has discovered, contributes much to serenity of mind; "but unless the mode of walk is similar, as well as the taste and character congenial, it is better to walk alone—as either the one or the other of the two companions might be subjected to some constraint;" and, finally, she says, that "to read during a walk is an improper action, highly detrimental to the eyes, and destroys almost all the good effects that can be derived from the exercise."

Riding, or, as the old lady has it, riding on horseback, is next strenuously recommended to those who earnestly desire to "live long and comfortably;" but there is not a word dropt about Fox-hunting, almost the only kind of riding, besides Racing, that in our opinion deserves the name. O Lord preserve us! of all amusements, riding on horseback along the highroad by oneself, especially in miry weather, is the most deplorable! We seriously pity every man who keeps a horse —standing at livery. The animal must be ridden—regularly too—if you do not wish him to break your neck. You come at last to be afraid to look out of the window, in case he should be there—pacing up and down the street—with the saddle all wet probably—and the long dangling stirrups, with their vacant irons, summoning you to come down, and take a gallop through the glaur. The brute often falls unaccount-

ably lame—first in one foot, and then in another—giving you the air of a cadger—caves with his head, though the frost has killed all the flies long ago—keeps starting, boggling, and stumbling, every ten yards—and, once a-month at the least, comes down on his nose, without ever so much as once touching the ground with his knees, which nevertheless have been broken long ago, while the hair, having grown on white, gives them the appearance of being padded. We could not have heart to wish our worst enemy to keep a horse through the winter in a town. Then, what riders are our Edinburgh youth! It is the fashion now to take lessons—and every prig of an apprentice you see on horseback seems to have two cork legs. Out they jut in one immovable position—just as if the ostler had hoisted the young adventurer on, and then screwed his cork legs to the sticking-place—with a positive injunction not to attempt shifting them till they come home and have themselves dismounted. They seem to have no joints—either at hip, knee, or ankle—and then look at the way they hold the bridle! That is riding *à la militaire!* The quill-driver thinks himself a cavalry officer—and has the audacity to ride past Jock's Lodge. This Pain is expensive—and purchased Pain is by idiots for a while thought Pleasure. But we have an article on "Riding" lying by us—which shall be forthcoming in an early Number—by a gentleman lineally descended from John Gilpin.

Grannum next addresses herself, on the subject of Exercise, exclusively to men of letters—and we cannot help thinking has ourselves more particularly in her eye, which she cocks leeringly at Old Christopher. She recommends us to have "dumb-bells and a couple of flesh-brushes always at hand, that we may steal a few moments from our studies to exercise the superior extremities with the former, and the inferior limbs and the head and neck with the latter." Dumb-bells we have never used since Jack Thurtell attempted to murder his friend Wood with a pair—and as for flesh-brushes, why, our skin is as clear as amber, and our flesh as firm as marble. She tells us, further, "to use the flesh-brush for fifteen or twenty minutes regularly every morning on first getting out of bed—and to pursue the same practice also at night." At this rate, the flesh-brush would never be out of our hands—and we should be afraid of "establishing a Raw." Let mangy

and scurvy people scrub their superior and inferior extremities with the flesh-brush, to their own and the Old Lady's heart's content. But commend us to a good stiff, hard, rough, yarn towel—that makes our body blush like a Peony, and glow like a Furnace.

Literary men are also told "for a change to run briskly up and down stairs several times, or to use the shuttlecock,"—"or fight with their own shadow,"—an exercise described, it seems, by Addison in one of his Spectators. When the worst has come to the worst, we shall fight with our own shadow;—but that will not be till not a blockhead is left on the face of the whole earth for us to bastinado—not till we observe that we are positively the Last Man, shall we have recourse to that recreation.

We are finally told to read aloud and loudly, "out of any work before us"—"to promote pulmonary circulation, and strengthen the digestive organs." We know a much better exercise of the lungs than that, and one we frequently practise. It is to thrust our head and shoulders out of the window, and imagining that we see a scoundrel stealing apples in the orchard, or carrying off a how-towdy, to roar out upon him as if it were Stentor blowing a great brazen trumpet, "Who are you—you rascal—stand still or I will blow you to atoms with this blunderbuss!" The thief takes to his heels, and having got a hundred yards farther off, you must intensify your roar into a Briareus—even unto the third remove—and then the chance is, that some decent citizen heaves in sight, who, terrified out of his seven senses, falls head-over-heels into the kennel—when you, still anxious "to promote pulmonary circulation and strengthen your digestive organs," burst out into a guffaw that startles the Castle rock—and then, letting down the lattice, return to your article, which, like the haggis of the Director-General, is indeed a Roarer.

Cetera desunt.

ON EARLY RISING.

IN A LETTER TO MR NORTH.

[DECEMBER 1821.]

Mr North,

I hope that you are not an early riser. If you are, throw this letter into the fire—if not, insert it. But I beg your pardon, it is impossible that you can be an early riser; and, if I thought so, I must be the most impertinent man in the world; whereas, it is universally known that I am politeness and urbanity themselves. Well then, pray what is this virtue of early rising, that one hears so much about? Let us consider it, in the first place, according to the seasons of the year—secondly, according to people's profession—and thirdly, according to their character.

Let us begin with Spring—say the month of March. You rise early in the month of March, about five o'clock. It is somewhat darkish—at least gloomyish—dampish—rawish—coldish—icyish—snowyish. You rub your eyes and look about for your breeches. You find them, and after hopping about on one leg for about five minutes, you get them on. It would be absurd to use a light during that season of the year, at such an advanced hour as five minutes past five, so you attempt to shave by the spring-dawn. If your nose escapes, you are a lucky man; but dim as it is, you can see the blood trickling down in a hundred streams from your gashed and mutilated chin. I will leave your imagination to conjecture what sort of neckcloth will adorn your gullet, tied under such circumstances. However, grant the possibility of your being dressed—and down you come, not to the parlour, or your study—for you would not be so barbarous—but to enjoy the beauty of the morning,—as Mr Leigh Hunt would say, "*out of doors.*" The moment you pop your phiz one inch beyond the front

wall, a scythe seems to cut you right across the eyes, or a great blash of sleet clogs up your mouth, or a hail-shower rattles away at you, till you take up a position behind the door. Why, in the name of God, did I leave my bed? is the first cry of nature—a question to which no answer can be given, but a long chitter grueing through the frame. You get obstinate, and out you go. I give you every possible advantage. You are in the country, and walking with your eyes, I will not say open, but partly so, out of the house of a country gentleman worth five thousand a-year. It is now a quarter past five, and a fine sharp blustering morning, just like the season. In going down stairs, the ice not having been altogether melted by the night's rain, whack you come upon your posteriors, with your toes pointing up to heaven, your hands pressed against the globe, and your whole body bob-bob-bobbing, one step after another, till you come to a full stop or period, in a circle of gravel. On getting up and shaking yourself, you involuntarily look up to the windows to see if any eye is upon you—and perhaps you dimly discern, through the blind mist of an intolerable headache, the old housekeeper in a flannel nightcap, and her hands clasped in the attitude of prayer, turning up the whites of her eyes at this inexplicable sally of the strange gentleman. Well, my good sir, what is it that you propose to do? will you take a walk in the garden, and eat a little fruit—that is to say, a cabbage leaf, or a jerusalem artichoke? But the gardener is not quite so great a goose as yourself, and is in bed with his wife and six children. So after knocking with your shoulder against the garden gate—you turn about, and espying perhaps a small temple in the shrubbery, thither you repair, and therein I shall leave you till breakfast, to amuse yourself with the caricatures, and the affecting pictures of Eloisa and Abelard. In the intervals of reflection on the virtue of early rising in spring, I allow you to study the history of Europe, in the fragments of old newspapers.

March, April, and May are gone, and it is Summer—so if you are an early riser, up, you lazy dog, for it is between three and four o'clock. How beautiful is the sunrise! What a truly intellectual employment it is to stand for an hour with your mouth wide open, like a stuck pig, gazing on the great orb of day! Then the choristers of the grove have their mouths open likewise; cattle are also lowing—and if there be a dog-

kennel at hand, I warrant the pack are enjoying the benefits of early rising as well as the best of you, and yelping away like furies before breakfast. The dew too is on the ground, excessively beautiful no doubt—and all the turkeys, howtowdies, ducks, and guinea-fowls, are moping, waddling, and strutting about, in a manner equally affecting and picturesque, while the cawing of an adjacent rookery invites you to take a stroll in the grove, from which you return with an epaulette on each shoulder. You look at your watch, and find it is at least five hours till breakfast—so you sit down and write a sonnet to June, or a scene of a tragedy;—you find that the sonnet has seventeen lines—and that the *dramatis personæ* having once been brought upon the stage, will not budge. While reducing the sonnet to the baker's dozen, or giving the last kick to your heroine, as she walks off with her arm extended heavenwards, you hear the good old family bell warning the other inmates to doff their nightcaps—and huddling up your papers, you rush into the breakfast parlour. The urn is diffusing its grateful steam in clouds far more beautiful than any that adorned the sky. The squire and his good lady make their *entrée* with hearty faces, followed by a dozen hoydens and hobbletehoys—and after the first course of rolls, muffins, dry and butter toast, has gone to that bourne from which the fewer travellers that return the better—in come the new-married couple, the young baronet and his blushing bride, who, with that infatuation common to a thinking people, have not seen the sun rise for a month past, and look perfectly incorrigible on the subject of early rising.

It is now that incomprehensible season of the year, Autumn. Nature is now brown, red, yellow, and everything but green. These, I understand, are the autumnal tints so much admired. Up then, and enjoy them. Whichever way a man turns his face early in the morning, from the end of August till that of October—the wind seems to be blowing direct from that quarter. Feeling the rain beating against your back, you wonder what the devil it can have to do, to beat also against your face. Then, what is the rain of autumn in this country—Scotland? Is it rain, or mist, or sleet, or hail, or snow, or what, in the name of all that is most abhorrent to a lunged animal, is it? You trust to a greatcoat—Scotch plaid—umbrella—clogs, &c. &c. &c.; but what use would they be to

you, if you were plopped into the boiler of a steam-engine? Just so in a morning of Autumn. You go out to look at the reapers. Why, the whole corn for twenty miles round is laid flat—ten million runlets are intersecting the country much farther than fifty eyes can reach—the roads are rivers—the meadows lakes—the moors seas—nature is drenched, and on your return home, if indeed you ever return (for the chance is that you will be drowned at least a dozen times before that), you are traced up to your bedroom by a stream of mud and gravel, which takes the housemaid an hour to mop up; and when, fold after fold of cold, clammy, sweaty, fetid plaids, benjamins, coats, waistcoats, flannels, shirts, breeches, drawers, worsteds, gaiters, clogs, shoes, &c., have been peeled off your saturated body and limbs, and are laid in one misty steaming heap upon an unfortunate chair, there, sir, you are standing in the middle of the floor, in *puris naturalibus*, or, as Dr Scott would say, in *statu quo*, a memorable and illustrious example of the glory and gain of early rising.

It is Winter—six o'clock. You are up. You say so; and as I have never had any reason to doubt your veracity, I believe you. By what instinct, or by what power resembling instinct, acquired by long, painful, and almost despairing practice, you have come at last to be able to find the basin to wash your hands, must for ever remain a mystery. Then how the hand must circle round and round the inner region of the wash-hand stand, before, in a blessed moment, it comes in contact with a lump of brown soap! But there are other vessels of china, or porcelain, more difficult to find than the basin; for as the field is larger, so is the search more tedious. Inhuman man! many a bump do the bed-posts endure from thy merciless and unrelenting head! Loud is the crash of clothes-screen, dressing-table, mirror, chairs, stools, and articles of bedroom furniture, seemingly placed for no other purpose than to be overturned. If there is a cat in the room, that cat is the climax of comfort. Hissing and snuffing, it claws your naked legs, and while stooping down to feel if she has fetched blood, smack goes your head through the window, which you have been believing quite on the other side of the room; for geography is gone—the points of the compass are as hidden as at the North Pole—and on madly rushing at a venture, out of a glimmer supposed to be the door, you go like a battering-

ram against a great vulgar white-painted clothes-chest, and fall down exhausted on the uncarpeted and sliddery floor. Now, thou Matutine Rose of Christmas, tell me if there be any exaggeration here? But you find the door—so much the worse, for there is a passage leading to a stair, and head-over-heels you go, till you collect your senses and your limbs on the bear-skin in the lobby. You are a philosopher, I presume, so you enter your study—and a brown study it is, with a vengeance. But you are rather weak than wicked, so you have not ordered poor Grizzy to quit her chaff, and kindle your fire. She is snoring undisturbed below. Where is the tinder-box? You think you recollect the precise spot where you placed it at ten o'clock the night before, for being an early riser up, you are also an early lier down. You clap your blundering fist upon the inkstand, and you hear it spurting over all your beautiful and invaluable manuscripts—and perhaps over the title-page of some superb book of prints, which Mr Blackwood, or Mr Miller, or Mr Constable has lent you to look at, and to return unscathed. The tinder-box is found, and the fire is kindled—that is to say, it deludes you with a faithless smile; and after puffing and blowing till the breath is nearly out of your body, you heave a pensive sigh for the bellows. You find them on a nail; but the leather is burst, and the spout broken, and nothing is emitted but a short asthmatic pluff, beneath which the last faint spark lingeringly expires—and like Moses when the candle went out, you find yourself once more in the dark. After an hour's execration, you have made good your point, and with hands all covered with tallow (for depend upon it, you have broken and smashed the candle, and had sore to do to prop it up with paper in a socket too full of ancient grease), sit down to peruse or to indite some immortal work—an oration of Cicero or Demosthenes, or an article for Ebony. Where are the snuffers? upstairs in your bedroom. You snuff the long wick with your fingers, and a dreary streak of black immediately is drawn from top to bottom of the page of the beautiful Oxford edition of Cicero. You see the words, and stride along the cold dim room in the sulks. Your object has been to improve your mind—your moral and intellectual nature—and along with the rest, no doubt, your temper. You therefore bite your lip, and shake your foot, and knit your brows, and feel yourself to

be a most amiable, rational, and intelligent young gentleman. In the midst of these morning studies, from which the present and all future ages will derive so much benefit, the male and female servants begin to bestir themselves, and a vigorous knocking is heard in the kitchen of a poker brandished by a virago against the great, dull, keeping-coal in the grate. Doors begin to bang, and there is heard a clattering of pewter. Then comes the gritty sound of sand, as the stairs and lobby are getting made decent; and, not to be tedious, all the undefinable stir, bustle, uproar, and stramash of a general clearance. Your door is opened every half-minute, and formidable faces thrust in, half in curiosity, half in sheer impertinence, by valets, butlers, grooms, stable-boys, cooks, and scullions, each shutting the door with his or her own peculiar bang; while whisperings and titterings, and horse laughter, and loud guffaws, are testifying the opinion formed by these amiable domestics of the conformation of the upper story of the early riser. On rushing into the breakfast parlour, the but-end of a mop or broom is thrust into your mouth, as, heedless of mortal man, the mutched mawsey is what she calls dusting the room; and stagger where you will, you come upon something surly; for a man who leaves his bed at six of a winter morning is justly reckoned a suspicious character, and thought to be no better than he should be. But, as Mr Hogg says, I will pursue the parallel no farther.

I have so dilated and descanted on the first head of my discourse, that I must be brief on the other two, namely, the connection between early rising and the various professions, and between the same judicious habit, and the peculiar character of individuals.

Reader, are you a Scotch advocate? You say you are. Well, are you such a confounded ninny as to leave a good warm bed at four in the morning, to study a case on which you will make a much better speech if you never study it at all, and for which you have already received £2, 2s? Do you think Jeffrey hops out of bed at that hour? No, no—catch him doing that. Unless, therefore, you have more than a fourth part of his business, (for, without knowing you, I predict that you have no more than a fourth part of his talents), lie in bed till half-past eight. If you are not in the Parliament House till ten, nobody will miss you. Reader, are you a

clergyman? A man who has only to preach an old sermon of his old father, need not, surely, feel himself called upon by the stern voice of duty to put on his small-clothes before eight in summer, and nine in winter. Reader, are you a half-pay officer? Then sleep till eleven; for well thumbed is your copy of the Army List, and you need not be always studying. Reader, are you an Editor? Then doze till dinner; for the devils will be let loose upon thee in the evening, and thou must then correct all thy slips.

But I am getting stupid—somewhat sleepy; for, notwithstanding this philippic against early rising, I was up this morning before ten o'clock; so I must conclude. One argument in favour of early rising I must however notice. We are told that we ought to lie down with the sun, and rise with that luminary. Why, is it not an extremely hard case to be obliged to go to bed whenever the sun chooses to do so? What have I to do with the sun—when he goes down, or when he rises up? When the sun sets at a reasonable hour, as he does during a short period in the middle of summer, I have no objection to set likewise, soon after; and in like manner, when he takes a rational nap, as in the middle of winter, I don't care if now and then I rise along with him. But I will not admit the general principle; we move in different spheres. But if the sun never fairly sets at all for six months, which they say he does not very far north, are honest people on that account to sit up all that time for him? That will never do.

Finally, it is taken for granted by early risers, that early rising is a virtuous habit, and that they are all a most meritorious and prosperous set of people. I object to both clauses of the bill. None but a knave or an idiot—I will not mince the matter—rises early, if he can help it. Early risers are generally milksop-spoonies, ninnies with broad unmeaning faces and grozet eyes, cheeks odiously ruddy, and with great calves to their legs. They slap you on the back, and blow their noses like a mail-coach horn. They seldom give dinners. "Sir, tea is ready." "Shall we join the ladies?" A rubber at whist, and by eleven o'clock the whole house is in a snore. Inquire into his motives for early rising, and it is perhaps to get an appetite for breakfast. Is the great healthy brute not satisfied with three penny rolls and a pound of ham to breakfast, but he must walk down to the Pier-head at Leith to increase his

voracity? Where is the virtue of gobbling up three turkey's eggs, and demolishing a quartern loaf, before his Majesty's lieges are awake? But I am now speaking of your red, rosy, greedy idiot. Mark next your pale, sallow early riser. He is your prudent, calculating, selfish money-scrivener. It is not for nothing he rises. It is shocking to think of the hypocrite saying his prayers so early in the morning, before those are awake whom he intends to cheat and swindle before he goes to bed.

I hope that I have sufficiently exposed the folly or wickedness of early rising. Henceforth, then, let no knavish prig purse up his mouth and erect his head with a conscious air of superiority, when he meets an acquaintance who goes to bed and rises at a gentlemanly hour. If the hypocrite rose early in the morning, he is to be despised and hated. But people of sense and feeling are not in a hurry to leave their beds. They have something better to do.

I perceive that all the letters that appear in your Magazine are numbered as if they belonged to a series,—I., II., III., and so forth. If you choose, you may number mine, "On Early Rising. No. I." If I continue the series, my future communications shall all be written in bed in the forenoon, and will not fail of being excellent.

Yours sincerely,

SERO SED SERIO.

OLD NORTH AND YOUNG NORTH;

OR,

CHRISTOPHER IN EDINBURGH, AND CHRISTOPHER IN LONDON.

A MIDSUMMER-DAY'S DREAM.

[JUNE 1826.]

We have no idea what is thought of us in the fashionable world. Most probably we are looked on as a pretty considerable Quiz. Our external or personal appearance is, we cheerfully confess, somewhat odd, both face and figure. It is not easy for you to pass us by on the streets without a stare at our singularity, or to help turning round, as soon as you think you are out of reach of our crutch,—which, by the by, we sometimes use as a missile, and can throw almost as far as that celebrated Gymnast of the Six Foot Club can swing the thirteen pound sledge-hammer; while, with a placid smile of well-pleased surprise, you wonder if that can indeed be the veritable and venerable Christopher North.

Such is our natural and acquired modesty, that so far from being flattered by these proofs of public esteem and popular favour, they fret and annoy us more than we care to express. The truth is, we can seldom, on such occasions, help feeling as if there were a hole in our black silk stocking, the white peeping through like a patch of snow—a shoe minus a silver-buckle—a button off some part of our dress—the back part of our hat in front—the half-expanded white rosebud-tie of our neckcloth, of which we are alike proud and particular, dissolved into two long slips, which, more than anything else appertaining to a man's habiliments, give your person the impress of a weaver expert at the treddle and fly-shuttle—or, to us who keep a regular barber on the chin establishment, with a salary of £80, worst suspicion of all, and if verified to the

touch, death to that day, a Beard! A Beard! fair reader, as rough as the brush—naughty little mermaid—with which you keep combing your glossy locks in that mirror—no, you do not think it flatters—both before you "lie down in your loveliness," and after you rise up in it,—alarmed by the unexpected and apparently endless ringing of the breakfast bell.

Yet, we are not so very much of a Quiz after all; and considering how the storms of so many seasons have beat against us, it is astonishing how well we wear, both in root, branch, and stem. We cannot help—in our pride—Heaven forgive and pity us!—sometimes likening ourselves to an old Ash beside a Church. There stands the tree, with bark thick as cork, and hard as iron—hoary arms overshadowing with a pleasant glimmer—for his leaves are beautiful as those of some little plant, come late and go early, and are never so umbrageous as to exclude the blue sky—overshadowing with a pleasant glimmer a whole family of tombstones,—stem with difficulty circled by the united arm-lengths of some half-dozen schoolboys, never for a day satisfied, without, during a pause of their play, once more measuring the giant,—roots, many of them visible like cables along the gravel-walk leading from the kirkyard-gate, where on Sabbath stands the elder beside the plate, and each Christian passing by droppeth in the tinkling charity, from rich man's gold to widow's mite—and many of them hidden, and then reappearing far off from among the graves—while the tap-root, that feeds and upholds all the visible glory, hath for ages struck through the very rock-foundation of the humble house of the Most High! Solemn image! and never to be by us remembered but through a haze of tears! How kindred the nature of mirth and melancholy! What resemblance seemeth that tree now to have to a poor, world-wearied, and almost life-sick old man! For in a few short years more we shall have passed away like a shadow, and shall no more be anywhere found; but Thou, many and many a midsummer, while centuries run their course, wilt hang thy pensive, "thy dim religious light" —over other and other generations, while at that mystic and awful table, whiter than the unstained mountain-snow, sit almost in the open air, for the heavens are seen in their beauty through the open roof of that living temple, the children of the hamlet and the hall, partaking of the sacrament,—or, ere

that holiest rite be solemnised in simplicity, all listening to the eloquence of some grey-haired man inspired by his great goodness, and with the Bible open before him, making, feeble as he seemed an hour ago before he walked up into the Tent, the hearts of the whole congregation to burn within them, and the very circle of the green hills to ring with joy!

What a blessed order of Nature it is that the footsteps of Time are "inaudible and noiseless," and that the seasons of life are like those of the year, so indistinguishably brought on, in gentle progress, and imperceptibly blended the one with the other, that the human being scarcely knows, except from a faint and not unpleasant feeling, that he is growing old! The boy looks on the youth, the youth on the man, the man in his prime on the grey-headed sire, each on the other, as on a separate existence in a separate world. It seems sometimes as if they had no sympathies, no thoughts in common,—that each smiled and wept on account of things for which the other cared not, and that such smiles and tears were all foolish, idle, and most vain; but as the hours, days, weeks, months, and years go by, how changes the one into the other, till, without any violence, lo! as if close together at last, the cradle and the grave! In this how Nature and Man agree, pacing on and on to the completion of a year—of a life! The Spring how soft and tender indeed, with its buds and blossoms, and the blessedness of the light of heaven so fresh, young, and new—a blessedness to feel, to hear, to see, and to breathe! Yet the Spring is often touched by frost—as if it had its own Winter, and is felt to urge and be urged on upon that Summer, of which the green earth, as it murmurs, seems to have some secret forethought. The Summer, as it lies on the broad blooming bosom of the earth, is yet faintly conscious of the coming-on of Autumn with "sere and yellow leaf,"—the sunshine owns the presence of the shade—and there is at times a pause as of melancholy amid the transitory mirth! Autumn comes with its full or decaying ripeness, and its colours grave or gorgeous—the noise of song and sickle—of the wheels of wains—and all the busy toils of prophetic man gathering up, against the bare cold Winter, provision for the body and for the soul! Winter! and cold and bare as fancy pictured—yet not without beauty and joy of its own, while something belonging to the other seasons that are fled, some

gleamings as of spring-light, and flowers fair as of Spring among the snow—meridians bright as Summer morns, and woods bearing the magnificent hues of Autumn on into the Christmas frost—clothe the Old Year with beauty and with glory, not his own—and just so with Old Age, the Winter, the last season of man's ever-varying yet never wholly changed Life!

Then blessings on the Sages and the Bards who, in the strength of the trust that was within them, have feared not to crown Old Age with a diadem of flowers and light! Shame on the satirists, who, in their vain regret and worse ingratitude, have sought to strip it of all "impulses of soul and sense," and leave it a sorry and shivering sight, almost too degraded for pity's tears! True, that to outward things the eye may be dim, the ear deaf, and the touch dull; but there are lights that die not away with the dying sunbeams—there are sounds that cease not when the singing of birds is silent—there are motions that still stir the soul, delightful as the thrill of a daughter's hand pressing her father's knee in prayer; and therefore, how calm, how happy, how reverend, beneath unoffended Heaven, is the head of Old Age! Walk on the mountain, wander down the valley, enter the humble hut,—the scarcely less humble kirk,—and you will know how sacred a thing is the hoary hair that lies on the temples of him who, during his long journey, forgot not his Maker, and feels that his Old Age shall be renewed into immortal youth!

"That strain I heard was of a higher mood!"

But now we must wake a lowlier measure; and, gentle reader! thou wilt not refuse to go with us, who, in comparison with thee, are old, for thou art in thy prime—and be not, we implore thee, a prodigal of its blessings—into the little humming-room, whose open window looks over the lilacs and laburnums now in all their glory almost painful to look on, so dazzling are they in their blue and yellow burnished array—and while away an hour with—start not at the name—the very living flesh-and-blood Christopher North, whose voice has often been with thee, as the voice of a solemn or sportive spirit, when rivers and seas rolled and flowed between, he lying under the Birch-tree's, and thou, perhaps, under the Banana's shade! Let us both be silent. Look at

those faces on the wall—how mild! how meek! how magnificent! You know them, by an instinct for beauty and grandeur, to be the Shadows of the Spirits whose works have sanctified your sleeping and your waking dreams. The great poets!—Ay, you may gaze till twilight on that bust! Blind Melesigenes!—But hark! the front-door bell is ringing—then tap, tap, tap, tap—and lo! a bevy of beauty, matrons, and maids, who have all been a-Maying, and come to lay their wreaths and garlands at the old man's feet! Is our Age deserted and forsaken—childless, wifeless though it be—for the whole world knows that we are a bachelor—when subjected, in the benignity of Providence, to such visionary visitations as these? Visionary call them not—though lovelier than poet's dreams beside the Castalian fountain—for these are living locks of auburn braided over a living brow of snow—these tresses, black in their glossy richness as the raven's wing, are no work of glamoury—no shadow She with the light-blue laughing eyes—She, whose dark orbs are filled with the divine melancholy of genius,

"Like Lady of the Mere,
Sole-sitting by the shores of old romance,"

bears, in her soul-fraught beauty, a soft, sweet, familiar Christian name—but, lo! like fair sea-birds, they all gather together, floating round the Lord of the Mansion;—and is not Buchanan Lodge the happiest, the pleasantest of dwellings, and old Christopher North the happiest and the pleasantest of men?

Perhaps, to see and hear us in another character of our perfection, you should mistake the gateway of the Lodge for that of some other sylvan abode, and come upon us as we are sitting under the blossom-fall of a laburnum; or lying carelessly diffused in a small circle of flower-fringed greensward, like Love among the roses. Our face, then, has no expression but that of mildness—you see a man who would not hurt even a wasp—our intellectual is merged, not lost, in our moral being—and if you have read Tacitus, you feel the full meaning of his beautiful sentence about Agricola,—"Bonum virum facile crederes, magnum libenter."

Awaking sufficiently to see that some one is present before us, we motion the light or shadow to lie down, and begin

conversing so benignly and so wisely, that the stranger feels at home as if in his birthplace, even as a son returned from afar to his father. The cheerful stillness of the retirement, for there is no stir but of birds and bees,—the sea-murmur is not heard to-day, and the city bells are silent,—is felt to be accordant with the spirit of our green old age, and as the various philosophy of human life overflows the garden, our visitor regards us now as the indolent and indulgent Epicurus —now as the severe and searching Stagyrite—now as the Poet-Sage, on whose lips in infancy fell that shower of bees, the Divine Plato—now Pythagoras, the silent and the silencing—now "that old man eloquent," Socrates, the loving and beloved; and unconsciously at the close of some strain of our discourse he recites to himself that fine line of Byron,

> "Well hast thou said, Athena's wisest son!"

Or, were you to fall in with us as we were angling our way down the Tweed, on some half-spring half-summer day, some day so made up of cloud and sunshine that you know not whether it be light or dark,—

> "That beautiful uncertain weather,
> When gloom and glory meet together,"—

some day, when at this hour the air is alive with dancing insects, and at that every gauzy and gaudy winglet hushed —some day on which you could wander wild as a red deer over the high mountains and by the shores of the long-winding loch, or sit fixed as the cushat in the grove, and eye the ruins of an old castle;—were you to fall in with us on such a forenoon, by the pool below Nidpath, or the meadow-mound of sweet Cardrona-mains, or the ford of Traquair, near the lively Inverleithen, or the sylvan dens of Dryburgh, or the rocky rushings of the Trows, or—But sit down beneath the umbrage of that sycamore—Heavens! what a tree!—and be thou Charles Cotton and we Isaac Walton, and let both of us experience that high and humane delight which youth and age do mutually communicate, when kindness is repaid with gratitude, and love with reverence.

Yet even as we hobble along the City street—the street of Princes—with one or two filial youngsters at our side—for old men are our aversion, so nut-deaf are they, so sand-blind,

so perverse, and so cell-bound are their souls—our company and our converse is not undelightful, pitched as the latter then is on a low but lively key, like the twitter of a bird, even of a sparrow, who, let the world say what it will, chirps a pleasant song as he frisks along the eaves, and both in love and war—though there, alas! the parallel between us falls to the ground—yields to no brother of his size in the whole aviary of nature. Or if sparrow please you not, why then we are even as the swallow, lover too of the abodes of men—a true household bird—and seeming, as he wheels in the sunshine, to be ever at his pastime, yet all the while gathering sustenance for the nest he loves, and never so happy as when sitting in his "auld clay bigging," breast to breast—but there again, woe is us! fails the similitude—breast to breast, with his white-throated mate, whom, in another month, he will accompany, along with their full-fledged family, over the wide wide seas, and, their voyage ended, renew their loves beneath the eaves of other human dwellings, afar of and in foreign lands, for all their life is love, and still they make

> "Their annual visit round the globe,
> Companions of the spring."

Nay, you would be pleased to sit beside, or before, or behind us, in pit or box of our theatre, and list our genial eulogiums on Murray, and Mackay, and Mason, and Stanley, and Pritchard; or Him from London Town, the Inimitable, for the name of the actor is lost in that of Long Tom. No critics, it is well known, are we; but, when a true son or daughter of nature, "some well-graced actor decks the stage," the best of our remarks might grace the *Journal*. Yea, the very beauty of the Siddons herself becomes more starlike—for, mind ye, a star is ever gentle in its brightest glow,—as if kindling before your eyes in the fine enthusiasm of our praise. Or if Pasta, or Paton—Eliza the modest and the musical—hush the room, it is pleasant to see old Christopher North sitting almost ghostlike amid the pathos! In his younger days, the harp was the instrument on which he loved to play, but now he seldom touches a string; yet when beauty with a smile hints the wish to hear some ancient melody, the old man is not unwilling, in a rare hour, to try his trembling hand, repaid at the close of "The Broom o'

Cowdenknowes," or "The Flowers o' the Forest"—nor has his voice been silent—repaid, oh, soft-eyed daughter of the son of the dead brother of our youth, a thousand times repaid by one single tear!

Or seek you the saloon, "Grandeur's most magnificent saloon," and mingle, mingle, mingle, with the restless and glittering flow of fashionable life, a sea of tossing plumes! Why even there, you may perchance see Christopher sitting all by himself in a nook—silent but not sad—grave but not gloomy—critical but not censorious—in love with the few, in liking with the many—in good-will with all. His gracious eye is not averted even from the flying waltz; for, "Honi soit qui mal y pense," and if yours be the heart of a man, what evil thought can be inspired into it by the breath of innocence! Youth is the season of love and joy, and inhale therefore into thy inmost soul the bliss of that balmy breath, and hug to thy inmost soul the ideal embrace, so faint—so very faint—of that young virgin, whose waist now thine arm is privileged blamelessly to encircle; for where virtue glides in all her blushing beauty, the touch even of passion's self shall be reverential, and that bright girl and bright boy shall part as they met, as pure in thought as two doves that happen to intersect each other's flight, and after a few airy evolutions in the sunshine, flee away, each to its own place of pleasure or rest.

Or, need we allude to ourselves sitting by the ingle-cheek, so crouse and canty, at the sober—yea, the sober orgies of our Noctes Ambrosianæ? We are no cameleons—we neither feed on air, nor change our colour. Of much of the Glenlivet we gulp the parent barley is yet unborn—the only Ether we imbibe is the ether of the imagination—Opium, in drop or pill, touches not our lips, but in the feast of fancy; though one Choice Spirit doth occasionally sit and shine among us, to whom that drug is dear—and the oyster-beds along the sounding shores of the mighty sea have reason to bless their stars that the accounts they have from the fishermen, of the innumerous barrels so unmercifully emptied in Picardy, are apocryphal. See, there is our outstretched arm, and on the point of that little finger—not unfrequently turned up so—lies untrembling the drop of the mountain-dew! So steady is every sinew of Sobriety—who often rises with the Sun, and often sits up for him too—the Sun, who, washed and dressed almost

in a moment, takes a stage by steam before breakfast, and whom you see dining on a dessert of fruits of all glorious sorts and sizes about mid-day, right over your head, sitting beneath the Deas, in the Blue Chamber, ceiling'd and fretted by the sky! Not brighter is that Blue Chamber of the Sun, than the Parlour where we hold our Parliament—North in the chair, and unlike that solemn Silence in St Stephen's, a Speaker indeed! No rat or radical from rotten borough here—each of us member for a county, Lowland or Highland—the Representatives of Scotland—ay, of England too—for lo! "England sends her men, of men the chief"—Seward of Christchurch, and Buller of Brazennose;—and as for Ireland, the green and glorious,—lo! the bold, the dauntless ODoherty,—the Adjutant good-at-need,—the Ensign, with whom no Hope is forlorn, —the Standard-bearer, who plants the staff of Joy in the centre of our table, in a hole bored by the gleg gimlet of his nation's wit, so that the genial board is overshadowed by its bright emblazonry, and at every rustle of its folds, Tickler seems to rise in stature, Macrabin to become more and more the grave Covenanter, Mullion's mirth to grow broader as the crump farle on the gridiron, and our Shepherd to shine like a rowan-tree in Autumn, brightening the greensward where lie his sheep-like lambs. Invincibles all! It is indeed a bright, a benign, a beautiful little circular world, inhabited but by a few choicest spirits—some of them—oh! may we dare to hope it—even on earth immortal! The winged words—some like bees and some like birds—keep working and lurking, stinging and singing, wherever they alight—yet no pernicious pain in the wound, no cruel enchantment in the strain. The winged words—bee or bird-like—are still murmuring among flowers,—

> "Flowers, worthy of Paradise, which not nice art,
> In beds and curious knots, but nature boon
> Pour'd forth profuse on hill, and dale, and plain,
> Both where the morning sun first warmly smote
> The open field, and where the unpierced shade
> Imbrown'd the noontide bowers!"

Some faint echo of the sounds that then circle round the inner shrine, not unheard by the outward world, makes its heart to beat or burn within it, its nerves to tingle, or haply even brings the dim haze across its eye. The mean and malignant are cowed like poultry by the crowing of a far-off game-cock, on

his airy walk on a pleasant hill-farm. The son of Genius pining in the shade—Oh! why should genius ever pine beneath the sun, moon, and stars?—feels encouragement breathed into his spirit, and knows that one day or other he shall emerge from the gloom in glory, cheered by the cordial strain of us kindred spirits, who one and all will take him by the hand, the mirthful as well as the melancholy, for their likings and loves are the same, and place him among the Ὁμοτίμοι, the Equal-honoured, the Sacred Band, Brothers all, who, to the sound of flutes and soft recorders, in firmest phalanx move on in music to everlasting Fame.

We were some half-hour ago speaking of the Fashionable World—were we not—of Edinburgh? Why, in Edinburgh, there is par-excellence no fashionable world. We are—as the King—God bless him—once very well observed, when all we Sawnies happened to be dressed in our Sunday's best—a Nation of Gentlemen;—and in a Nation of Gentlemen, you have no notion how difficult, or rather how impossible, it is to make a Fashionable World. We are all so vastly pleasant and polite—low-breeding among us is so like high-breeding in any other less distinguished district of the globe,—that persons who desire to be conspicuous for the especial elegance of their manners, or the especial splendour of their blow-outs, know not how to set about it,—and let the highest among them be as fashionable as they will, they will hear an army of chairmen "gurgling Gaelic half-way down their throats," as they keep depositing dowager after dowager, matron after matron, mawsey after mawsey, virgin after virgin, all with feathers "swaling in their bonnets," and every father's daughter among them more fashionable than another, in the gas-lighted hall of a palace in Moray Place inhabited by a most fashionable Doubleyou Ess—about a dozen of whose offspring, of various sizes and sexes, at each new arrival, keep glowering and guffawing through the bannisters on the nursery story, the most fashionable little dirty red-headed dears that ever squalled in a scrubbing-tub on the Plotter's Saturday Night; while ever and anon fashionable servant-maids, some in female curiosity—proof of an enlightened mind—and others, of whom it appears "the house-affairs do call them hence," keep tripping to and fro, one with a child's night-cap in her hand, and another with something else equally essential to its comfort

before getting into bed—while it inspires you with a fine dash of melancholy to behold, on such a night of fashionable festivities, here and there among the many men apparently butlers, footmen, valets, waiters, and so forth—many of them fashionably powdered with oat and barley meal of the finest quality—some in and some out of livery, blue breeches and red, black breeches and grey—you are inspired, we say, with a fine spirit of melancholy to discern, among "these liveried angels lackeying you," the faces of Saulies, well known at fashionable funerals, and who smile upon you as you move from room to room, as if to recall to your remembrance the last time you had the satisfaction of being preceded by them into that place of Fashionable Resort—the Greyfriars' Churchyard—

> "Those funeral-baked mates
> Do coldly furnish up the supper-tables."

Another consequence of our being a Nation of Gentlemen is, that in all broad Scotland there is no such thing as—a Man of Ton. An occasional puppy—a not unfrequent prig—is to be met with, in persons ambitious of being distinguished among a nation of gentlemen, each by the possession of his own peculiarity, in itself perhaps more becoming a cur than a Christian, a barber's block than a head with tongue and brains. But a Man of Ton, we repeat, is, in such a nation, an impossible production; and we appeal to our readers if they ever beheld that phenomenon in Edinburgh,—or even in Glasgow, where, on the given principle, a few might reasonably enough be expected to be found in winter-quarters about the Gorbals, or summer ones down at the Auld-kirk—(so, in the west, do they pronounce Innerkip)—or the Largs.

There is another general consequence of our being a Nation of Gentlemen, which deserves notice in this patriotic Periodical. Here no man is permitted to pride himself on his superior skill and excellence in the broad, open-day violation of all the bonds and duties of life. This of itself prevents the appearance in a century of a single Man of Ton. We do not mean to say, that there is no wickedness among us in this pleasant place,—no vice,—no licentiousness,—no dishonour. But they hide their heads in the dark.—Here the adulteress does not show her face—brazen, or blushing with paint. Were she to do so, there are no Men of Ton to caper by her side, on horseback,

along street, or round square, or lead her, at concert, assembly, or play, up the fair lane of stainless matrons, and virgins pure, whose ears abhor the meretricious rustle of the wanton's flaunting habiliments. This is not fashionable among the Nation of Gentlemen, fashionable as we are. The lady who should act thus, would soon find herself in a nunnery, and the gentleman would pay a visit to the Great Seat of the ribbon trade.

The Queen of the North is of an excellent size; and we hope that, during our day, she will not greatly expand her dimensions. There ought always to be a bright embroidered belt of villas, a mile broad at least, between her and the sea; and surely She will not tread upon the feet of the old Pentlands. We could heave the pensive sigh—almost drop the pensive tear—to remember the hundreds of sweet, snug, sheltered, cosy cottages—not thatched, but slated—with lattice-windows, and haply Venetian blinds—front-trellised—and with gable-end rich in its jargonelle, "all wede away" by the irresistible "march of stone and lime," charging in close street, and then taking up position in hollow square, on every knoll and brae in the neighbourhood. How many pretty little blossoming gardens does the Spring now in vain desiderate! Are there any such things nowadays, we wonder, as retired citizens? Old, decent, venerable husband and wife, living about a mile, or two miles even, out of town, always to be found at home when you stroll out to see how the worthy pair are getting on, either sitting each on an opposite arm-chair, with a bit sma' lassie, grandchild perhaps, or perhaps only an orphan servant-girl, treated as if she were a grandchild, between them on a stool, and who was evidently reading the Bible as you entered; or the two, not far from one another in the garden—he pruning, it may be, the fruit trees, for he is a great gardener, and rejoices in the Golden Pippin—she busy with the flowers, among which we offer you a pound for every weed, so exquisitely fine the care that tends those gorgeous beds of anemones and polyanthuses, or pinks and carnations, on which every dewy morning Flora descends from heaven to brighten the glory with her smiles! But we are relapsing into the pathetic, so let us remark that a Capital should always be proportioned to a Country—and, verily, Scotland carries hers, like a head with a fine phreno-

logical development, on a broad back and shoulders, and looks stately among the nations. And never—never—this is our morning and evening prayer—never may she need to hang down that head in shame, but may she lift it up crested with glory, till the blue skies themselves shall be no more—till cease the ebbing and the flowing of that sun-bright sea!

But never in all her annals were found together Shame and Scotland. Sir William Wallace has not left Shame one single dark cavern wherein to hide her head. Be thou Bold, Free, Patriotic, as of old, gathered up in thyself within thy native mountains, yet hospitable to the high-souled Southron, as thou wert ever wont to be even in the days of Bannockburn and Flodden!—To thine eye, as of old, be dear each slip of blue sky, glimpsing through the storm—each cloud-cleaving hill-top, Ben Nevis, Cairngorm, Cruachan—Rannoch's black, bright, purple heather-sea—Gowrie's Carse, beloved of Ceres—and Clydesdale, to Pomona dear—Spire-pointing to heaven through the dense city-cloud, or from the solitary brae, Baronial hall or castle sternly dilapidating in slow decay—humble hut, that sinks an unregarded ruin, like some traditionless cairn—or shieling, that, like the nest of the small brown moorland bird, is renewed every spring, lasting but one summer in its remotest glen! To thine ears, as of old, be

> "Dear the wild music of the mountain wave,
> Breaking along the shores of liberty!"

Dear the thunder of the cataract heard, when the sky is without a cloud, and the rain is over and gone—heard by the deer-stalker, standing like a shadow, leagues off, or moving for hours slow as a shadow, guided by the antlers. Dear be the yell of the unseen eagle in the sky, and dear, where "no falcon is abroad for prey," the happy moaning of the cushat in the grove—the lilting of the lintwhite among broom and brier—the rustle of the wing of the lonesome Robin-redbreast in the summer woods—his sweet pipe on the barn or byre-riggin' in autumn, through all winter long his peck at the casement, and his dark-eyed hopping round the hearth! Be thine ever a native, not an alien spirit, and ever on thy lips, sweet Scotia! may there hang the music of thy own Doric tongue.

Nor vain the hope, for it is in heaven! A high philosophy

has gone out from the sages of thy cities into the loneliest recesses of the hills. The student sits by the ingle of his father's straw-roofed shed, or lies in leisure, released from labour, among the broomy banks and braes of the wimpling burn, and pores and meditates over the pages of Reid and Fergusson, and Stewart, and Brown,—wise benefactors of the race. Each vale "sings aloud old songs, the music of the heart,"—the poetry of Burns the deathless shall brighten for ever the cottar's hearth—Campbell is by all beloved—and the high harp of Scott shall sound for ever in all thy halls. And more solemn, more sacred, all over the land are heard—

"Those strains that once did sweet in Sion glide,"

the songs, mournful in their majesty, of the woe-denouncing, sin-dooming Prophets of old, of which the meanings are still profound to the ear of nations that listen to them aright—for there is a taint at the core of all their hearts, and not one single land on the face of the whole earth, strong as it may be in its simplicity, that hath not reason to dread that one day or other may be its own—the doom of the mighty Babylon!

But lo! a soft sweet smile of showery sunshine—and our hearts are touched by a sudden mirth.

"Then said I, Master, pleasant is this place."

A pleasanter city is nowhere to be seen—neither sea-shore nor inland, but between the two, and uniting the restlessness of the one situation with the quietness of the other,—there green waves leaping like Furies, here green hills fixed like Fate,—there white sails gliding, here white tents pitched,—there, you can hardly see it with a telescopic eye—the far-off Bass, from whose cliffs, perhaps at this very moment, the flashing fowling-piece has scared a yelling cloud of sea-birds, there the near Castle-rock thundering a royal salute, for it is the anniversary of the birthday of our most gracious and glorious King,—there masts unnumbered, here roofs multitudinous,—there Neptune, here Apollo,—together, sea, sun, earth, and heaven, all in one—a perfect Poem!

Verily it is a pleasant place, and pleasant are the people who inhabit it, through all their grades. The students at the University are pleasant—so are the professors. The shop-

keepers are pleasant—so are the citizens in general, especially such of them as are Tories—though for thy sake, dear friend—now at far-off Cacra Bank—we could almost become a little Whiggish,—pleasant are the advocates—pleasant every W.S.,—are not the ministers of the city pleasant as they are pious—and were not those pleasant polemicals all, about the Apocrypha? Pleasant are the country gentlemen who come here to educate their sons and daughters, forgetful of corn-bills—and pleasant, O Edina! are the strangers within thy gates. Up and down, down and up the various steps of thy society do we delight to crutch it; nor can we complain of a cold reception from the palace in Moray Place to the box at Newington. Yea, verily, Edinburgh is a pleasant place, and pleasant are its inhabitants.

We are too much a Nation of Gentlemen to talk long about ourselves, and this city of ours, with its Castle-rock, its Arthur's Seat, its Calton Hill, and its Parthenon of Seven Pillars, standing unemployed like the seven young men of yore, in the now poor, dear, dead *Scots Magazine*, but unlike them—unfinished! There will the poor Pillars be—in summer's heat and winter's cold—without a roof to cover them, nor, after the scaffolding shall have been removed, so much as a timber skeleton to stand between them and the easterly haur, seeming to say to every stranger as he ascends the hill,—"Oh, master, we are Seven!"

So let us off to London for an hour or two, not by that unhappy mail-coach, which is not once suffered to cool its axle-tree all the way from this to York Minster—(that is an edifice we must ere long be describing)—and in which we have committed no crime of sufficient atrocity to deserve imprisonment. Neither have we any desire to die of indigestion, and constipation and inflammation of the bowels, mortification, and gangrene. That is the death of a bagman. No—ours be the stiff, breeze-loving Smack, with her bowsprit right in the wind's eye, and eating out of it, as the helmsman luffs up to catch every capful, all such craft as custom-house cutters, and be hanged to them—even the King's ones—gun-brigs cruising on the station—Southampton schooners of the Yacht Club—or crack collier from Newcastle, trying it on in ballast, whose captain served last with old Collingwood, and, in youth, with

"Gallant Admiral Howe, sung out, Yo! heave O!"—

Or gallant Steamer that, never gunwale in, but ever upright as the stately swan, cleaves blast and breaker as they both come right ahead—the one blackening, and the other whitening—while Bain's trumpet is heard in the mingled roar, and under his intrepid skill all the hundreds on board feel as safe as in their own beds, though it is near nightfall, and we are now among the shores and shallows of the Swin, where ships untold have gone to pieces.—See there, a wreck!

As for London, it is long since we have sported our figure in Bond Street or the Park. We have had no box at the opera for a good many years. We have never condescended to put our nose into St Stephen's Chapel since we accepted the Chilterns—the House of Lords has long been the object of our most distant respect—and, generally speaking, at the West End, we verily believe we are about as well known as Captain Parry, or any other British officer, will ever be at the North Pole.

Yet once we knew London well—both by day when it was broad awake, and by night "when all that mighty heart was lying still." We remember, now, as yesterday, the eve on which we first—all alone and on foot, reached Hyde-Park Corner. All alone! Yes—thousands and hundreds of thousands were on foot then, as well as ourselves, and on horses and in chariots. But still we were alone. Not in misanthropy—no—no—no—for then, as now, and with more intense, more burning passion, with stronger-winged and farther-flighted imagination did we love our kind, for our thoughts were merry as nightingales, untamed as eagles, and tender as doves. But we were young—and we were in a manner foreigners—and few friends had we but the sunbeams and the shadows of our own restless soul. From the solemn and sacred enclosure of thy bell-chiming and cloistered haunts—Rhedicyna! did we come—the tomes of the old world's treasures closed for a season—Homer, and Pindar, and Æschylus, and Plato, and the Stagyrite, and Demosthenes, and Thucydides, left for a while asleep on the shelves of the Gothic-windowed Library, where so many musing days had cloud-like floated by, nor failed to leave behind them an immortal inspiration, pure and high as that breathed from the beauty and the grandeur of the regions of setting suns—and all at once, from the companionship of the dead did we plunge into that of the living!

From the companionship of the dead! For having bade

farewell to our sweet native Scotland, and kissed, ere we parted, the grass and the flowers with a shower of filial tears —having bade farewell to all her glens, now a-glimmer in the blended light of imagination and memory—with their cairns and kirks, their low-chimneyed huts and their high-turreted halls—their free-flowing rivers, and lochs dashing like seas—we were all at once buried, not in the Cimmerian gloom, but the Cerulean glitter, of Oxford's ancient academic Groves. The Genius of the place fell upon us—yes! we hear now, in the renewed delight of the awe of our youthful spirit, the pealing organ in that Chapel called the Beautiful—we see the Saints on the stained windows—at the Altar the picture of one up Calvary meekly bearing the cross! It seemed, then, that our hearts had no need even of the kindness of kindred—of the country where we were born, and that had received the continued blessings of our enlarging love! Yet away went, even then, sometimes our thoughts to Scotland, like carrier-pigeons wafting love-messages beneath their unwearied wings! They went and they returned, and still their going and coming was blessed. But ambition touched us, as with the wand of a magician from a vanished world and a vanished time. The Greek tongue—multitudinous as the sea—kept like the sea sounding in our ears, through the stillness of that world of towers and temples. Lo! Zeno, with his arguments hard and high, beneath the Porch! Plato divinely discoursing in Grove and Garden! The Stagyrite searching for truth in the profounder gloom! The sweet voice of the smiling Socrates, cheering the cloister's shade and the court's sunshine! And when the thunders of Desmosthenes ceased, we heard the harping of the old blind glorious Mendicant, whom, for the loss of eyes, Apollo rewarded with the gift of immortal song! And that was our companionship of the dead!

But the voice—the loud and near voice of the living world came upon us—and starting up, like a man wakened from the world of sleep and dreams, we flew to meet it on the wind—onwards and onwards to its source humming louder and louder as we approached, a magnificent hum as from a city with a thousand gates of everlasting ingress and egress to all the nations of the earth!

Not till then had we known anything of our own being. Before, all had been dream and vision, through which we had

sunk, and kept sink-sinking, like flowers surcharged with liquid radiance, down to the palaces of naiads, and mermaids, and fairy folk, inhabiting the emerald caves, and walking through the pearl-leaved forests and asphodel meadows of an unreal and unsubstantial world! For a cloudy curtain had still seemed to hang between us and the old world—darkening even the fields of Marathon and Platæa, whose heroes were but as shadows. Now we were in the eddies—the vortices—the whirlpools of the great roaring sea of life! and away we were carried, not afraid, yet somewhat trembling in the awe of our new delight, into the heart of the habitations of all this world's most imperial, most servile—most tyrannous and most slavish passions! All that was most elevating and most degrading—most startling and most subduing too—most trying by temptation of pleasure, and by repulsion of pain—into the heart of all joy and all grief—all calm and all storm—all dangerous trouble, and more dangerous rest—all rapture and all agony—crime, guilt, misery, madness and despair. A thousand voices, each with a different tone, cried us on—yet over them all one voice, with which the rest were still in unison—the voice of the hidden wickedness that is in the soul of every man who is born of a woman, and that sometimes as if it were of guardian angel and sometimes of familiar demon, now lured, persuaded, urged, drove us on—on, on, in amongst shoals and shallows of that dim heaving sea, where many wrecks were visible, sheer hulks heaved up on the dark dry—or mast-heads but a foot out of the foam—here what seemed a beacon, and there a lighthouse, but on we bore, all sail set, to the very sky-scrapers, with flags flying, and all the Ship of Life manned by a crew of rebellious passions—and Prudence, that old Palinurus, at the helm fast asleep, and then, as if in his own doom prophetic of ours, overboard amongst breakers!

For a moment, we thought of the great cataracts of Scotland—Corra Linn—Foyers—thousands of nameless torrents tumbling over mountains to the sea—her murmuring forests and caves a-moaning for ever to the winds and waves round the cliff-bound coast of Cape Wrath! But that was the voice of Nature—dead in her thunders, even as in the silence of the grave. This was the voice of Life—sublimer far—and smiting the soul with a sublimer sympathy. Now, our whole being was indeed broad awake—hitherto, in its deepest stirrings, it

had been as asleep. All those beautiful and delightful reveries vanished away, as something too airy and indolent for the spirit—passive no more—but rejoicing in its strength, like a full-fledged young eagle, leaping from the edge of its eyrie, fearlessly and at once, over the cliff, and away off into the bosom of the storm!

Whither shall we look? Whither shall we fly? Denizens of a new world—a new universe—chartered libertines, as yet unblamed by Conscience, who took part with the passions, knowing not that even her own sacred light might be obscured by the flapping of their demon-wings! And why should Conscience, even in that danger, have been afraid? It is not one of her duties to start at shadows. God-given to the human breast, she suffers not her state to be troubled by crowds of vain apprehensions, or she would fall in her fear. Even then, Virtue had her sacred allies in our heart. The love of that nature on whose bosom we had been bred—a sleeping spark of something like poetry in our souls unextinguishable, and preservative of the innocence it enlightened—reverence of the primitive simplicity of beloved Scotland's Faith—the memory of her old, holy, and heroic songs—the unforgotten blessing of a mother's living lips, of a father's dying eyes—the ambition, neither low nor ignoble, of youth's aspiring hopes, for, not altogether uncrowned had been our temples, even with the Muses' wreath—a whisper of Hope faint, far off, and uncertain, and haply even now unrealised its promise—and far down buried, but instinct with spirit, beneath them all, a life-deep love for Her, that Orphan-maid—so human, yet so visionary—afar off in the beauty of her heaven-protected innocence, beneath the shadow of that old castle, where by day the starlings looked down on her loveliness, sole-sitting among the ruins, and for her the wood-lark, Scotia's nightingale, did sing all night long—a life-deep love, call it passion, pity, friendship, brotherly affection, all united together by smiles, sighs, and tears—songs sung as by an angel in the moonlight glen—prayers in that oratory among the cliffs—the bliss of meetings and of partings among the glimmering woods, sanctified by her presence—of that long, last eternal farewell!

Therefore, our spirit bore a charmed life into that world of danger and death. That face to us was holy, though then all alive in its loveliness—and, oh! that it should ever have been

dead—holy as the face of some figure—some marble figure of a saint lying on a tomb. Its smile was with us even when our eyes knew it not—its voice as the dying close of music, when our ear was given to other sounds less pensive and divine.

With all its senses in a transport, our soul was now in the mighty London! Every single street-musician seemed to us as an Orpheus. Each band of female singers, some harping as they sung, and others, with light guitar ribbon-bound to their graceful shoulders, to us were as the Muses—each airy group very Goddesses,

"Knit with the Graces and the Loves in dance,"

and leading on the Hours along the illuminated atmosphere, where each lamp was as a star! The whole World seemed houses, palaces, domes, theatres, and temples—and London the universal name! Yet there was often a shudder as the stream of terrible enjoyment went roaring by—and the faces of all those lost creatures—those daughters of sin and sorrow —with fair but wan faces, hollow bright eyes—and shrieks of laughter, appalled the heart that wondered at their beauty, and then started to hear afar off, and as in a whisper, the word "Innocence," as if it were the name of something sacred in another life and another world; for here guilt was in its glory and its grief, women angels of light no more, but fiends of darkness, hunting and hunted to despair and death!

Fear cannot live in youth's bosom; and gay and glad we penetrated, like a young bird that loves the sunshine of the open sky, yet dreads not to drop down, or dart into the black forest gloom—into haunts where the old grey grim Iniquity had, from time immemorial, established his strongholds. The ruffian's scowl fell off our face, like darkness from a new-trimmed lamp, of which the oil failed not—our eye, which neither grief nor guilt had clouded, made that of the robber, the burglar, and the murderer to quail—convicts even then to conscience, and doomed to die on the scaffold—curses and execrations passed by our heads, like blasts by the top of the strong young trees. And will Law, bloody penal Law, quell crimes in such hearts as these, or strike their hands with palsy? Shall the hangman terrify when conscience is a bugbear? Other ministers must disarm the murderers. Another light than the torch in the iron grasp of criminal justice, discovering and dragging

the felon from his haunt, must penetrate and dispel the darkness, till it is broad as day, and therein wickedness can hatch and hide no more—the light of mercy, and the jurisprudence of the New Testament. But on reascending from the dolorous region into the blessed day, there was the dome of St Paul's in heaven, or there the holy Abbey, where sleep England's holiest dead, and the Thames, with all his floating glories, moored, or adrifting with the tide down to the sea, like giants rejoicing to run a race to the uttermost parts of the earth!

How dreamlike the flowings of the Isis by Godstow's ivied Ruin, where blossomed, bloomed, and perished in an hour, Rosamunda—flower of the world! How cheerful, as if waked from a dream, glides on the famous stream by Christchurch Cathedral grove! How sweet by Iffley's Saxon tower! By Nuneham's lime-tree shade how serene as peace! But here thou hast changed thy name and thy nature into the sea-seeking Thames, alive and loud with the tide that murmurs of the ocean-foam, and bridged magnificently as becomes the river that makes glad the City of the Kings who are the umpires of the whole world's wars! Down sailed our spirit, along with the floating standard of England, to the Nore. There her Fleet lay moored, like a thunder-cloud whose lightning rules the sea—

> "Her march is o'er the mountain-wave,
> Her home is on the deep!"

Woe to all the Isle, when the sons of ocean walk their decks in mutiny! Woe to France and Spain, and all the banded naval powers of the world, when, calm as clouds, the Fleet bears down in white-winged line of battle, and the foeman's crescent breaks into fragments, and melts away, with all its struck flags, into fatal overthrow! And what, O London! were Tyre and Sidon, whose merchants were princes—what were Tyre and Sidon to thee! Even now the sun is rising, and the sun is setting, on thy countless sails. We almost cease now to feel

> "Of the old sea, some reverential fear!"

The ocean obeys the "meteor-flag of England," even as its ebbing and flowing obeys the Planet.

But it is night, and lo! the crowded Theatre is ablaze with Beauty; and as Tragedy, "with solemn stole, comes sweeping

by," the piled-up multitude is all as hush as death. Then first the "buried Majesty of Denmark"—though mimic all the scene—was awful and full of dread to our young imagination, as if indeed "revisiting the glimpses of the moon," on the old battlements of Elsineur—the fine, pensive, high philosophy of the melancholy, world-distracted Hamlet, flowed as if from his own very princely lips—the fair Ophelia, as she went singing and scattering her flowers, was to us a new Image of a purer innocence, a more woeful sorrow, than we knew before to have ever had its birth or burial-place on this earth. There we saw the Shadow of the mightiest Julius standing—imperial still—before his beloved Brutus in the Tent; and as he waved a majestic upbraiding, threatening, and warning, from the hand that had subdued the world, we heard the Cæsar say, "We will meet again at Philippi." There we, too, as well as the Thane, heard a voice cry to all the house, "Sleep no more—Glammis hath murdered sleep—and therefore Cawdor shall sleep no more!"—and in glided, with stone eyes and bloodless face, sleep-walking Remorse, in the form of a stately Lady wringing her hands, and groaning, "Out, damned spot," while the Haunted felt in her dream, that "not all the perfumes of Arabia could sweeten that little hand!"

Then there was eloquence in the world, that is, in London, in those days; or did the soul then half-create the thunders she heard pealing from the lips of Burke, and Pitt, and Fox, the great orators of England, and startle at the flash of her own lightning? But the old pillars of the social edifice then seemed to rock as to an earthquake—and the lips of common men, in the general inspiration, were often touched with fire. Even now we see their flashing eyes, their knit brows, their clenched hands, their outstretched arms—their "face inflamed"—even now we hear their voices, flowing like majestic streams, or loud as the headlong cataract—of those whom the world consents to call great. We thought, as we looked and listened, of Him who

> "Wielded at will that fierce democracy,
> Shook the arsenal, and fulmined over Greece—
> From Macedon to Artaxerxes' throne;"

nor felt that the son of Chatham was less than "the Thunderer," as he stood proudly denouncing vengeance against the

legions of the Tricolor, and prophesying the triumph of the glorious Isle, "whose shores beat back the ocean's foamy feet," and whose sons have ever been the true children of Liberty.

The spirit of the world was then awakened by dreadful outcries from too long a sleep—and the alarum-bell that then kept tolling far and wide over the sky, though now its iron tongue is at rest, or but trembling in that "hollow," so soon and so easy made to give forth its sullen music, hangs still over the nations, who, under even the silence of its shadow, shall sink no more into disgraceful slumbers. The ears of kings, and princes, and nobles, were astounded; and all Europe groaned or gloried when the Bourbon's in-vain-anointed head, was with the few fatal words held up dissevered, "Behold the head of a tyrant!" and the axe, that made no respect of persons, bit the fair neck of Marie Antoinette, nathless all those glorious tresses whose beauty had dazzled the world. Life was then struck, over all its surface and all its depths, with a stormy sunshine—dread alternations of brightness and blackness, that made the soul to quake alike in its hopes and in its fears. Who wished, then, to escape the contagion?—Not even the gentlest, the most fervent, the most devoted lovers of domestic peace. They, too, joined the hymn of thanksgiving—and one Pæan seemed to stun the sky. But the very clouds ere long began to drop blood, and then good men paused even to obey the stern voice of Justice, in fear that the dewy voice of Mercy should never more be heard on earth. Call it not a reaction—for that is a paltry word—but thankful to the Great God did men become, when at last, standing silent on the desolate shore, they saw the first ebb of that fiercely-flowing tide, and knew that the sea was to return to its former limits, and sweep away no more the peasant's hut and the prince's palace.

That was a time indeed for men to speak, to whom Heaven had granted the gift of eloquence. And London then held many eloquent, who, when the storm was hushed, relapsed into men of common speech.

But poor, vain, and empty all, is the glory of great orators, compared with that of poets and sages, or conquerors. The poet and sage walk hand-in-hand together through the moral and intellectual empire of mind—nor, in the world's admira-

tion, is the triumphal car of victory unworthy of being placed near the Muses' bower. What mighty ones have breathed the air of that Great City—have walked in inspiration along the banks of England's metropolitan river—have been inhumed in her burial-places, humble or high, frequented by common and careless feet, or by footsteps treading reverentially, while the visitor's eyes are fixed on marble image or monument, sacred to virtue, to valour, or to genius, the memory of the prime men of the earth! These, London, are thy guardian spirits—these thy tutelary gods. When the horrid howl of night—the howl of all those distracted passions is hushed—and the soul, relieved from the sorrow in which it thinks of sin, when an eye or ear witness to its unhallowed orgies, lifts up its eyes to the stars so bright and beautiful, so silent and so serene—then remembereth she the names, the endowments, the achievements, of the immortal dead. There—largest and most lustrous—that star that "dwells apart"—is the image of Milton! That other, soft-burning, dewy, and almost twinkling star—now seeming to shine out into intenser beauty, and now almost dim, from no obscuring cloud or mist, but as if some internal spirit shaded the light for a moment, even as an angel may veil his countenance with his wings—that is the star of Spenser! And of all the bright people of the skies, to fancy's gaze, thou, most lovely Planet, art the very Fairy-queen!

Therefore, to us, enthusiasts then in poetry—and may that enthusiasm survive even the season "of brightness in the grass and glory in the flower," which has almost now passed away—to us, who thought of Poets as beings set apart from the world which their lays illumined—how solemn, how sacred, how sublime a delight—deaf and blind to all the sights and sounds of the common day—to look on the very house in which some great Poet had been born, lived, or died! Were the house itself gone, and some ordinary pile erected in its stead, still we saw down into the old consecrated foundation! Had the very street been swept away—its name and its dust—still the air was holy—and more beautiful overhead the blue gleam of the sky!

And in the midst of all that noisy world of the present, that noisy and miserable world—in the midst of it and pervading it—might not even our youthful eye see the spirit of religion?

And feel, even when most astounded with sights and sounds of wickedness, that in life there was still a *mens divinior*—

"Mens agitat molem et magno se corpore miscet."

Christianity spoke in Sabbath-bells, not "swinging slow with sullen roar," like the curfew of old, extinguishing the household fires on all hearths; but, high up in the clearer air, the belfry of tower and spire sent a sweet summons, each over its own region, to families to repair again to the house of God, where the fires of faith, hope, and charity, might be rekindled on the altar of the religion of peace. The sweet solemn faces of old men—of husbands and fathers, and sons and brothers—the fair faces of matrons and virgins—the gladsome faces of children—

"For piety is sweet to infant minds"—

were seen passing along the sobered streets, whose stones, but a few hours ago, clanked to the mad rushing to and fro of unhallowed feet, while the air, now so still, or murmuring but with happy voices, attuned to the spirit of the day, was lately all astir with rage, riot, and blasphemy!

"Such ebb and flow must ever be,
Then wherefore should we mourn!"

Sweet is the triumph of religion on the Sabbath-day, in some solitary glen, to which come trooping from a hundred braes all the rural dwellers, disappearing, one small family party after another, into the hushed kirk—now, as the congregation has collected, exhaling to heaven, as a flower-bank exhales its fragrance, the voice of Psalms! But there Piety has only deepened Peace! Here—though yet the voice of the great city will not be hushed—and there is heard ever a suppressed murmur—a sound—a noise—a growl—dissatisfied with the Sabbath—here, the power that descends from the sky upon men's hearts, stilling them against their wills into a sanctity so alien to their usual life, is felt to have even a more sublime consecration! "The still small voice" speaks, in the midst of all that unrepressed stir, the more distinctly—because so unlike to the other sounds, with which it mingles not—that there is another life, "not of this noisy world, but silent and divine," is felt from the very disturbances that will not lie at rest; and though hundreds of thousands heed it not, the tolling of that great bell from the Cathedral strikes of

death and judgment. Yes, England! with all thy sins, thou holdest, with fast devotion, to the Faith, for which so many of thy sainted sons did perish in the fires of persecution. The smoke of those fierce fagots is dead; but, as that inspired man prophesied, while he held up his withered hand in the scorching flame—such a fire has been kindled as lights all the land, centuries after his martyred ashes were given to the heedless winds,—and the names of Cranmer and Ridley are reverenced for evermore!

High ministrations—solemn services of religion!—in which the Church of England, in its reverential awe, delights—from the first hour in which we participated in the holy rites, they breathed into our being the full, deep, divine spirit of devotion, sanctifying, at burst or close of the organ-peal, the chapel's pillared shade!—How sweetly rose our souls to heaven on the hymn of the young white-robed choristers!—How sunk they and swelled, rejoiced and saddened, and when the thought of some of our own peculiar sorrows also touched us, how they even wept over the worship of that beautiful liturgy, composed so scripturally by pious men, to whom the language of the Bible had been familiar almost as their mother tongue! Of the great old English divines, so laden with heavenly erudition, and who had brought all human wisdom and human science to establish and to illustrate the religion of the lowly Jesus, remembrance often crossed us like a shadow, at each wide-murmured response. Apostles of a later time, inspired by their own faith! Yet true still were our hearts to the memory of that simpler service, nor less divine—for blessed ever are all modes of worship in which the human being seeks in sincerity to draw near to God—that simpler service, so well suited to a simpler land, in which we had from infancy been instructed, and which, to preserve in its purity, had our own forefathers bled. In the high cathedral,

> "Where through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault,
> The pealing anthem swells the note of praise,"

we called to mind the low kirk and its Psalms. The kirk near the modest manse, in which our boyhood flew away—with its decent pews, little loft, and unambitious pulpit—the friendly faces of the rural congregation—the grave elders sitting in their place of honour—the pious preacher, who to

us had been as a father!—Oh! many-toned are the voices on the Sabbath, all praising and worshipping God!—List!—list, in the hush of thy spirit, and all Christian lands are sounding with one various hymn!

And then London, ere long, became to us—in all its vastness—even as our very home! For all undisturbed amidst the din, and murmuring internally, each with its own peculiar character of domestic joys, with laughter and with song—how many dwellings for us did open their hospitable doors, and welcome us in, with blessings, beneath their social roofs! Our presence brought a brighter expression into their partial eyes; our mirth never seemed otherwise than well-timed to them, nor yet did our melancholy—nor failed either to awaken congenial feelings in the breasts of those to whom we were too undeservedly dear—smiles went round the hearth or table circle to our quaint ditty and tale of glee—and the tears have fallen, when in the "parlour twilight" we sang

"One of those Scottish tunes so sad and slow,"

or told some one of those old, pathetic, traditionary stories, that still, cloud-like, keep floating over all the hills of Scotland! Oh! the great pleasure of friendships formed in youth! where chance awakens sympathy, accident kindles affection—and Fortune, blind and restless on her revolving wheel, favours, as if she were some serene-eyed and steadfast divinity, the purest passions of the soul! As one friendship was added to another—and base creed it is—most shallow and fantastic—that would confine amity, even in its dearest meaning—for how different is friendship from love—to communicate but with some single chosen one, excluding all our other brethren from approach to the heart—although true it is that some one, in our greatest bale and our greatest bliss, will be more tenderly, more profoundly, more gratefully embraced than all the rest,—as Friendship was added to Friendship, as Family after Family, Household after Household, became each a new part of our enlarged being, how delightful, almost every successive day, to feel our knowledge growing wider and warmer of the virtues of the character of England! Perhaps some unconscious nationality had been brought with us from our native braes—narrowing our range of feeling, and inclining sometimes to unjust judgments and unkindly thoughts. But all

that was poor or bad in that prejudice, soon melted away before the light of bold English eyes, before the music of bold English speech. Sons and daughters of the Free! As brothers and as sisters we loved you soon—without suspicion, without reserve, without jealousy, without envy of your many superior and surpassing endowments of nature, and accomplishments of art! For, with all deduction on the score of inevitable human fault and frailty, how high the morals of England, her manners how becoming the Children of such a Birth!

The Friends, too, whom in those sacred hours we had taken to our hearts, linked, along with other more human ties, by the love of literature and poetry—and with whom we had striven to enter

"The cave obscure of old Philosophy,"

and when starry midnight shone serenely over Oxford's towers and temples, sighed—vainly sighed—with unsatisfied longings and aspirations, that would not let us rest, to "unsphere the spirit of Plato"—they too were often with us in the wide metropolis, where, wide as it is, dear friends cannot almost be for a single day but by some happy fortune they meet! How grasped—clasped were then our hands and our hearts! How all college recollections—cheerful and full of glee—or high and of a solemn shade—came over us from the silence of those still retreats, in the noise of the restless London! Magdalen, Mertoun, Oriel, Christchurch, Trinity—how pleasant were your names!

Hundreds of morning, meridian, evening, midnight meetings! Each with its own—nor let us fear to declare it beneath those sunny skies—with its blameless, at least not sinful, charm. Now carried on a stream of endless, various, fluctuating converse, with a friend, more earnest, more enthusiastic, more impassioned than ourselves—and nature filled not our veins with frozen blood—along streets and squares, all dimly seen or unseen, and the faces and figures of the crowds that went thronging by, like the faces and figures in some regardless dream! Now walking in, on a sudden, and as if by some divine impulse, into that Cathedral—or that Abbey—ask not their names—and there, apart and silent, standing with fixed eyes before statue or tomb! Now glide-gliding in light canoe with wind and tide adown the Great River, in indolent yet

imaginative reverie, while masts and sails, and trees and towers, as they all went floating through the air, seemed scarcely to belong to any world—or proud of the sculler's skill, and emulous of the strength of the broad-breasted watermen whom Father Thames sustains, striving, stripped, against the waves a-ripple and a-foam with the rapid ebb, impatient to return to the sea! Now afoot along pleasant pathways, for a time leading through retired and sylvan places, and then suddenly past a cluster of cottages, or into a pretty village, almost a town, and purposely withholding our eyes from the prospect, till we had reached one well-remembered eminence—and then the glorious vision seen from Richmond Hill! Where, where, on the face of all the earth, can the roaming eye rest in more delighted repose than on the "pleasant villages and farms" that far and wide compose that suburban world, so rich in trees alone, that were there no other beauty, the poet could even find a paradise both for weekday and Sabbath hours in the bright neighbourhood of London! Endless profusion and prodigality of art, coping almost successfully with nature! Wealth is a glorious thing in such creations. Riches are the wands of Magicians. Poverty bleakens the earth—in her region grandeur is bare—and we sigh for something that is not among the naked rocks. But here from the buried gold, groves rise with such loads of verdure, that but for their giant boughs and branches, their heads would be bowed down to the lawns and gardens, gorgeous all with their flushing flowers, naturalised in the all-bearing soil of England, from all climes, from the occident to the orient!

But where cease the suburban charms of the Queen of Cities? Mansion after mansion—each more beautifully embowered than another—or more beautifully seated on some gently undulating height, above the far-sweeping windings of the silver Thames, is still seen by the roamer's eye, not without some touch of vain envy at his heart of those fortunate ones for whom life thus lavishes all its elegance and all its ease—Oh, vain envy indeed! for who knows not that all happiness is seated alone in the heart!—till, ere he remembers that far-off London has vanished quite away, he looks up, and lo! the Towers of Windsor—the Palace of Old England's Kings!

Nor are those "sylvan scenes" unworthily inhabited. Travel city-crowded continents, sail in some circumnavigating ship to far and fair isles, that seem dropt from heaven into the sea, yet shall your eyes behold no lovelier living visions than the daughters of England. Lovelier never visited poet's slumbers nightly—not even when before him in youth

"Hope, enchanted, smiled, and waved her golden hair!"

And of England's "*interrita pubes*," let speak the shore of every sea—

"A race in faith unstain'd, invincible in arms."

Wafted away, we knew not, cared not whither, on the wings of wonder and admiration,—when, during the long Summer silence, the towers of Oxford kept chiming to deserted courts and cloisters,—all England, its downs, its wolds, its meadows, its plains, its vales, its hills, its mountains, minsters, abbeys, cathedrals, castles, palaces, villages, towns, and cities, all became tributary to our imagination, gazing upon her glories with a thousand eyes. Now we breathed the fragrance of Devonia's myrtle bowers—now from St Michael's Mount "looked to Bayona and the Giant's Hold," now wept and worshipped at the grave of Shakespeare, or down the yellow Avon thought we saw sailing her own sweet stately swan! Now gazed in dread astonishment on Portsmouth's naval arsenal, and all that machinery—sublime, because of the power that sets it agoing, and far more because of the power that it sends abroad, winged and surcharged with thunder, all over the main—ships without masts, sheer hulks, majestic and magnificent even in that bare black magnitude, looming through the morning or evening gloaming—and lo! a First-rater, deck above deck, tier above tier of guns, sending up, as she sails in sunshine, her clouds into the sky; and as the Ocean-Queen bears up in the blast, how grand her stern —and what a height above the waves tumbling afoam in her wake! Now seated on the highest knoll of all the bright Malvern Hills in breathless delight, slowly turning round our head in obedience to the beauty and grandeur of that panorama—matchless on earth—we surveyed at one moment county upon county, of rich, merry, sylvan England, mansioned, abbeyed, towered, spired, castled; and at another, different, and yet not discordant, say, rather, most harmonious

with that other level scene, the innumerous mountains of Wales, cloud-crested, or clearly cutting with outlines free, flowing or fantastic,—here the deep blue, there the dark purple, and yonder the bright crimson sky! Wales, glorious, even were she without other glory, with Plinlimmon, Cader-Idris, Snowdon,

"Vocal no more since Cambria's fatal day,
To high-born Hoel's harp, or soft Llewellyn's lay."

Now borne as on an angel's wing, and in the "very waist and middle of the night," we sat down a Solitary on Derwent-water's shore,

"While the cataract of Lodore
Peal'd to our orisons!"

Now while Luna and her nymphs delighted to behold their own beauty on its breathless bosom, we hung in a little skiff, like a water-lily moored in moonshine, in the fairest of all fair scenes in nature, and the brightest of all the bright—how sweet the music of her name, as it falls from our lips with a blessing—Windermere—Windermere!

And thus we robbed all England of her beauty and her sublimity, her grandeur and her magnificence, and bore it all off and away treasured in our heart of hearts. Thus, the towers and temples of Oxford were haunted with new visions —thus in London we were assailed by sounds and sights from the far-off solitude of rocks, and cliffs, and woods, and mountains, on whose summits hung setting suns, or rose up in spiritual beauty the young crescent moon, or crowded unnumbered planets, or shone alone in its lustre,

"The star of Jove, so beautiful and large,"

as if the other eyes of heaven were afraid to sustain the serenity of that one orb divine!

But still as the few soul-brightening, soul-strengthening suns of youth rolled on,—those untamed years, of which every day, it might seem indeed every hour, brought the consciousness of some new knowledge, some new feeling, that made the present greater than the past, and was giving perpetual promise of a still greater future,—promise that was the divine manna of hope—while the world of nature continued to our eyes, our hearts, and our imaginations, dearer and more dear, saddened or sublimed by associations clothing with green

gladness the growth of the young, with hoary sadness the decay of the old trees,

"Moulding to beauty many a mouldering tower;"

and in storm or sunshine investing with a more awful or a more peaceful character the aspect of the many-shipped sea,—even then, when the world of the senses was in its prime, and light and music did most prodigally abound in the air and the waters, in the heavens and on the earth, we rejoiced with yet a far exceeding joy, we longed with yet a far exceeding desire, we burned with yet a far exceeding passion, for all that was growing momently brighter and more bright, darker and more dark, vaster and more vast, within the self-discovered region of mind and spirit! There swept along each passion, like a great wind—there the sudden thought

"Shot from the zenith like a falling star!"

We wished not to "have lightened the burden of the mystery of all that unintelligible world!" It was the mystery which, trembling, we loved—awaking suddenly to the quaking of our own hearts, at solitary midnight, from the divine communion of dreams, that like spirits for ever haunted our sleep.

"'Tis mind alone—bear witness, heaven and earth!—
'Tis mind alone that in itself contains
The beauteous or sublime!"

Where are the blasts born that bring the clouds across the stars? Where are the thoughts born that bring clouds across our souls? The study of physics is sublime, for the student feels as if mounting the lower steps of the ladder leading up to God in the skies. But the metaphysics of our own moral, our own intellectual being, sublimer far! when reason is her own object, and conscience, by her own light, sees into her own essence!

And where shall such studies be best pursued? Not alone in the sacred silence of the Academic Grove—although there should be their glimmering beginnings, and there their glorified but still obscurest end. But through the dim, doubting, and often sorely disturbed intermediate time, when man is commanded by the being within him to mingle with man, when smiles, and sighs, and tears, are most irresistible, and when the look of an eye can startle the soul into a passion of love

or hate, then it is that human nature must be studied—or it will remain unknown and hidden for ever—must be studied by every human being for himself, in the poetry and philosophy of Life! As that life lies spread before us like a sea! At first, like delighted, wondering, and fearful children, who keep gazing on the waves that are racing like living creatures from some far-off region to these their own lovely and beloved shores,—or still with unabated admiration, at morning, see the level sands yellowing far away, with bands of beautiful birds walking in the sun, or, having trimmed their snowy plumage, wheeling in their pastime, with many wild-mingled cries, in the glittering air—with here—there—yonder some vessel seemingly stranded, and fallen helpless on her side, but waiting only for the tide to waken her from her rest, and again to waft her, on her re-expanded wings, away into the main! Then, as the growing boy becomes more familiar with the ebb and the flow—with all the smiles and frowns on the aspect —all the low and sweet, all the loud and sullen, tones of the voice of the sea—in his doubled delight he loses half his dread, launches his own skiff, paddles with his own oar, hoists his own little sail—and, ere long, impatient of the passion that devours him, the passion for the wonders and dangers that dwell on the great deep, on some day disappears from his birthplace and his parents' eyes, and, years afterwards, returns a thoughtful man from his voyaging round the globe!

Therefore, to know ourselves, we sought to penetrate into the souls of other men—to be with them, in the very interior of their conscience, when they thought no eye was upon them but the eye of God. 'Twas no seclusion of the spirit within itself to take cognisance of its own acts and movements; but we were led over the fortunes and works of human beings wherever their minds have acted or their steps have trod. All sorrow and all joy, the calamities which have shaken empires, the crimes which have hurried single souls into perdition, the grounds of stability, just order, and power, in the great societies of men—the peace and happiness that have blossomed in the bosom of innocent life, the loves that have interwoven joy with grief, the hopes that no misery can overwhelm, the fears that no pleasure can assuage, the gnawing of the worm that never dies, the bliss of conscience, the bale of remorse, the virtue of the moral, and the piety of the reli-

gious spirit,—all these, and everything that human life, in its inexhaustible variety, could disclose, became the subjects of inquiry, emotion, thought, to our intellect seeking knowledge of human nature, to us a student desirous, in restless and aspiring youth, to understand something of his own soul—of that common being in which he lives and breathes, and of which, from no other source, and no other aid, can he ever have any uninspired revelation.

Is it wonderful then that we, like other youths with a soul within them, mingled ourselves and our very being with the dark, bright, roaring, hushed, vast, beautiful, magnificent, guilty, and glorious London!

Coleridge, that rich-freighted Argosie tilting in sunshine over Imagination's Seas, feared not—why should he have feared?—in a poem of his youth—to declare to all men,

> "To me hath Heaven, with bounteous hand, assigned
> Energic reason and a shaping mind."

That boast may not pass our lips! Yet what forbids us even now exultingly to say, that nature had not withheld from us the power of genial delight in all the creations of genius; and that she shrouded, as with a gorgeous canopy, our youth, with the beauty and magnificence of a million dreams? Lovely to our eyes was all the loveliness that emanated from more gifted spirits, and in the love with which we embraced it, it became our very own! We caught the shadows of high thoughts as they passed along the wall, reflected from the great minds meditating in the hallowed shade! And thenceforth they peopled our being! Nor haply did our own minds not originate some intellectual forms and combinations, in their newness fair, or august—recognised as the product of our own more elevated moods, although unarrayed, it might be, in words, or passing away with their symbols into oblivion, nor leaving a trace behind—only a sense of their transitory presence, consolatory and sublime! Even then, in thy loud streets, O London! as the remembrance of Scotland's silent valleys came suddenly and softly upon our hearts, a wish, a hope, a belief arose that the day might come, when even our voice might not be altogether unlistened to by the happy dwellers there,—haply faint, low, and irregular, like the song of some bird—one of the many linnets—in its happiness half-afraid to tune

its melodies, amidst the minstrelsy of Merle and Mavis with which the whole forest rings!

Often do we vainly dream that Time works changes only by ages—by centuries! But who can tell what even an hour may bring forth? Decay and destruction have "ample room and verge enough," in such a City; and in one year they can do the work of many generations. This century is but young—scarcely hath it reached its prime. But since its first year rolled round the sun, how many towers and temples have in ever-changeful London "gone to the earth!" How many risen up whose "statures reach the sky!" Dead is the old King in his darkness, whom all England loved and reverenced. Princes have died, and some of them left not a name—mighty men of war have sunk, with all their victories and all their trophies, vainly deemed immortal, into oblivion!—Mute is the eloquence of Pitt's and of Canning's voice!—In that Abbey, the thought of whose sacred silence did often touch his high heart, when all his fleet was moored in peace, or bearing down in line of battle, now Nelson sleeps!—And thousands, unknown and unhonoured, as wise, or brave, in themselves as good and as great as those whose temples fame hath crowned with everlasting halo, have dropt the body, and gone to God. How many thousand fairest faces, brightest eyes, have been extinguished and faded quite away! Fairer and brighter far to him whose youth they charmed and illumined, than any eyes that shall ever more gaze on the flowers of earth, or the stars of heaven!

Methinks the westering sun shines cooler in the garden—that the shades are somewhat deepened—that the birds are not hopping round our head, as they did some hour ago—that in their afternoon siesta they are mute. Another set of insects are in the air. The flowers, that erewhile were broad and bright awake, with slumbering eyne are now hanging down their heads; and those that erewhile seemed to slumber, have awoke from their day-dreams, and look almost as if they were going to speak. Have you a language of your own—dear creatures—for we know that ye have loves? But, hark, the Gong—the Gong! in the hand of John, smiting it like the slave of some Malay-chief. In our Paradise there is "fear that dinner cool," mortal man must eat—and thus endeth

"Our Midsummer-Day's Dream."

THE MAN OF TON. A SATIRE.

[JUNE 1828.]

What a noble poem would that be which did justice to its name of *London, a Satire!* The highest kind of satire belongs to the highest kind of poetry. Isaiah and Jeremiah were satirists—and is London not another Babylon? But those bards were prophets—the generations now are the uninspired sons of little men. Yet let no poet but of the highest order stir up with a long pole the wild beasts in that den of many cages, whether he desires to show up and off lions, bears, tigers, panthers, ounces, jaguars, hyenas, wolves, asleep or feeding—or desires, by some gentler touch, to exhibit in their natural attitudes and postures zebras, quaggas, nylghaus, antelopes, kangaroos, opossums, apes, and monkeys—standing boldly or gracefully as if in their own African or Asiatic deserts, or sitting anomalously on their hurdies, as if in New Holland or Van Diemen's Land, or swinging all agrin and a-chatter over bar and to wire, as if gathering a "pretty considerable snatch of nuts, I guess," in the woods of the New World, "and then right slick away," in terror of Jonathan's rifle, paid for at five dollars a-day by a naturalist in Philadelphia.

Dr Johnson's *London, a Satire*, is a noble poem. But his great moral genius was constrained in composition by the perpetual parody on his powerful prototype, Juvenal. To have shown so much genius and so much ingenuity at one and the same time, to have been so original even in imitation, places him in the highest order of minds. But his range was here circumscribed; for he had to move parallel with the Roman—finding out in every passage corresponding and kindred sins,—and in order to preserve—which he did wondrously—the similitude—

> "To bridle in his struggling muse with pain,
> Which long'd to launch into a nobler strain."

He had noble faculties and noble feelings—a hate high as heaven of wickedness, a scorn as high of all that was base or mean—wide knowledge of the World, of London, of Life—severe judgment—imagination not very various, perhaps, but very vivid, and, when conjoined with such an intellect, even wonder-working in realms that seemed scarcely of right to belong to the solemn sage—witness the *Happy Valley* of Rasselas, and indeed all that as yet unsurpassed Story, where, on the wings of fancy and feeling, you are wafted along over the earth, yet never lose sight of its flesh-and-blood inhabitants working and weeping, yet not unhappy still in their toils and their tears, and dying but to live again in no cold, glittering, poetic heaven, but in the abodes of bliss, seen by the eyes of nature through the light of religion, builded in the skies.

Dryden was a fine, bold, stout, strong, and sweeping satirist; but, vacillating in his own principles and practice, in many of the highest affairs which a man has to discuss and settle with his own soul, "Glorious John," with the native strength of a giant, sometimes felt his own knees smiting against one another, his legs tottering, his footing unsure; and therefore he not unfrequently failed to pour out the whole force of his fury, often most wordy when weakest far—for surely, had it been otherwise, he needed not to have feared—or at least not to have fancied—such a sumph as Shadwell. Dryden seems to have been a man of wavering principles, but warm and generous feelings; so he had one of the best, and one of the worst qualities which a satirist can possess. But then, what an ear for music!

"The long resounding march, the energy divine!"

What clearness too of diction, through all his easy-flowing versification of various murmur! So that you are never wearied with the delight of listening to the voice of the stream on which you float down between majestic banks. Even when the satire languishes, the poetry is magnificent; and you are brought back, with a refreshed appetite, to devour the castigation of the knave or fool whom you and the poet had for a while forgotten.

Pope was an exquisite satirist; but it is not an exquisite satirist that is to show up such a city as London to scorn. His pigmy and puny body did somewhat affect the character

of his mind. We fear that poor Pope was often ailing—that perhaps he never in all his life enjoyed one day of perfect health. This gave something, at times, touching to his character—and to his situation much that was even pathetic. In his serious poetry, sorrow is seen, we think, through many passages; and his mirth, which is rare, is still seldom without a tinge—a dash of melancholy. It was only when he gave vent to love or indignation that he was a great writer. Witness his "Eloisa to Abelard"—and his "Elegy to the Memory of an Unfortunate Lady"—and the glorious "Dunciad." In the first of these poems, the "Eloisa," Pope treated the bitterness of the passion of love, under circumstances so peculiar and strange, that none but such a man could ever have dreamt of meddling with them;—poor unfortunate little fellow! And in the "Dunciad," when his ire was kindled, on a subject where he felt himself strong as on the other he was weak—his literary, not his amatory powers—how in mud he drowned the dunces!—His love for "the Blount" was tender, passionate, undeserved, and ill-requited, by an ordinary woman, who could never help despising the very being of whom she was nevertheless proud—for the contempt was the more natural emotion of the two to such a creature—the pride was secondary and acquired. How bitterly he calumniated Lady Mary Wortley Montague, for reasons plain enough—till her fair face grew as red as her petticoat, and as blue as her stockings. Then he became a courtier, in the feebleness of his person. He panegyrised such lords as Marchmont and Cobham, till they both must have blushed black;—but posterity heeds not their blushes, for posterity has forgotten them both, embalmed though they be in Epistles which, whether they be indeed poetry or not, you must consult the late Lord Byron and the present Mr Bowles, the late Mr Gilchrist and the present Mr Roscoe,[1] Mr Campbell, whose opinion, even when wrong, is worth its weight in gold, and that immeasurable donkey, MacDermot "On Taste and Tragedy," whose ears, "casting their shadows before," have been known to frighten out of their wits children at play in the churchyard, where he had chanced to be on the look-out

[1] In connection with the controversy carried on at this time by these writers, as to whether nature or art supplied the more suitable materials for poetry, the question had arisen—Was Pope a poet?—See *Noctes Ambrosianæ*, vol. i. p. 12.

for thistles, and who were thus saved—poor dear innocents—by insensibility, from the prolonged horrors of his super-asinine bray.

Talking of churchyards, old big-wigged Dr Young, author of the *Night Thoughts*, a poem which will always be read by thoughtful people who have but few books, are poor, and live in the country, was no small shakes in satire. He was himself the prey of his own epigrammatic genius, that would never let him rest in ordinary speech, but kept pointing every line as it came up, often at the wrong end, so that the careless reader is sometimes unexpectedly stung, and loses his temper, like an old woman taking up without due caution a needle by the sharp nose, instead of the blunt eye—or a pin out of her mouth in like predicament. Yet the doctor had a clear far-seeing eye for vice and folly. He did not, however, "shoot folly as it flies," for he was afraid of missing, but let bang at her in the seat; and it is funny to see her, like a hare shot in form, jumping up some six feet or so, and then down again to the ground with a thud, a quadrupedal sprawl, and then over on her back or side, stone-dead. The doctor sometimes makes "much ado about nothing," and mouths as if in the pulpit. You always know that you are reading a satire written by a man in black, and with bands. He sometimes seems to be angry with sins solely because they insult him in his character of a clergyman, and have no respect for the cloth. He writes, at other times, like a disappointed man who had no hopes of ever becoming a bishop; and perhaps in lawn sleeves he had been less truculent about trifles, for spiritual peers are in general more pompous than savage. To cut up poor curates and such small deer would be monstrous in a Mitre. Men of the world used, we believe, to laugh at the doctor's satire, but we suspect on the left side of their mouths; for instead of tickling, he stabbed them in the midriff, and the Lorenzo of his *Night Thoughts*, who is there always a gentleman, was transmogrified in his regular satires into a mere vile and vulgar sceptic. All his writings, however, want keeping—are distinguished by exaggeration and disproportion. He hammers vice well when laid on the anvil, but he is not expert at hitting the right nail on the head; and often, when wielding his mace against a fly sticking to the wall, merely shatters the wainscot. But Young was a poet, nevertheless, of a high order. He had

a fine imagination, and deep sensibilities; and has produced single lines, and passages, seldom if ever excelled, and in their meaning perhaps more profound than the poet himself knew, for he was subject to fits of inspiration.

Churchill was a poor, low, unprincipled, vicious, coarse creature, with smartness that sometimes was almost strength; and what to us must in such a person alway be a mystery, he had a command over the English language, as far as his mind enabled him to go in it, which made everything he said tell, far beyond its native worth or power, and has secured him no contemptible place among English satirists. His style certainly is pure and idiomatic. He was the terror of pimps and players—and his ghost probably haunted Garrick, although it was hardly worth its while to come up for such a purpose. Let a thing be but well executed,—poor, paltry, and pitiful, as in its own nature it may be,—and it lasts. It is so with the *Rosciad*. The splendour of that farthing candle burned bright during Garrick's life,—not only illuminating the green-room, but all London, all England: long after his decease, it continued to glimmer away very respectably; and we have heard elderly gentlemen within these twenty years (one of them lived in Ludlow), belonging to the school whose day was just wearing out, quote the *Rosciad* by screeds; lines in it are still recognised when they meet the ear or the eye; and possibly the entire affair may never be, from beginning to end, utterly forgotten as long as there are theatres.

"That Davies has a very pretty wife,"

was reckoned one of the severest and happiest lines ever written, and "ex uno disce omnes." Oh dear! but a little wit goes a long way in this stupid world. Then Churchill had much rancour and a large spleen, which is always in an inverse ratio to the size of the heart. This gave him spirit for a spurt. But he had no bottom. He was also a coward; and, like a coward, liked to frighten the feeble into fits of fear. Had Hogarth, instead of caricaturing him badly, floored him by a right-handed facer, or a lunge in the kidneys,—John Bee is our authority for saying that Hogarth could spar a bit,—Churchill had been cowed, and bit his nail and pen in insolent malice. Why Dr Johnson, whom he libelled as Pomposo, did not break his bones, we cannot conjecture; perhaps because the scamp was a parson; and Samuel had such a respect

for the Church, that he would not even inflict personal chastisement on a blackguard who had once preached from an Episcopalian pulpit. Yet we believe he once threatened to drub Churchill; and probably forbore carrying the threat into execution, because he had attacked Scotland. Some of the lines in his "Prophecy of Famine," about the poverty of Scotland, are well turned; but the satire is commonplace; and after the first pleasure of surprise arising from the image—images from natural history always please—

"Where half-starved spiders feed on half-starved flies,"

it is felt that such grotesque exaggerations are easy—for once pitch the key, and all the rest of the monotonous strain, called satire, follows of course. Severe as was the state of starvation in which Scotland then pined, the poorest cottar that dug in ditch was better, because more honestly fed, on meal and water, with no milk, and little salt, than this hungry knave bilking his bill in taverns—to-day feasting on ortolans, yesterday tearing tripe, and to-morrow eyeing an empty trencher; but still, on Saturday and Sunday alike, no better than a thief. Scotland must have been very stupid in those days, not to have settled the hash of such a scribbler—for, after all, he was not much better; and had he lived now, we would have gagged him in a single Number, and made him for life a dummy. If any one of his admirers scoff at us for thinking and saying so, why let him play a similar part—put himself into Churchill's shoes—publish a satire on Scotland—and await a month or six weeks for the result. We will so scourge his posteriors with the original of the pretty picture of the Scotch Thistle on the cover of the Magazine, that he shall not be able to take his seat among the satirists, though with a sevenfold shield of diaculum-plaster. Tarring and feathering would be a joke to our pastime—to have no resting-place for the sole of your foot must be very wearisome indeed; but oh! worse, many million times, to have chairs, and sofas, and ottomans, pressed upon you in all parties, in parlour and dining-room, and yet not to dare to sit down for one moment, in fear of perishing of prickles! The very corpse of such a culprit would need to be laid out on its face. Such, as a satirist—and he was nothing else—was Churchill.

Savage was a man of a superior class—but he was a villain. He was made so either by nature or his stars. Yet he must

have had a strong semblance of some virtue, since Samuel Johnson loved him—for Samuel would not have loved a man merely on account of his talents. There was, however, a sympathy of situation and condition; for they were both poor, and necessity, as often and as much as choice, made them stroll together—moralising and philosophising—yet, we fear, not always so—up and down the midnight streets, and lanes, and alleys of London. It was just as well that the Lexicographer was not with Savage in that house of ill-fame, when, in a doubtful brawl, he became a stabber; afterwards condemned to die on the scaffold. Savage showed the blackness of his heart in his conduct to the Countess of Macclesfield, whom, if he indeed believed her to be his mother, he treated as unnaturally as he accused her of treating himself; and in that case, like mother like son. But though Savage was no doubt somebody's bastard, he was not the bastard of that lady, as Boswell has proved;[1] and we hope, for his own sake, that he never thought he was; in which case, he was not an unnatural monster, but merely an audacious swindler. A swindler he certainly was; and his insolent ingratitude to Pope, who either relieved him in prison, or kept him out of it —we forget which—the detail, we think, is in one of our friend D'Israeli's admirable books—was of itself quite enough to show his character in its real and odious light. Such a man could never have been a great satirist. His own conscience could never have been sufficiently at ease to allow him to chastise the crimes or vices of others; for it may be laid down as a general rule, admitting no exceptions, that a great satirist must be a good man. Yet there are admirable lines in Savage, as

"Conceived in rapture, and with fire begot,"

And,

"No tenth transmitter of a foolish face."

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[1] Boswell calls in question the parentage of Savage, on the ground that he failed to secure a legacy, of which he could not have been defrauded had he been really the son of the Countess of Macclesfield. Mr Croker thinks this argument decisive. "I confess I do not," says Mr Peter Cunningham. I agree with Mr Cunningham; and I am farther of opinion that, in so far his mother Lady Macclesfield was concerned, Savage was more "sinned against than sinning." He was, however, a man of very irregular habits, of dissolute character, and perverted moral sentiments. See *Johnson's Lives of Poets*, by P. Cunningham, vol. ii. p. 346.

You think you see the young Esquire—and his long line of ancestors—and his posterity too, for the Face will continue to be handed down, depend upon it, till death destroys a direct descendant before he has had time to propagate; and a nephew or cousin steps in to vary a little the physiognomy at the Hall, though the same dull, dead, large, grey goggle eye, remains ungouged; and in a few descents the Face will to a moral certainty reappear in its pristine foolishness. Savage, besides, was probably something of a scholar, though Johnson's fine philosophical biography of him must be read with many salvoes; for nothing is more common than for men of great acquirements to transfer, in a fit of enthusiasm for some unworthy associate, the glory that is in themselves alone, to one whose endowments may be considerable, but who, on the whole, is but a very inferior character. Yet Savage is a sort of name in English literature; and *The Wanderer* is a vigorous, and, had he been an honest man, would have been a pathetic composition.

Different from Savage as light from darkness was Cowper as a moral creature, and as an intellectual one so infinitely his superior, that by the side of the immortal author of *The Task*, the transitory writer of *The Wanderer* sinks down dwarfed into the obscurest name. Cowper was a man, not only of the finest and profoundest sensibilities, but of very strong passions, which, cruelly thwarted and disappointed, and defrauded of their just joy in very early youth, shook the whole constitution of his being, and tainted it with melancholy and with madness, or aggravated and brought out the hereditary disease. His later life—indeed almost all his life, after he had reached the prime of manhood—was so calm and quiet in its ongoings to the outward eye, and for the most part was really so indeed; —The hearth, at which he and Mrs Unwin sat—the Mary, whose tender affection and its uncommon ties his genius has consecrated and immortalised—burned with such a seemingly cheerful and tender uniformity, except when disturbed by thoughts for which at times there was no relief, not even the voice from heaven;—The Poet was so devoted to his flowers, and his hothouse plants, and his pigeons and his rabbits,—that is, to everything fair or harmless in animate or inanimate nature;—His intercourse with the world was so small, it being like that of some benevolent hermit who had sought

refuge in retirement from the troubles that beset him in society, without being in the least an ascetic, or his sympathies being either deadened or narrowed with the human beings living in another sphere;—All his more serious studies (we make no allusion to his religion, which was more than serious, always solemn, and too often dreadful) were of a kind so remote from the everyday interests of the passing time, and even from the intellectual pursuits most popular and most powerful, for good or for evil, in the world which he had so nearly forsaken;—His ambition and love of fame, which, though deep, and strong, and pure, and high, because they were born and sustained by the consciousness of genius, that, beyond all things else, rejoiced in interpreting the word of God, as it is written in the fair volume of nature, and in the book which reveals what in nature is hidden, and beyond all finding out, were so linked with holy undertakings and achievements in which God alone should be glorified, that they seem to be hardly compatible with any permanent design of busying himself with drawing pictures of passions rife in common existence, so as to embody moral instruction in a satirical form;—Altogether there seems something so soft, so sweet, so delicate, so tender, almost so fragile in the peculiar structure of his bodily frame,—a spirit of cohesion among all his faculties both of thought and feeling so very unworldly—and such a refinement of manners about him as may not be called fastidiousness, but rather a shrinking timidity, so that, like the sensitive plant, he was, as it were, paralysed by the least touch of rudeness, and, perhaps unknown to his own heart, courted retirement the more to escape the chance of such shocks as carelessness or coarseness often unintentionally inflict;—That we are not prepared to think of such a being, if such Cowper were, standing forth a satirist of the follies and absurdities of his kind, no less than of their worst and most flagrant delinquencies, and to see him with a bold grasp shaking the blossom of the full-blown sins of the People. Yet this Cowper did; and his satire is sublime. There is not anywhere that we know of in the language such satires as his "Table Talk," "Progress of Error," "Truth," "Expostulation," "Hope," "Charity," "Conversation," "Retirement." Perhaps we ought to call those compositions by some other name, for they are full of almost all kinds of the noblest poetry. Never were the principles of

the real wealth of nations more grandly expounded, illustrated, and enforced—national honour, faith, freedom, patriotism, independence, religion, all sung in magnificent strains, kindled alternately by the pride and indignation of a Briton exulting in, or ashamed of, the land of saints and heroes. No want of individual portraits of fools, knaves, and even ruffians. The same man, who was well satisfied to sit day after day beside an elderly lady, sewing caps and tippets, except when he was obliged to go and water the flowers, or feed the rabbits, rose up, when Poetry came upon him, sinewy and muscular as a mailed man dallying for a while with a two-edged sword, as if to try its weight and temper, when about to sheer down the Philistines. Cowper goes forth in his holy ire like a man inspired and commissioned. You see his soul glowing and burning with fires kindled on the altar of religion. He comes strong from the study of the old prophets. And in some of his most magnificent marches, you think that you hear the Bible transformed into another shape of poetry, the essence being the same, nor are the sacred strains profaned by being sounded to a lyre smote by such a hand—a hand uplifted duly, many times and oft, besides night and morn, in prayer, and ever "open as day to melting charity." How he sheds sudden day into the midnight darkness of London, lying bare with all her sins and iniquities! The dark City quakes as she is suddenly brightened, and stands confessed in all her guilt, in which she dares not to glory, now that the hand of heaven seems stretched forth to avenge and destroy. There is nothing in Byron of such sustained majesty as Cowper's Expostulation with this Queen of the Cities of the earth—nor even in Wordsworth. In a comparison or parallel between these two great bards, Cowper and Wordsworth, which we intend ere long to attempt, we shall venture on some quotations even from the poetry of the author of *The Task*, for we believe that by *The Task* he is chiefly known; nor is it wrong, or wonderful, that he should be—but assuredly in his earlier poems, there is more of the *vivida vis animi*, even of the *Mens Divinior*, although for reasons that will be afterwards given to those who wish or want them, they never can be so incorporated with the *read* poetry of England. Even as a personal satirist—that is the satirist of particular vices, as they are exhibited in individual characters whose portraits are unspar-

ingly drawn, we know of nobody with whom Cowper may not take rank; while, as a general satirist of that mysterious compound of good and evil, Man, we know nobody who may take rank with him,—for spleen, rancour, bile, in his loftiest moods, he has none,—there is a profound melancholy often mingling with his ire, for he knows that he too is of the same blind race, whom he upbraids with their folly and their wickedness; he hates sin, but he loves and pities the sinner;—his is not the railing of sanctimonious pride, but, as a Christian, he feels that he "does well to be angry;"—his Morality is always pure and high, but his Religion is a power purer and higher far—its denunciations are altogether of a different nature, appealing to other fears, and other hopes, and other sanctions; and in the spirit of religion alone will any satire ever be poured from the lips of man, which, because of its influence on human happiness and virtue, may be named sacred, holy, divine, and enrolled among the other records of Immortal Song.

To Cowper, Byron, as a satirist, was far inferior in divine energy. Indeed, his energy in that department, so far from being divine, was intensely human, and in that intensity lay its power, often great and triumphant, but irregular and misdirected, and just as often defeating itself,—the chief emotions produced in our mind being pain to see such noble gifts abused,—indignation at the recklessness of his injustice,—and, in some striking instances, a high sympathy with the scorn of the men vainly imagined by him to be his victims,—but, in truth, unscathed in their genius and virtue, by the charges that, though launched in lightning, either fall harmless at their feet, and expire in smoke, or recoil dangerously on him from whose unhallowed hand they had been let loose, and bring the hurt and ignominy which were designed for theirs on his own head—to the entire satisfaction of the world looking on the unprovoked assault, and for a while fearful of the issue. It is a humbling—a shocking—a revolting sight—to see a man of transcendent endowments, like Byron, vulgarly abusing the genius from which, in the highest inspiration of his poetry, he delights to borrow; to hear him expressing hatred and scorn of those men who had taught him so much of what was wise, and good, and great, in his own thoughts and feelings; and but for whom his own works, glorious as they

are, had been less glorious; the wanderings of the "Noble Childe" himself, "musing by flood and fell," had been less sublime; and Nature herself, to his eyes, as a poet, in a great measure a sealed book. But the soul within him was easily disturbed and distracted, and his ear had been poisoned. Left to his own natural thoughts and feelings, which, in his solemn hours, were always great, or akin to greatness, Byron would have worshipped the genius of the living with much of the religion with which he worshipped the genius of the dead. But his moral being was assailed from many quarters—and nature's best affections and passions, by his own fault, by the fault of another, by the fault of the world, and by evil fortune, seemed at last to be turned against him,—so that Byron in the blaze of fame, and all the glory of genius, did feel,—he has himself confessed it,—as if excommunicated! No wonder then, perhaps, that his satire was reckless and bitter—his merriment often outrageous—because that of an unhappy man. But his genius seldom, though sometimes, deserted him, to whatever unworthy tasks it might be reduced. It remained faithful with him to the last; nor was its power or inspiration abated, but with the dying struggles of the poor expatriated poet, closing his eyes afar off from friendship and love—from all kindred, and from the face of the young vision—

"Ada, sole daughter of his house and heart!"

Gifford, we suppose, was not a bad satirist; but of his powers it is hard to judge, for we know not how to distinguish between his own gall, his own bile, his own spleen, and those same charming commodities furnished to him by others—by choice contributors to the *Quarterly*. Few satirical articles in the *Quarterly* have been of much merit—bitter bigotry is not keen wit—and it requires original genius to render tolerable intolerance. Of fine, free, flowing, fearless, joyous, extravagant, horse-playing, horse-laughing, horse-funking, insane and senseless mad humour, not one single drop, not one single gleam, not one single "nicher," ever moistened, or irradiated, or shook the pages of that staid, sober, solemn, stately, King—Church—and Constitution Periodical. The ghastly editor grinned as he cut up the grubs, like a grim insect-butcher, instead of smiling like a suave entomologist. Your true naturalist, having first smoked his beetle to death,

pins him down in the glass-case with a pleasant countenance, a preparation undisfigured, though pierced through the spine by a small thin, sharp, bright polished spear, labelled with the creature's scientific name. O bright blue sunny spring and summer skies, why hunt butterflies with the same truculent physiognomy, the same sly stealth, and the same bold leap, with which, in the deserts of Africa, you would attack a tiger roaring against you with a tufted tail, some ten or twenty feet high? Why treat an ass as if he were a lion? A dragon-fly is not a dragon. Mr Merry was not an Avatar, descending in his Tenth Incarnation to destroy the world—Mrs Mary Robinson, though certainly not the thing, was yet not the Lady of Babylon, with her hell-red petticoat and cup of abomination, in her sinful and city-sinking hand. Yet the crabbed, elderly, retired little studious gentleman was as proud of his Bæviad and Mæviad, as if, like another Hercules, he had scoured of robbers the inside and the outside of the whole world. Then it is one thing, we shrewdly suspect, to be the translator of Juvenal and Persius, and another thing to be those gentlemen themselves,—just, too, as it is one thing for a true poet of the olden time to have composed, in a fit of inspiration of passion, that elegiac song of almost unendurable pathos,

> "I wish I were where Helen lies,
> Day and night on me she cries,"

and another thing for a false poetaster of the new time to have scribbled in a sort of waspish grief, very like anger, an imitation thereof, as inferior in beauty to the original, as William Gifford's housekeeper, no doubt a worthy woman in her way, inclined to corpulency, and with hair too, too red, was inferior to Adam Fleming's Lady-Love, the Flower of Kirk-Connel, tall and graceful as the lily or the harebell, the blue-bell of Scotland, that on its airy stalk is beloved of the sun, who fears with his kisses to melt the dewdrops on its heavenly blossoms. Mr Lockhart is another guess kind of man. We say to all blockheads, in the words of one of his own Spanish Ballads,

> "Hurra, hurra! avoid the way of the Avenging Childe!"

while the grief and the joy of his poetry, as it is the grief and the joy that has passed through his own generous heart,

unborrowing and unborrowed, speaks the original language of the passions, a language always true to nature, and triumphant in her power. How from the fanners of his genius would the cockchafers of Cockneys fly like very chaff indeed!

The satire of the *Anti-Jacobin* was often fine and good. What else could it be when Ellis and Frere, and Smith, and Canning, were triumphing in the "noble rage" of their youthful genius! It stung the Whigs into the impotence of palsy—to drivelling death. But "'tis pitiful, 'tis wondrous pitiful," to think how politics do so soon all pass away! How is it possible to remember satires on forgotten fools—knaves buried in oblivion?

> "Thelwall! and ye that lecture as ye go,
> And for your pains get pelted—praise *Lepaux!*"

Who was Thelwall—who Lepaux? "The one was a tailor, the other a butcher," some reader, with a historical memory for small facts, replies, and

> "*Sic transit gloria Mundi.*"
>
> "So fades, so flourishes, grows dim, and dies,
> All that that world was proud of."

And the two-guinea quarto edition of the poetry of those true wits—and true wits they were—sells on the stalls at the reduced price of six-and-eightpence—a pettifogger's fee!

Of the once famous *Rolliad*—the celebrated Probationary Odes—what man under fifty can recite a line? Yet they were chiefly the work of a man of great talents, learning, almost genius—Lawrence—assisted by the ingenious, the graceful, the classical, and the romantic George Ellis, from whose pen, and from whose tongue, and from whose eyes, everything fell in power and beauty, for he was one of England's rarest spirits—witness the immortal Specimens, immortal because true Poetry is so, and kind and congenial and erudite criticism, devoted to the elucidation of her darkness, shares in her immortality.

Old Mathias is not yet dead—and may he breathe the air of Italy till he is a century old, for he is a scholar, and therefore we shall say no severe things of the *Pursuits of Literature*. But, our dear ancient sir, is it not a little feeble or so—dealing too much with the illustrious obscure? Yet,

in as far as literature, and poetry, and philosophy are by their nature higher than politics, and more enduring, even in their least divine spirit, and most perishable form, so have the *Pursuits* a glimmering existence, while those others have nearly or wholly ceased to be. The text is still occasionally quotable—there are things in the notes not yet extinguished in the dark. The eulogy on

"The self-supported melancholy Gray,"

we for one have by heart,[1] and we can say what few can, that by working in the gloom and the glimmer,

"Hunting half a day for a forgotten dream,"

we could piece together his affectionate tribute of admiration to the learning, the wisdom, and the genius of Glynn (who, asks our gentle reader, was he?) the "loved Iapis[2]" of the Cam, Poet and Physician, and in both capacities not unbeloved by Apollo.

Mercy on us! we have forgotten Junius—good, stupid, old, grey-headed Taylor and Hessey's darling pet, Sir Philip Francis! Ay, he was indeed a satirist—spirited and splendid ever—and it is only wonderful how he should have been so written about by blockheads. But his winged words were not in verse, for the "Vices," we hope, he never even saw—and therefore for the present we leave him to the fondling of his last discoverer and dry-nurse, and the rest of the old women.

[1] "Say, would your thought to Homer's pomp aspire,
Or wake to loftiest rapture Pindar's lyre?
Go then and view, since closed his cloister'd day,
The self-supporting melancholy Gray:
Dark was his morn of life, and bleak the spring,
Without one fostering ray from Britain's king;
Granta's dull abbots cast a sidelong glance,
And Levite gownsmen hugged their ignorance.
With his high spirit strove the master-bard,
And was his own exceeding great reward;
Years without hope in tardy progress pass,
Till some few grains yet lingering in the glass,
He rose, late-heeded by patrician care,
Though private friendship helped him to the chair."

Gray was appointed Professor of Modern History in the University of Cambridge, late in life, by the Duke of Grafton, the chancellor, at the particular recommendation (as it was strongly believed) of Mr Stonehaven.—*Pursuits of Literature*, p. 15.

[2] A favourite of Apollo, commemorated by Virgil, *Æneid*, xii. 391-394.

What shall we say of the *Edinburgh Review?*—Least said is soonest mended. Jeffrey is at once a deep and delicate cutter-up; and nature made him, in his amiability, almost—perhaps entirely—a first-rate satirist. He often touches you, by a seemingly careless pass, with equal dexterity, when you are off and on your guard; but prefers disabling your sword-arm to pinking you through the body. When he does deal a mortal blow, it is always on the right side, never on the left; he seems to think it cruel to pierce your heart, and therefore contents himself with spitting your liver. The old Fencers were fond of the eye, as you may see from the pictures in that curious and scientific old folio on the Art, in the possession of our sound-hearted, nimble-wristed Signior Francalanza, whom, without any disparagement to the illustrious Roland, we delight to honour as a master, and as a man. Jeffrey is up to this trick, and pokes his point—better for the blockhead if it be of foil than of rapier—into the great staring goggle eye of his antagonist, till, blind as a bat, the bully cuts and runs, in plight of Polyphemus or Cacus of old, and is hissed off the stage. His light play is beautiful—and his own guard close, compact, and firm; so that it requires an Admirable Crichton to touch him on a vital part. But he is rather out of practice—rests on his former fame—and is careless about accepting the challenge of a clever Tyro. About the year 1804, or 1805, or 1806, he won the prize-sword, at a public exhibition, from a crowd of no contemptible competitors—and whoever taught him fence, has endless honour in his scholar—for, as our worthy and ingenious friend Pierce Egan would say, "Jack's as good as his master."

Brougham is but an indifferent and awkward hand at the small-sword—the deadliest by far of all weapons—and prides himself in his use of the sabre, the broadsword, or claymore. He is an ugly customer. Nor should we at all relish having our head broken by such a player at single-stick. But he has a loose hanging guard; nor is it difficult, as we opine, for a clever and active antagonist, in no long encounter, to make the blood trickle an inch down his formidable forehead. He blusters and bullies too much during the set-to—is not particularly conscientious about a foul blow—and it is acknowledged on all hands, that he is too much given to *ruffianing it.* It will be in the recollection of all our sporting readers, that

he once suddenly attacked George Canning, that most skilful small-swordsman,—unawares, and out of the ring—and for his pains, got punished by a thrust in the mouth, that almost cut his tongue in two, the point coming out at the cheek, a rueful and ghastly wound that left a scar. He flies at high game. Once on a day, when the "Great Lord" was in Spain, he challenged Wellington himself—but now he wears his arm in a sling, and seems in no mood for fighting. The King of Prussia, and the Emperors of Austria and Russia, has he also roared on to enter the lists—and indeed all the members —either one after another, or all at once—of that invisible, and hitherto apparently pacific body—the Holy Alliance. But fretting, and fuming, and foaming, is not fighting; and though we grant that the odds would be on his head at Tattersall's and Brookes', if matched against old Fred—or the Austrian—we back Nicholas against him at six to four—who, we understand, has threatened to take the shine out of him, were it only to revenge the insult offered of old to his late brother Sandy, who was not a man, had he come to the scratch, to have let Brougham off without a bellyful.

As for Sydney Smith, to him fighting is fun, and he cuts as many capers in the ring as young Spring, the Conqueror. But he is formidable in his frolic—though rather too showy, yet a clean, straight, and even heavy hitter; and most of his antagonists, though heavier men than himself, and deficient in neither science nor bottom, have, after a few rounds, in which their gravity was most amusingly, and to the infinite mirth of all beholders, contrasted with the antics of the Parson who kept hopping about like a mountebank, yet all the while dealing out right and left handers like lightning, been carried out of the ring deaf as a house, and blind as the pier of Leith, or the mole of Tyre. He has fought one or two drawn battles, especially one with the best man then in the ring, under the *nomme de guerre* of Peter Plymley, which was brought to a wrangle, and ended in a draw—but he has never yet been fairly defeated; and to accomplish that will require an out-and-outer.

And now we feel ourselves in a peculiarly delicate situation —and therefore, though far from being "rude in speech," we fear that

"Little shall we grace our cause by speaking of OURSELF!"

Satire is a gift. It seems to be hereditary in families. Our great-grandfather,—we have reason to remember him well—Gamaliel North—he was a wise man as well as a witty, and we were brought up at his knees, which accounts for some of the most striking peculiarities in our character,—handled the Knout, an instrument just then invented, with astonishing vigour and dexterity. Indeed, we question if any one comparable to Gamaliel—not even the present company excepted—exists in this age. Stepping back a few yards, and balancing himself on the bole of the left foot, his outstretched right just touching the ground with the toe, he brandished, flourished,—but these are poor words, altogether inadequate,—he whirled—that is better—the Knout with such velocity round his grey head,—for Gamaliel, at the time we speak of, was waxing old, and well stricken in years,—that it became invisible as the twisted sunbeams. It smote the culprit like light; and at every glance the hide fell peeled off in long regular slips, true to each other's breadth to a hair, from nape to hip-bone of the soul. Some of the sufferers themselves, on whom we have operated, have been since so polite as to compliment us on our performances in language which it would now be gross self-flattery to repeat; yet we fear we are nothing to Gamaliel. Others, again, on whom we have not yet operated, pretend to think our character as executioners greatly overrated; but we cannot help hinting, that it would be prudent for such novices to defer pronouncing judgment for a few months, till our old Knout returns from St Petersburg, where it is now under repair. Leigh Hunt, the last culprit who tasted it, and who is well qualified to speak on the point, having more than once experienced it before, complained to Mr Colburn that it did not *cut so sweetly*—these were his words—as about the Spring of Eighteen—that it was more apt to mangle, tearing off large pieces of flesh to the very spine. He fears injury in the vital parts, which, except perhaps in the case of a crime like his, it is not the aim and object, the scope and tendency of the Knout to inflict. Wait, then, without impatience till it return from Russia, where it has excited the admiration of the Czar, and we think we can promise such a treat with a few delinquents as will vindicate its most sanguinary character from all such weak and wicked aspersions, and convince the whole world that it is still the

same formidable instrument as of yore;—ten stripes, sickness —fifteen, swooning—twenty, death!

Next view us in the light of dissectors. First, we get a good subject. If the subject be a man—an individual, as he is called—a private character, who is also so far a public one, that he has, though no particular enemy of ours more than of everybody else, notwithstanding written a base bad book—we lay him on the table. As our Knout is at St Petersburg, we are illustrating, remember, our meaning by the dissecting-knife. The object, you perceive, is to torture the subject. Of course, we have humanely bound him, hand and foot, bringing the cords some five or six times round about over his body—not yet a corpse, and below the table. He is also gagged. 'Tis as well, too, to draw his nightcap over his face, for as our nerves are fine, the sight of the contortions of his physiognomy might affect the touch of our hand, and make it tremble, which it is absolutely necessary should not happen, in some of the more exquisitely delicate points of the operation. Look at your watch, and then we go to work. It may be advisable to flay some part of him—and as he is lying on his back, we may just as well begin at the breast. The barber belonging to the establishment shaves it, which lubricates the skin and loosens it a little, rendering the operation easier to both parties. Don't heed the beating of the heart. There, lay the flap over the stomach, and did you ever see such black veins, as if filled, not with blood, but with ink? You almost see into the libeller's heart, and can count the very lies. There is the seat of the distemper that has brought him upon that table, and under that knife. Now you were expecting that we were but going to cut him up from head to foot, into an anatomy. In this lies your very common mistake. He might die. Now he lives, and will long live; but in perpetual pain. That flap will never unite again with the flesh. For months and years it will strive to do so, in fiercest fester; but it must finally be clipped off by the shears, and then a new skin will have to begin to grow, like ice, in almost invisible thinness, creeping over the surface of a muddy pool. But after that comes a thaw, a bloody thaw, and the wretch in agony prays for frost. Unbind, unfasten, ungag body, feet, hands, mouth, and let the Cockney rise and shake himself—shivering like a poplar, and white in the face as his own ghost. Give him a

cup of cold water, and force him to put on his clothes. Then, as the cloth touches the raw sore, he shrieks like a torn-up mandrake. Seal his lips in silence, on pain of tearing the covering off his liver, as we have off his heart. Order him off, out of our presence—to Hampstead, if he will—or Lisson Grove—or any other suburban retreat—and as he treads along in misery, and meets an occasional friend, who asks him the meaning of that face of his—of the hand still kept in horror within the covering of the left breast—his white lips utter, they can no more—"From Bartholomew's Hospital—they have flayed my breast alive—Abernethy has done it—no, North—Christopher North—surgeon to Satan—Oh! look, look here!" An indefinite dread of danger sets each successive Cockney to his heels, and in a few days it is known that there is a man in the neighbourhood who has been flayed alive—rumour riots in fresh horror every morning, and finally, it is said, that you can see his heart within his ribs as plain as the combs within a glass-hive—and that maggots, as thick as bees, are running out and in the rotten cells of corruption.

Vary the image, into something between Knife and Knout.

The worst of the Cockneys is, that they are the poorest, most despicable devils! Were the Furies now alive—Tisiphone herself, who seems to us to have had the most intense passion for whipping and scourging of any of that family, though the other two sisters, Megara and Alecto, were far from being amiss in their way, and excited great alarm, whenever the cry about either was, "The schoolmistress is abroad"—Tisiphone herself, we say, would have scorned to degrade her Taws—thrice dipt in Tartarus—to the breech—for the conscience of many of them lies there—of such contemptible transgressors. And shall we condescend to cut into flesh which the Furies would have disdained to score? We who are "fierce as ten furies," and well entitled to be so, but, at the same time, even more judicious than the Thonged Sisters in the selection of our victims, and in the style of our sacrifice? We fly not by night—we haunt not the chamber of sleep. In the sun we stand—and smite the sinner when he is broad awake. But we must fancy before we flay him—front to front must we stand—and with the exception of Hunt and Hazlitt, and a few other Cockneys, who not only retreat, as it is most natural to do, but also advance with their "hinder-

ends" towards you, which it is most unnatural to do,—we cannot charge our memory with an instance of our nine-stinged rattlesnake having been applied to the posteriors of a single living creature during the nineteenth century.

There is no need, at all times, of such strong and figurative language as we have been now using—so let us now give a specimen, in treating of the principles of satire, of the "Mitis sapientia Læli." How pleasant to sport and play in badinage, with some silly fellow of a blockhead, who had taken it into his timber to be severe upon you, when you were last on the Continent, and had been showing off before the world,—to help him by means of certain humane hints, and sly suggestions, to make himself at last utterly ridiculous; while in the guffaws that peal and roar around, he hears the very consummation of his triumph! You have seen, perhaps, a poor happy natural, or idiot, a Bauldy—a creature with a face at once grave and whimsical, long nose, rather to the side, enormous chin, lank plooky jaws, and no forehead, dressed up in regimentals by the officers of some corps, in harmless allowance of the innocent's delusion, who thinks himself the Colonel; an enormous cocked-hat and feather, jack-boots, long-tailed coat sweeping the street, and a sword too—at least a hilt and a scabbard, of which the point goes trailing along on wheels. One might look on the martial sight till he got sad—sad for the sake of the blind being in his pride—sad for the sake of the famous kings and conquerors who, often senseless as that poor idiot, and, unlike him, most wicked too, have strutted over the dead and dying, and played the fool on what are called the fields of fame! But this would be to moralise—and nothing is farther from our present intention than to set either our readers or ourselves to sleep. Well, then, the Bauldy who had been cutting us up, it seems, in our absence, we persuade to array himself in such intellectual regimentals. He imagines himself mightier than any "captain, or colonel, or knight-at-arms," adjusts his sash in the mirror—nay, draws his sword to show its glittering sharpness—it being all the while of painted wood—makes playful passes, as if he would run you through the body, with a weapon which you well know had once failed in sticking a haggis—and then, untying his sword-belt, and laying it down "with an air," of which Hunt himself might be proud, he obeys the bidding of the lady of

the house, who is in the secret, and, seated at her right hand, is intrusted, as a mark of the highest honour, with the toil of distributing the roast-goose, of which one of the legs—that on which the bird generally stands when lost in a day-dream or reverie—refusing to act as a separate detachment at a distance from the main body, and to follow the wings, occupies his continued time, attention, and talents, during the remainder of the first Course; and as that Course is an alpha and an omega, the wit loses his dinner for his jest, and has at last the satisfaction of discovering that he is the object of a general smile, and that, too, on an empty stomach—a titter that, gathering something more cachinnatory and cachinnatory from each circumvolution of the round table, ere long breaks into a laugh, and finishes in a guffaw.

But of ourselves, no more—and now to the *Man of Ton—a Satire*. Perhaps it is a Satire on ourselves—and is it possible that we can be—the Man of Ton? We are afraid to open the pamphlet. But no—we never were Men of Ton. For the last fifty years we have despised the whole system utterly, and almost all that belong to it. They are a shallow set. Their passions are poor and paltry, because their objects are so; and we cannot keep our temper when we hear of any of them having had the impertinence, the presumption, the insolence, to commit suicide. What right has a fellow to cut his throat, or blow off the top of his skull to the ceiling of a well-frequented hotel, because duns have debts against him, and bumbailiffs writs? Poor miserable devil! had he the spirit of a louse—an insect which nevertheless he has the audacity to pretend to despise—he would know, that to be driven to death by any number of small debts, drafts, and duns, is more cowardly far than it would be to leap into a coal-pit to escape the midges. Then, who are his creditors? Chiefly tailors. Because he is not able to pay for his breeches, he puts himself to the additional expense of a shroud! That is logical. Because his razors or his pistols are unpaid for, with the one he cuts his weasand, or with the other he blows a small neat hole in his head! Equally logical. Now, were he to rob on the highway, like the late Mr Abershaw, or murder solitary old women in Montague Place, or elsewhere, like the present Mr Jones, there might be some excuse for him; for we begin to suspect, that to be a murderer of any kind—we mean a *bonâ fide* manual

flesh-and-blood murderer, and make no allusion to the more protracted and clumsy and bungling breaking of parents' hearts—requires more physical, we had almost said moral courage, than often adorns and dignifies the character of a Man of Ton. It must demand great presence of mind to start up from your seat suddenly, when chatting across a small round working-table with Mrs Jeffs—to out with your razor from its black paper-case—and amused, rather than otherwise, with the ancient woman's eyes, all in a moment so prominent with horror, that they seem to start out of the sockets, without the application of your eight fingers and two thumbs to her scraggy weasand—to proceed instanter to business, and bending back the old grey head, so tidily and decently done up with a nice widow's cap of black crape and ribbons, cut clear through thorax and gullet to the spine. Oh! England! thou aboundest in ruffians athirst for blood! This Spring, what a calendar! Your Man of Ton has not the heart, the soul for this—he can take in tailors, and bilk tavern-keepers and hackney-coachmen, and swindle Johnny Raws and Greens at billiard and boxing matches, and play booty with blacklegs at horse and man races, and at dog and cock-fights bully those who, in their own persons, unite the qualities of blackguard and blockhead, and achieve other exploits worthy of his character and calling; but he dares not steal at midnight all by himself into a lonely tenement and murder Mrs Jeffs. For what Men of Ton do, therefore, and for what they don't do, we despise them from the bottom of our souls, lose our temper, as we said, when they commit suicide, and grudge them the credit of the verdict of the Coroner's Inquest—*Felo de se!*

But those persons, it will be said, whom we have been thus slightly sketching, are not Men of Ton. They *are* Men of Ton. When you see them in full fig and wig and trig in Bond Street or Brookes's, they are apparitions of beauty and splendour—but look on them in the Fleet or the Bench, and meaner, shabbier, dirtier-looking blackguards your eyes never beheld—till indeed you see them again, prowling about lanes and alleys, after a discharge of insolvent debtors, and then you admit that you knew not before the beau-ideal of the hang-dog-looking lounger, lying in wait, ready for the perpetration of any of the more cowardly capital crimes.

Yet it is pleasant to think that they do not always escape

unhanged from Newgate. Of the last speech and dying words, it may not unfrequently be said, apostrophising the strangled shade of some broken-down, and what is still worse, cut-down roué,

——— "Mutato nomine, de te,
Fabula narratur."

The inimitable George Cruikshank has hit off, we think, some such Man of Ton holding out his wrists to the cords in the preparing-room of Newgate, while some sympathetic sheriff whispers in his ear a last interrogatory respecting the state of his present feelings and his future prospects.

Shut your loathing eyes on such miscreants, whose coward cruelty makes the cut-throat stand out in a sort of relief, and open them on one who was born and bred a Gentleman, a character which so sticks to his very skin, stained as it is with vice and sin, that to strip him of it, you must flay him alive. He is none of your base pretenders—but he gives the world assurance of a Man of Ton. But—tall, straight, strong, elegant, graceful, brave in his martial beauty, for he is of the Guards—bright with all the age's accomplishments—formed to daunt man's and to charm woman's eye—with an intellect clear and unclouded enough for a Chancellor of the Exchequer —and had you heard him address the mob of many thousands from the hustings, where he stood gloriously with an empty purse at the bottom of the poll, on the crimes and corruption of the government, and the many mortal diseases under which the British Constitution groans, you would have wished to see Brougham shoved into the dusty law-courts for ever, and this fierce declaimer appointed to the leadership of Opposition—an office, alas! now no more,—still there is not in all his Majesty's dominions—high-born though he be—and allied by marriage to a noble house—a slave-born slave that tills the soil, such a —— Villain. Both father and mother, before he had reached the age of manhood—that Man of Ton murdered. Had their bodies been opened, both their hearts would have been found cleft asunder. The seduction of that fair orphan maid—another Ophelia—the dreadful dragging of that beautiful lake in the midst of their old ancestral woods, and the first appearance of the long black hair above the surface—the bloody forehead of that dark-haired boy her brother, shot stone-dead at the first fire—but that was before the poor maniac's sin—

that fatal flight to France with a matron once the paragon of domestic life, and the mother of four cherubs, whose soft, sweet, little hands, eyes, lips, prayers, sleep, once so tenderly, so passionately beloved, had lost the holy power over her infatuated bosom—the husband against whose life he dared not touch that unerring hair-trigger, and who was too much humbled by his misery to seek his, for the pride of the proudest has been known to yield to the spirit's anguish, agonised like the body on the rack, "with answerable pains, but more intense," driven to die a moping idiot in a mad-house! No wonder his parents' hearts were broken, no wonder his father cursed him on his death-bed—once—once only, suddenly springing up, as if scorched with fire—and then, after gazing wildly on the recognised faces around, among which was the one so fair, so pale, on the marriage morn, long, long ago—and fair still, but whiter than living face should be—he laid his head down to be lifted up no more; and in a long, low, sobbing prayer, implored forgiveness and mercy from heaven to his beloved son!

Now, there is some meaning—some merit in such a Man of Ton as this, considered as a subject of satire. He has some strength of character—the passions have shook him, although not yet scathed or scarred; and when God lets loose upon him Remorse, more dreadful than all the Furies, then Heaven will frown on him, and his whole soul, to its centre, will quake in the fear that it is lost for ever. The devil does not despise him, as he carries him off—and the dim and dismal legion moans a fiend-felt welcome at his approach. Juvenal—or Johnson—or Byron, might, without any loss of dignity, each in his own style, to use the strong language of the middle Term,

"——Bid him go to hell—to hell he goes!"

We hold, therefore, that the follies and vices of Men of Ton, as they are called, are, in the gross and the main, beneath satire. But there are follies, and vices, and crimes, and sins, in London, it is to be hoped, worthy of the highest satire. If not, England is in a bad way indeed, and must be miserably degenerated from the grandeur of her former wickedness. Is there no agony of grief or guilt there, but what is caused by debts for wearing-apparel, intrigues at Almack's, Rouge et Noir, Dice, and Blind Hookey, and settling days at Tattersall's?

If so, you must fly with us from the pitiful world of the West End to any rural village in Scotland, with a population under a thousand souls; and there, beneath straw roofs that seem to rest so calmly under Sun and Moon, that you might believe no passion ever stirred within their lowly walls, we undertake to teach you, in six lessons, more of human nature in its exaltation and debasement, its bliss and its bale, its holiness and its wickedness, (for, is not the heart at all times most desperately wicked?) than could be made visible by a thousand satires on Men of Ton, forsooth, feebly illuminating a few paltry fools or knaves, scamps or simpletons. Burns had better subjects for satire—a thousand times over, among milk-maids and turnip-hoers, "the free maids who weave their threads with bone," Sour-milks, "Dorothy Draggletail," "Cicely with her Pail," and "Humphrey with his Flail."

In all great cities, not only is there too much hollowness in the heart of real inner passion, but too much importance attached to the mere exterior forms of life. These forms come to be considered as all in all; and the observance or violation of them is set down, not to the score of propriety or impropriety, but of virtue or vice. Manners take the place of Morals. Sometimes there is a grace and a beauty in this which hide from us, or make even, in our lower moods, some amends for the want of what, in our higher moods, we always painfully desiderate; but then the grace and the beauty must be exquisite to be able to produce this effect; when they are imperfect and but half polished, they disappoint us, and then we withhold all sympathy from their possessors, unless we discern real and substantial worth in their characters. What can be more disgusting, even to our perceptions of the amusing, the entertaining, and the witty, than the shallow insolence of such a blockhead, for example, as that not only long tolerated, but admired bore, Beau Brummel? Had such a great big good-looking jack-ass browsed and brayed about cottages, farm-steads, and villages, he would have been looked at in his true light, that of a hare-brained natural, a half-fool—half-knave, too lazy to work, except, perhaps, to milk the cows,—and right-thinking boors, with all their wives, sweethearts, boys and girls, would have laughed at his jokes, as at the wit of a manifest Bauldy. No doubt, they would have thought him very comical; but now and then they would have incon-

siderately kicked him, whereas the King merely forbade him the Presence.

So it is, we fear, with West End wit in general. It is so limited in its absurdity, to the worst and weakest spirit of a Set, that it is absolutely nauseous even to those who without —God be thanked—belonging to the Set, have yet no very great contempt, and not the least animosity to its members—such as Our Gracious Selves, who are not unwilling that fashionable people should have some wit of their own, or something sufficiently like wit, to satisfy their peculiar taste and genius, but who scunner at "its trivial fond records," and hastily leave the room gulping.

Fashionable people themselves must be of our opinion. When they go to summer-quarters, to live through the week on cheese-parings, and on Sundays on eggs and bacon—which so many thousands of them do, and we have seen doing—is not all that vile would-be wit as stale to their imaginations as the crusts of the day-before-yesterday's bread to their mouths? It is not the sort of wit at all that satisfies the fancy of families employed, during the summer-solstice, "in making the ends meet." The scantier and thinner the body's fare, the more plentiful and substantial should be that of the mind. The conduct of our friends in town during the season has been most blamable, and much too expensive for purses of their jingle. But still there are people of some sense and talent among them; some perception and feeling of what is what; and to them the remorse must be, if not more painful, certainly more degrading, which they feel from having "laughed most consumedly" at the drivelling inanities of privileged ninnies, than from having got over head and ears in debt,—dipped small, snug, neat hereditary estates of some five hundred acres or so, with a fifteen hundred pound rental, a happy medium among the squirearchy,—and been obliged to sell out stock in the very face of Mr Rothschild and his brother the Baron. But, at this rate, we shall never have done—nor indeed begun with this article—so now for the Man of Ton.

Had the poem been about one-half the length, it had been as good again. The author loves to spin a long yarn, and what is very long is generally very weak; yet he is a man of talent, and we are far from not admiring his poem. It is a serious business, however, to trace the hero of a tale from his

cradle to his grave. A satire of sixteen cantos (they are short to be sure) might have cut up the whole human race into dog-and-cat's-meat. Yet the infancy of the hero is soon disposed of, in a line not peculiarly characteristic of the childhood of a Man of Ton—

"His years of infancy roll'd quickly on"—

and his boyhood at Eton occupies about fifty lines, not one of which is above mediocrity, and some score or two below it. The departure of the hero, whose "ancestorial name is John," from his father's hall to Cambridge, is spirited, and shows that our author can write a bit.

"Behold the 'march of intellect,' whose power
Impels its owner fourteen miles an hour!
Mamma looks out with ecstasy upon it,
Waves her white hand, and nods her new French bonnet.
Thus, when the builder has achieved the ship,
And her firm keel yet lingers on the slip,
Some beauty hurls a bottle at her nose,
And gives the bark a name, as off she goes.
She, like this youth, the stormy seas must brave,
And meet the untried hazard of the wave.
Joy hails the launch with folly on the deck,
Nor once anticipates the future wreck."

Eton was very bad—Cambridge is something better—and we opine that the author is a cantab.

"Stale jokes, hall dinner, and infernal port,"

we understand—have heard—ate and drunk. This is the best we can say of the first two cantos.

At Cambridge, John has got into debt, of course—and the old gentleman has been obliged to come down handsomely, and so have

"His ancient groves,
Woods that his grandsire raised, the shades he loves,
Where yet unwounded spreads the gnarled oak,
Nor the scared dryads fear'd the woodman's stroke."

The young prodigal is, notwithstanding, well received on his return to the hall—having a friend, as usual, in his foolish mother, and after much rural festivity,

"Fun at the feast, and frolic at the ball,"

with a replenished purse he sets out in a post-chaise on a voyage of discovery to London. The closing lines of Canto Third describe his entrance into the Wen by a novel and amusing simile.

> "So in my walk oft musing I have seen,
> In thy famed park, St James, miscall'd the Green,
> A patient cow her spotted heir produce,
> (She beats a dandy, for her calf's of use),
> Blest above all th' inheritors of horn,
> To instant knowledge of the world he's born.
> At once from deep Cimmerian gloom he comes,
> On Piccadilly's crowd, its carts and drums,
> With belles and beaux acquainted in a minute,
> With fashion's world, and half the folly in it."

Canto Fourth is entitled Preparation—and here begins our disgust. John gets into the hands of Stultz, Andrews, Adams, Hoby, Milton, and Lewis—tailors, to wit, coachmakers, horse-dealers, opera-box sellers, gunsmiths, and tradesmen in general. Then ensues initiation into pigeon-shooting—some of the mysteries of Crockford's—that eternal theme—and the Canto ends with a simile of a trout swallowing a fly, which, we are sorry to see, shows that this author is no angler.

Three hundred lines have now been written, read, and criticised, and pray what is the amount of their meaning? And this is satire!

Canto Fifth is called the Betting-Book—utterly inane. The Sixth is better, namely, the Opera-Dancer. We have looked in vain for an opera-dancer in it—but there is a very spirited sketch of a character not uncommon in the world, who afterwards plays a leading part in the poem.

> "He was, in truth, a man,—much mixed of hue,
> Fixed to no creed, to no allegiance true;
> Grasping he was,—all enterprise for pelf,
> And sworn at any rate to serve *himself*,
> Yet rash and wanting caution in the chase,
> With more of speed than bottom in the race.
> Half of his wisdom makes a better man,
> And half his caution lays a safer plan.
> In *early youth* a coxcomb and a dupe,
> *Mature*, he finds, to conquer he must stoop;
> And with a crafty disappointed mind,
> Has vowed eternal warfare with mankind.

Strange, bootless passion! can such monsters be,
To trample on the youthful destiny!
To lure, like Comus, to th' enchanted cave,
The trusting victim that he seems to save!
To beasts of form uncouth, and passing strange
The stranded mariners did Circe change;
And man, God's glorious image there was found,
Bow'd like a brute, and creeping on the ground;
So, by base arts, the modern sorcerer rules
The plastic nature of unfashion'd fools:
What once was good, to meanness he transmutes,
And in the process moulds them into brutes."

Surely, hoped we, Canto Seventh will improve a bit. Epsom is a taking title—but no, it is as flat as the Course. The Betting ring is but indifferent—but it is the best passage.

" High on the downs the awful ring is made,
The gath'ring clan of all the black-leg trade;
A thousand shouts increase the deaf'ning cry,
And quite confound all question and reply;
Yet order still o'er madness holds her rule,
And Cocker's self might learn in Gully's school.
The storm increases, swells the pencill'd score,
And lords and senators and bullies roar.
The statelier crew, their speculation made,
Forsake the rabble and invest the glade,
Where, just let out, the paragons are seen
To press, not wound, with glitt'ring hoof the green."

The false start—the real start—the race—and the result—though Mameluke and Glenartney ran—excite no more animation or interest, than if it were a donkey-race at a country fair.

Settling day passes over in Canto Eighth; but it is destitute of any of the agitations of passion; and we cannot for a moment believe that the writer ever was himself on the turf. Our Æneas, in the hands of his Achates, is getting himself ruined, of course, with all possible expedition. That worthy lends him ten thousand pounds, on a post-obit for fifty, ditto, ditto, on the death of his father, who hearing many dreadful rumours of his son's profligacy and extravagance,

" The old man cursed his son, fell sick, and died."

A very good line indeed!

John, after giving his father a suitable funeral, sets off, in

Canto Ninth, in a black hunting-coat, and with a mistress, to Melton Mowbray, where he gets quizzed by the knowing ones, and on no occasion whatever is in at the death. This is carrying the joke too far. Poor John might have been represented, we think, as a devil at a double fence, and no brook-shyer. But he has not the sense even to provide himself with a stud of full-breds—and rides to cover on a roadster. Why, we ourselves would have known better than that; though we have taken as many brushes with Old Meynel's slow-hounds—properly so called—on a nag that used to go in the harrows between field-days, as any younker that ever hunted on a racer. As for our author, we take him to be a man of sedentary habits, fonder of lolling on sofas, and playing "with the tangles of Neæra's hair;" and we are far from disputing his taste on that score; and of lying back half-asleep in a barouche skimming along the macadam, than risking his neck either in sweepstakes—gentlemen riders of course—or runs in the Melton Mowbray country. We question if he ever saw a fox in all his born days but in a kennel, "dragging at each remove a lengthened chain." If it be otherwise, still he is no Nimrod. Nor does he write with that signature in the *Sporting Magazine*, we swear, nor with any signature at all in the Annals. We are much mistaken if there are not other amusements of which he is fonder than of fox-hunting, and in which, without paying him any extravagant compliment, we doubt not he cuts a far better figure, and plays a more spirited part. The following animated, and indeed poetical lines, in Canto Tenth, are proof of our assertion.

"Meantime the lovely Friska'melli knew
The dandies come at seven, a chosen few.
Oft in the glass her sparkling eyes she view'd,
The brows repair'd, the faded rose renew'd.
En boucle now, and now with nicer care,
In graceful ringlets, curl'd her jetty hair.
On her fair neck an em'rald cross she wore,
Which Jews would lend upon who lent before.
Her full firm limbs, a robe of velvet brown
Show'd, yet conceal'd, and hung all graceful down;
And shoes of emerald green peep'd out, to see
If well they match'd with so much symmetry.
A belt of em'ralds form'd her tighten'd zone,
Her heart's cold image was each precious stone.

Yet lovely look'd she, like another Thais,
Not lovelier the rose in June or May is.
With radiant smiles she met the doting boy,
His all her beauty,—*he* her sum of joy!"

An acquaintance of Jack's—we have too long called him by the "ancestorial name of John"—takes a liking to the lady—contrives that his horse shall lose a shoe one day, and stake himself another—leaves Jack in the lurch at the tail of the chase, and makes the best of his way back to Melton Mowbray. You may conjecture the result.

"Again he came, again was doubly pleased,
The lady's hand he press'd, and Jack's she squeezed.
Next day his friend again went home,—'twas worse,
They said,—in leaping he had staked his horse.
Jack led the field, had *such* a run that day!
So had his friend; for he had run away
With Friska'melli, and her emeralds green,—
Was off for London, and was no more seen.
Jack show'd philosophy, and was not cross,
Join'd in the laugh, and found he gain'd by loss.
Some jokes were made, nor did the witlings spare
To say that stratagems in love are fair;
And some declared they knew the lady's name,
Not from fair Naples, but from Drury came;
And ere she smelt the lamps I fairly tell ye,
They changed to foreign sound poor Frisky Nelly."

Jack turns this awkward little nasty affair off with a laugh in Canto Eleventh, and returning to town, figures at Almack's, the source of so much late stupidity in prose and verse. This Canto is of course the worst of the whole—nor do we remember anything tamer in our literature.

In Canto Twelfth, the author, who had seemed to be on his last legs, recovers surprisingly—gets second wind—and comes up to the scratch quite a new and a fresh man. The cause is obvious. His antagonist is a female. The match is one of flirtation; and, as we expected, he exhibits great skill, activity, strength, and bottom. It is really an excellent canto. Jack is a fine handsome fellow, with a bold front and open countenance; and Selina, a sweet, young, lovely creature, and as yet innocent, who is wedded to a brute of a husband, takes an interest in him. She had

"Heard of his losses—honour in his play,
And liked the thoughtless Timon of the day."

Timon! O Lord, what a Timon! Take care, if ever you visit Stratford-upon-Avon, our good sir, not to walk out after dark into any of the lonely lanes; for if you do, Shakespeare's ghost will break every bone in your body. Jack meets Selina at a *fête champêtre* by the river's side—that splendid one given lately by the De Roos at Boyle Farm, so admirably sung by Lord Leveson Gower—and the origin of a fatal passion is thus skilfully described. The author writes like a gentleman.

"That night Selina's husband chose to pay
Attentions mark'd,—intended for display,—
And, with unfeeling gallantry, to place
A faded rival 'fore Selina's face.
She never loved him, and awaken'd pride
Placed all the woman on the wounded side;
Thence sprang the weed that poison'd all her life,
And thus a foolish husband spoil'd a wife.
With fevered cheek, and with a fiery eye,
Her soul alive to this indignity,
Her ear delighted heard our hero call
Her lovely presence to the banquet-hall;
Where, all admired, the peerless beauty shone,
And took as due the homage that she won.
Then was *she* woman all, and new-born fires
Inflame her soul—new passions, new desires;
Wine warm'd her new-waked passions, and they teem
With all the madness of a feverish dream.
Sweet on her ear our hero's flattery fell,
And new-born love achieved his mighty spell.
Bold, and more bold, the suitor's claim was press'd,
And she a weakness felt,—and half confess'd!—
Enthusiasts each!—*He* wonders if he loves,
And *she* believes 'tis injured honour moves,
And claims protection from a kindred mind,
Warm in her cause and innocently kind!
Enthusiasts both! they sought not to ensnare,
But trode all cautionless where dangers were;
And, ere they knew that each one had a heart,
Had both exchanged and lost the better part."

This story of their passion would of itself be no bad poem—and proves that our author is capable of far better things than

The Man of Ton — a Satire. Intense Flirtation is the title of Canto Thirteenth—and many of the strong lines shame the silly and shallow word, which has, however, been lately made impressive by the admirable novel of Lady Charlotte Bury, a work that throws lustre on her beauty, her genius, and her birth.

"Ere yet Selina left the festive scene,
Presiding goddess,—she, the reigning queen,
One moment gave to weakness, and she threw
One look, before her tongue pronounced adieu.
The blue veins swell'd that cross'd her ivory skin,
And her lip trembled at the thought within.
His hand she press'd—but with a touch so fine,—
E'en like that gentle touch, of power divine,
With which the angel did the toad display,
As crouch'd behind the sleeping Eve he lay:
Ethereal was that touch!—he could not 'scape,
And all the fiend burst instant into shape!
So with that touch his all-enchanted soul
Burst from its cerements, bounded from control,
And seem'd as if celestial wings were given
To waft its flight with hers—how far from heaven!"

But good as these lines are—those that follow are better. They are excellent, especially those about the marriage-ring, which are vigorous and original.

"Her hand—'twas such Pygmalion loved in stone,
Pray'd heaven to breathe upon, and make his own;—
So white her hand, but for a warmer stain,
That on each finger sometimes might remain,
It might have seem'd a work of stone, to vie
In smoothness with the polish'd ivory.
No ruby bright, or sparkling diamond rare,
But one sad sign of slavery was there;
One mystic badge her tap'ring finger bound,
That held her captive self within its round.
Oh! lovelier sure had look'd the hand if free,
Than gold-bound thus, and reft of liberty.
That magic ring, whose mystic powers can bind
What guards cannot control—the female mind.
The Satrap's vigilance, the Turkish chain,
Duennas, veils, and lattices, are vain;
The wall'd seraglio, or the threaten'd rack,
The Moorish vengeance,—scimitar, and sack,—

Are ineffectual all;—this round of gold
Safe, though unwatch'd, can wildest beauty hold;
And proves that virtue by one pledge controls
Our island goddesses, and free-born souls."

The Man of Ton is now, in Canto Fourteenth, assailed by Duns and Post-obits, and finds himself a beggar. He is deserted by all the world,—or the West End. Achates throws off the mask, and stands confessed the villain. Selina insulted, beyond woman's bearing, by her husband, her character gone, and her heart more than touched, meets John in Canto Fifteenth, entitled the Elopement, in his misery—and a scene ensues, such as has been often—too often painted—yet there is nothing objectionable in this picture, and it is strongly drawn.

"They met! they met! Nor hath more fatal been
The spark that bursts upon the magazine:
The world's ill usage stung *his* angry breast,
And a rash husband had o'erthrown *her* rest:
Each sought for sympathy, each found a friend,
And both their natures in one essence blend.
Words had been cold, and language all too poor;
But the big tear—the sigh—the look said more.
All things to come seem'd dress'd in gayest light,
And all behind impenetrable night.—
And then a first and agonising kiss
Confirm'd and ratified their hopes of bliss.
Oh, hear her not, fond youth!—I warn too late!
Seal'd is your doom, and fixed the course of fate.
She calls it not a sacrifice—with thee
Too blest, Selina shares thy beggary!
Ye that have felt love tyrant in the breast,
Jump to conclusions, and can guess the rest;
Nor bid the Muse in strains too melting tell
How virtue falter'd, and how beauty fell.
She went not home—their destinies were one,
And he was crown'd by love, and both undone!"

The fond, guilty, lost, impoverished, and expatriated pair, fly to Switzerland—and there is much feeling in the last Canto, entitled the Catastrophe. The Swiss scenery is poetically painted; and there is pathos and beauty in the following passage:—

"'Twas there Selina led her lover—there,
Midst harmless rustics, paused the guilty pair;

A little onward, through the leafy green,
A peaceful hamlet peeps, call'd Unterseen :
And there, close shelter'd by a chestnut wood,
All tenantless and wild a dwelling stood—
The white rose here, and there the clust'ring vine,
And flowering clematis, and jessamine,
Around a low veranda seem'd to creep,
And welcome silence in the realms of sleep.
'Here sure is peace,' the sad Selina said,
'And here the weary one may rest her head ;
Here find a haven—not from hence to move ;
Forget the world, and give up all to love.'
This look'd like peace—all wore her happy dress,
And all things here kind Nature seem'd to bless ;
And here they wander'd oft at even-tide,
And watch'd the mist enrobe the mountain's side.
An avalanche ! and now this nether world,
Mont Blanc itself, seems in convulsion hurl'd :
Upwards, a cloud of shiver'd fragments fly,
And fields, and flocks, and chalets buried lie.
Now turn they back, all thankful for their lot,
Their chestnut grove is safe,—their shelter'd cot.
With chamois hunters now more bold they creep,
And thread with cautious step the craggy steep ;
Or ambush'd lie, and waste a summer's day,
To watch, without success, their wary prey :
With them no flickering lamps dispel the night,
For lovers' eyes can shed enough of light.
But when the Sabbath comes, and all looks gay,
All happy—all contented—all but they—
The cheerful groups, their early matins o'er,
With votive chants salute them at their door ;
The wife hangs fondly on her husband's arm,
And wedded love appears with threefold charm.
'The *wife!*' Selina thought,—'and what am I ?
Would these poor rustics pardon infamy ?
Would they salute me, if they knew my shame,
My blasted honour, and my blighted fame ?
Blush, blush, my soul ! ye wilds, your cov'ring shed,
And hide from innocence this guilty head !'
Yet when she met her lover, not a sigh
Escaped her breast—nor ever in her eye
A tear was seen,—she wept but when alone ;
His were her smiles—her sorrows all her own !"

The injured husband, with the false friend for his second, having discovered their retreat, comes to demand satisfaction. The Man of Ton having provided himself with a second in the person of a French officer, challenges Achates on the ground.

> "They fired together, and Achates fell,
> And brighter burned the fires in inmost hell."

Sharp work and poetical justice. The husband, struck with the event, declines carrying the affair further. Our hero flies to show himself alive to Selina, who knew, in the lonely chamber of her guilt, that her lover was about to expose his life to her husband's vengeance; and the catastrophe is rightly conceived, and ably executed.

> "Before the door he paused, but all was still,
> And through the grove he heard the babbling rill;
> So still, he heard the ticking of the clock,
> And plash of waters dripping from the rock.
> 'Selina still may sleep,' and on he creeps,—
> He gently lifts the latch—'Indeed, she sleeps.
> How beautiful she looks!'—her silver skin
> Show'd every circlet of the blood within.
> Loose and disturbed her unbound hair appears,
> And on her cheek the trace of recent tears.
> Soft o'er her form the ling'ring zephyr plays;
> 'Sleep on, sweet love!'—he sat him down to gaze
> Upon her closed lids, whose light divine
> Shall bless him when she wakes and brighter shine.
> He moved not once, lest, startled, she should hear
> That he and happiness were both so near;
> And now more near her cheek he drew, to sip—
> Heaven's choicest boon—the honey on her lip;
> But still he tasted not her balmy breath,—
> A rival had been there—that rival—Death!
> He starts convulsive from her cold embrace,
> And his eye glares upon her ashy face.
> 'Awake, Selina!—wake, my love! my life!
> 'Tis Percy calls upon his love—his wife!'
> And now his cries, his wailings, rend the air,
> And his soul speaks the language of despair.
> A moment hopes he—willing to deceive
> His sickening soul—still struggles to believe
> She sleeps.—'Oh! no, no, no!—she is not dead;
> Comes death to deck her on her bridal bed?

Hear me, Selina, hear!- I have no wife—
No love—no friend—no hope—why have I life?'
The conflict's o'er, his veins to bursting swell,
And on the dead a lifeless load he fell.
Now thronging to his aid the rustics fly;
The gentle priest and skilful leech apply
Their tend'rest care, and long entranced he lay,
Till first a groan, and then a tear found way;
And when at length they raised him from that bed,
The light of reason had for ever fled.
A moment now he smiles—a moment weeps,
And now,—'Be still,' he says, 'be still,—she sleeps!'
And then he listening stands, and seems to wait
With patient hope the signal of his fate.
But never comes a change, for his the doom
Of dark oblivion's everlasting gloom.
Alike to him the beams of orient day,
Or when at eve its glories fade away.
The summer's heat he feels not, nor the cold,
And in unconscious misery grows old.
Fix'd is the sum, the measure of the woe,
That suffering nature e'er can undergo.
When horror deepens, and the shudd'ring soul
Would snatch the poniard, drain the poison'd bowl,
Indulgent heaven—for pains we must endure,
Fruits of our follies, wounds beyond a cure,—
In mercy draws the darkest veil between
Our sense of feeling and the cureless scene!
Ears hear no plaints, and eyes with tears grow blind,
And madness casts his pall upon the mind."

We shall never, while we breathe, cut up a sheer blockhead. Stop, gentlemen. There is no rule without an exception, so don't begin sharpening the nebs of your pens—laying out your foolscap—and gurgling out your ink from the big bottle into the small. It is a nerve-shaking business even for a thousand blockheads to draw lots out of a hat, when one slip of paper is marked, "Hanging." No respite—no reprieve to the unhappy devil who fingers his fate. He most certainly shall swing. But our general rule shall henceforth be, to cut up only the clever. We began, last Number, with Mr Robert Montgomery, who will ever, after the punishment we inflicted on him, which was not vindictive, but restorative, and such as brought no dishonour, be considered all over the

island a writer of unquestionable talents. Even so with our present author, who writes like a scholar and a gentleman, and, when the subject admits of it, also absolutely like a poet. We have heard different names mentioned, but we are always reluctant to mention people's names in this Magazine, and therefore shall now say, in the words of Moore, "O breathe not his name!" "Oh no, we never mention him!" in case we should commit some mistake, and "rob Peter to pay Paul."

THE LOVES OF THE POETS.[1]

[SEPTEMBER 1829.]

Among the multitude of sins set down to our score by Whigs and Whiglings, Radicals, and all sorts of other rascals, it has sometimes surprised us that there never has been included brutality to women. We insult men before their faces, and then off and away up to the top of a sixteenth story, where, without many ladders, it is in vain to hope to reach us the trembling coward. We stab men behind their backs, and on turning round, before they breathe their last, to kill their assassin, they have merely time left to see a monster in a mask (us), jinking round a corner. The police are on the unalert; and the murderer makes his escape to that accursed sanctuary —Ambrose's Hotel. It must, we think, be matter of wonder to the wise and candid part of the population of these realms, —if there be any truth in the above charges, — that We have hitherto escaped—Hanging. Burke and Hare, Hazlitt says in the *Examiner*, were, in comparison with us, as pure as snow, or his own reputation; and that Mr and Mrs Stewart should dangle and die for simply poisoning some single half-score of elderly people addicted to inebriety, while We leap and live like a two-year-old, is to the pious Mr Leigh Hunt a juggle in Providence.

This is one side of the question—the side considered by the Cockneys. Now look at the other, the side contemplated by Christians. Never once, in the memory of the oldest inhabitant, did we insult any human creature before his face, and then up to a skylight among a Thread of Tailors. In insulting a human creature we walk up to him *behind*, and lend him a kick sufficient in America to shove a wooden house across the street.

[1] *The Loves of the Poets*, by Mrs Jameson. 2 Vols. Colburn.

Head-over-heels goes the numbskull; and how can the most credulous believe for a moment that we *do*, or the most ingenious contrive to themselves for a moment a reason why we *should*, run away from the sprawling Jackass? So far from running away, why, we uniformly stop—often to our very great inconvenience—to pick him up, and reinstate him on his former level. We do not indeed absolutely help with our own hands—that would be too much to expect—to rub him down, but we compassionate him, and advise him, as his best friends, to leave off in future all such evil habits. To aver that we laugh at the plight to which he has, by a long course of obstinate folly, finally brought himself, to the grief and despair, perhaps, of no very disreputable family, is a vile calumny; for though we seldom, indeed never, shed tears at such accidents, we always experience that inward sorrow which the good feel at the miseries even of the most weak and wicked; and sweeter far it is to us to see the Kickee reformed, and thenceforth leading a humble and honest life, than to have to repeat the application, seldom wholly bootless, to his impenitent posteriors.

With regard, again, to stabbing human creatures behind their backs, and then like monsters in masks jinking round corners—all we have to say is this, that it is a d——d lie. Do you call killing a Cockney before his face (a most absurd one, you may well believe, and not even "rescued by thought from insignificance") stabbing a human creature behind his back? If you do, then pardon us for surmising that you believe the sun sets in the east, and rises from the west in a blaze of glory. After killing a Cockney, why run away, and more especially in a mask? Let the fair deed be perpetrated at noonday, and on a crowded street, not a human creature will seek to detain you; and we need not dwell on the shocking want of feeling, and indeed of common courtesy, that would be exhibited by the Christian who, on extinguishing a Cockney, were to conceal his features from the laudatory eyes of the delighted spectators.

Should the above reasoning be in the slightest degree unsatisfactory to any of our numerous readers from Kirkwall to Cockaigne, let him have the goodness to circulate a lithographic list of the names of the human creatures whom, behind and be-

fore backs, we have slain or insulted, and then sought refuge from the vengeance of the heroic living, or the still more heroic dead, in an ignominious flight. In what churchyard were they buried? In what garret do they yet eat their leek?

As to running away, Heaven pity us all, what speed could be expected from a martyr to the gout? Half-a-mile an hour at the most, with the King of the Cockneys, like the swift-footed Achilles, with all his Miss-Molly-Myrmidons at our heels! A mask! Poo! it is all a radical superstition, arising out of the circumstance of our being obliged, in the Tent, to wear a gauze veil, framed by the fair fingers of Mrs Gentle, to ward off the midges. Our names! How could we conceal our names—long known to the uttermost parts of the Earth? Even in Terra Incognita we are not anonymous.

The plain matter of fact is, that we insult and slay—nobody. Sometimes, when we meet an ass, who, in the March of Intellect, is faithless to his natural love of Thistles by the roadside, and is not contented till he is cutting capers in a flower-garden, like Love among the Roses, or treading down cornfields or vineyards, whereby much bread and wine is prevented from cheering the hearts of men, we take him by the tail, or ears, and do drag or kick him—we shall not, ought not, cannot deny it—out of the enclosure, and in conclusion, off the premises. Call you that insulting a human creature before his face, and then running away to Ambrose's? Observe, too, that we drag or kick him, tail or ear-ways, "as gently as if we loved him." The truth is, we do love him, although he be such an ass as not to know it; for were the poor braying animal to be suffered to eat his fill, and afterwards to get at water, why, he would burst, and then his death would be laid at our door, and all Cockaigne would cry out that we had killed King Cuddy.

But where is the Man whom we ever slew or insulted? Nowhere. Many men we have occasionally smiled—laughed—guffaw'd at—such as Bowles, Moore, Wordsworth, and a few others who have "given the world assurance they are men." But they know well it was all for the good of their immortal souls and poems; and done partly from an inferior motive, to shove them through a redescent world into a Tenth Edition.

So much for our general treatment of those human creatures called Men; and how have we behaved to those human creatures—if they will allow us to call them so—who rejoice in the name of women? As follows: Old women of that sex we venerate for their years and wisdom; all middle-aged women we announce to be Fat, Fair, and Forty, sensible, and sagacious; all young women to be—what more would you, loveliest and most adorable of God's creatures, have us to say?—angels. If she sit at home, like Xarifa, in Mr Lockhart's beautiful Spanish Ballad, so beautifully set to music by Mrs Arkwright, and so beautifully sung by Mr Akebowme, weaving golden flowers on white silk cushions, we tell the whole world, both in prose and verse, that she is lovelier than any Zegri Ladye that ever darkly bloomed in the gardens of Granada. If she sit at home, sewing shirts or darning stockings, we exclaim, there is the "Light and Shadow of Scottish Life" for our love and money, and long to be chanting with her the duet of our own epithalamium. If she sit at home, twisting tartlets and trifle into such fair fantastic shapes as the soul of Genius alone could conceive, and the hand of Taste alone could execute, we think of Eve, yet virgin in Paradise, preparing for Adam a light *déjeûné* on his nuptial morn; and if—here comes the rub—she sit at home reading—nay, writing, and send her inspiration to Blackwood, or Murray, or Colburn—oh! then, by the cerulean skies, we swear that her stockings are "more deeply, darkly, beautifully blue," than the heaven we call to witness the sincerity—the sanctity, of our admiration, yet declare, in the delightful lines of Wordsworth, that she

> "Is a creature not too bright and good
> For human nature's daily food;
> For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
> Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles.

Of small moment, perhaps, may it be what we think, feel, say, or do, *now*, of, or to the fair sex, young or old, virgin or nupt,

> "Old as we are, for Lady's love unfit."

Yet we cannot imagine any sight more worthy of affectionate admiration, than that of a gouty, old, arm-chair-ridden man,

looking delighted on the fair, rising, risen, and falling generation, without one useless regret, one vein repining, and next to the health of the King, turning up his chalky little finger, in a glass of Glenlivet, to the tune of, "May the single be married, and the married happy;" with no more perplexing thought to disturb his dream, than gentle wonder why, since Lady Morgan, evidently a man, wears petticoats, the fair Sir Charles should persist in preferring breeches. God bless you—sweet creatures!—we feel as if we were, not the mere elder brother of you all, but absolutely your—Father.

Yet — avaunt this lighter vein, and let us — though in general the humblest of the humble—for once in our lives, most unexpectedly to all our readers, who know how we abhor all egotism and egoïsme, indulge a momentary mood of pride. When Joanna Baillie, the greatest poetess that ever lived, heard, between the pauses of her tragic harp, the growl of him whom Whip-poor-Will calls the "Prince of Critics and King of Men," growling, or rather snarling, at the immortal strain, We forced the ears of the very groundlings themselves to listen to that sphere-like music, and guarded loftier listeners from all disturbance to their impassioned dream from critic, in cark and care, assailing the Muse whose seat is by the right hand of Apollo. The lovely Tighe we forgot not in the dust, —her whose own spirit was as bright and pure as the Psyche of her delightful song. We remembered, when she herself was no more, the wit and wisdom of Mary Brunton. The genius of Felicia Hemans, beautiful and lofty as Christian fame, we have ever loved, and admired and honoured. On manners-painting Mitford our praises have ever been genially bestowed, whether walking cheerfully through her native village, and watching the dance on rustic holiday; or when, soaring into a higher flight, she sang the high emprise and calamitous fate of heroes. From L. E. L., the lovely, the loving, and the beloved, we have not withheld an old man's harmless homage, awakened to second youth by lays as warm and yet as pure as her own heart. In short, from Mrs Grant, the most venerable name in our female literature, whose genius, under the holy influence of religion and resignation, no earthly sorrows and sufferings can weaken or bedim, to Miss Jewsbury, of whom we have often thought, and ere long hope to speak, in that

warm strain of eulogy in which she richly deserves to be spoken of, mention the name of one lady to whom the Muses have been kind, to whom we have not been kind also, or been slow to lay the tribute of our praise at their feet.

In these degenerate days,—for deny it who dare, "the age of chivalry is gone,"—may not an Octogenarian blamelessly hug himself in such reminiscences? "Vain! self-conceited old dotard!" methinks we hear some d——d blockhead say No—dunce! not vain—not self-conceited; but in the most profound humility, even

"In the lowest deep a lower still,"

we exult, and thus hymn our exultation in the ears of the universe, that of us alone, of all the master or servant spirits of the age, will posterity sound this praise—with one voice exclaiming, "To give the devil his due, Old Kit was still the Friend, Lover, Slave, and Lord of the Ladies!"

And here it behoves us to set ourselves right with our readers in one particular. Is there, or is there not, such a thing in nature as an ugly woman—not comparatively, but positively? We do not scruple to answer—yes. We saw her—this very day. Red hair—a mouth that—But, to the surprise of Dr Knox, let us run away from the subject. We have stated our belief, on ocular evidence, in the existence of the phenomenon—and as we admit it to be the rarest in nature, who knows but that to-morrow in the poultry-market we may purchase a Phœnix?

That the authoress of *The Loves of the Poets* is a beautiful woman, using that epithet in any one of its million meanings you choose, we lay no claim to a particularly fine tact in having discovered from the perusal of her volumes. From the fine, soft, silken, satiny, and velvet *feel* of the fair pages now lying open before us, a blind man would know in a moment that her beauty was truly—feminine. Next best to a book about love by a Virgin—nay, perhaps better still—is a book about love by a "Matron pure." A Virgin, in a poetical love-dream, sometimes says, in her simplicity, things that, did she know their meaning, she would die, for having given utterance to, in a blush. Then the little she does know is to her altogether, or nearly so, a mystery, and most

mysteriously does the poor, dear "young thing, just come frae her mammy," sing about it and about it to her harp. But "Matron pure" sings or says, when "Love is a' the theme," what her own heart tells her may be sung or said without profaning the sanctity of her own innocent nature. In

"The sober certainty of waking bliss,"

she regards the more impassioned or tumultuous expression of the passion; and while she sympathises with its purity and with its fervour, feels a calm and wise aversion from all its baneful or insane excesses. The light of Genius even, although she be a devout adorer of that divine gift, of which a portion may have been granted to herself, cannot in her eyes consecrate an unlawful or a sinful passion. It may, however, show to her that which is unlawful submitting to law, and that which is sinful saved, by the inspiration which Beauty breathes, from the taint of actual guilt and pollution. "A sweet austere composure" of heart will always be hers—the right, the privilege, the duty, and the blessing of marriage. All light and loose lays, however lovely—and there have been many such framed by true poets, who lived ruefully to lament and repent them—will to her fine ear be felt to be false and hollow, and that avenue to her soul will be shut against all such insidious murmurs. The respect which a chaste and virtuous married woman feels for herself, is perhaps the highest and holiest feeling towards itself of all human nature. At once gentle, yet fearless—cautious, yet unsuspecting—reserved, yet open—glad as the sunny day, yet serene as the starry night—such is, and such seems the young English matron, on whom, while we look, we feel

"How divine a thing
A woman may be made!"

The fair enditer of *The Loves of the Poets* is of this class and character. Her native delicacy enables her, at all times, to speak of "Loves" as Una or Sabrina, those "flowers of maidenhood," might have spoken—as Cymbeline or Desdemona; and her native genius enables her to speak with a fine and kindred enthusiasm that gives a glow to all her language, of *The Loves of the Poets*. Nor does her devout admiration of

those who enjoyed "the Vision and the Faculty divine," blind the eye of her moral sense to their delinquencies or aberrations; though, as is right and just, she weighs the strength of their temptations, and of their virtues. If her judgments sometimes appear not to be sufficiently stern, they are always high; for weakness, she possibly may seem to make too much allowance, and even now and then to regard it with too much sympathy; but from the far shadow of coarseness or grossness she turns away her unpolluted eyes; and her spirit expands and exults, and lightens on the contemplation of a pure devotion even to an earthly idol.

But let Mrs Jameson speak for herself in more eloquent words than ours.

> The theory, then, which I wish to illustrate, as far as my limited powers permit, is this: that where a woman has been exalted above the rest of her sex by the talents of a lover, and consigned to enduring fame and perpetuity of praise, the passion was real, and was merited; that no deep or lasting interest was ever founded in fancy or in fiction; that truth, in short, is the basis of all excellence in amatory poetry, as in everything else; for where truth is, there is good of some sort, and where there is truth and good, there must be beauty, there must be durability of fame. Truth is the golden chain which links the terrestrial with the celestial, which sets the seal of Heaven on the things of this earth, and stamps them to immortality. Poets have risen up and been the mere fashion of a day, and have set up idols which have been the idols of a day: if the worship be out of date and the idols cast down, it is because these adorers wanted sincerity of purpose and feeling; their raptures were feigned; their incense was bought or adulterate. In the brain or in the fancy, one beauty may eclipse another —one coquette may drive out another, and, tricked off in airy verse, they float away unregarded like morning vapours, which the beam of genius has tinged with a transient brightness: but let the heart once be touched, and it is not only wakened but inspired; the lover kindled into the poet, presents to her he loves his cup of ambrosial praise; she tastes—and the woman is transmuted into a divinity. When the Grecian sculptor carved out his deities in marble, and left us wondrous and godlike shapes, impersonations of ideal grace unapproachable by modern skill, was it through mere mechanical superiority? No;—it was the spirit of faith within which shadowed to his imagination what he would represent. In the same manner, no woman has ever been truly, lastingly deified in poetry, but in the spirit of truth and of love!

Nothing is a surer proof of genius than the choice of a subject, at once new and natural, and *The Loves of the Poets* is of that character. There is no such thing as chance in the spiritual world. A Bagman may find on the road a pocket-

book full of bank-notes, which had nearly upset his gig, or a ditcher dig up a hoard of gold guineas; but no blockhead ever yet stumbled upon a fine thought, either on the royal roads or by-ways of Imagination;—if you find one in his possession, you may be assured that he has purloined it from the brain-treasury of a rich man, or received it in charity. He does not know its value; and he offers it in exchange for the most worthless articles, such as beads or small beer. You see blockheads labouring all life long to say something good, or fine, or rich, or rare; and sometimes you are surprised to notice productions of theirs not by any means so very much amiss in a small way; but it won't do;—a certain air of stupidity, however slight, breathes over every paragraph; their gaudiest compositions are but a bed of indifferent poppies; one anemone, or auricula, or ranunculus, or pink, or carnation, or violet, to say nothing of the lily or the rose, is worth the whole flaunting show,—nay, you sigh even for the dandelion. Genius, however mild and moderate, if true, produces ever and anon some sweet tame or wild flower or another, and presents you with a small bouquet, which you place in your button-hole, or in a jar on the chimney-piece. What or who Genius is, no man has ever yet been able to say —we shall not attempt it. But the instant you see him, her, or it (how kenspeckle![1]), you exclaim, "Ha! Genius, how are you? I am delighted to see you. Come, let us take a stroll into the fields; or would you rather, my dear sir, my sweet madam, my pretty thing, partake with us of a caulker of Glenlivet, or a cup of hyson?" To the Impostor, even though he come with strong letters of introduction, you are either not at home, having spied through the window his sinister or silly phiz, or you say through the servant that you are sick; or, if admitted, you hand him over to the rest of the family, and retire to your sanctum.

The Loves of the Poets is also a very ladylike theme;—for all truly great or good poets, from Homer to Hogg, have, in the only true sense of the word, been gentlemen. Indeed, it would not be too much to say, that there never was, nor can be, a finished gentleman not a poet. Stars are the poetry of heaven. All virtues, therefore, and all endowments, and all accomplishments, are the poetry of earth—or say, rather, that

1 Having so singular an appearance as to be easily recognised.

poetry is the quintessence of them all—the flowery ground, and the starry firmament of the soul. If so, the Poet is the only man, the only gentleman.

The manners of all Poets are delightful—in the long run. You may indeed happen to come upon them in a paroxysm, and are wellnigh frightened out of your wits. What savages! We have seen the author of the *Lyrical Ballads* look so like a cannibal, that it would have needed some nerve to accompany him on an Excursion. But, in the long run, the man is like an angel. Set out with him from Rydal Mount, and you are walking side by side with a stamp-master. In Grasmere, he brightens up into a schoolmaster. On Dunmailraise, he assumes the appearance of a well-beneficed clergyman. By the banks of Leathes Water, he waxes so eloquent, that you wonder he is not, and wish he were, in Parliament. In the Vale of St John, you hear the poet

> "Murmuring by the living brooks
> A music sweeter than their own."

And on the hill-top that overlooks the Vale of Keswick, you know not whether it be the angel Gabriel, Michael, or Raphael, who is conversing with you in Paradise.

The morals of all poets are good—in the long run. None of your trash about Burns and Byron. All the great Greek tragedians were excellent private characters. There never was a more harmless creature than Homer. Pindar was a paragon of decency and propriety—as a son, husband, and father. Horace was a good fellow, and Virgil would not have hurt a fly. Shakespeare, though rather a little too much addicted to ale, on his retirement at Stratford-on-Avon, "harried no man's cattle." The worst you can say of Milton is that he was a regicide; yet was he, like his own Adam, the first of men. In private life, there never was a more amiable and useful man than Bowles. The man who could breathe a syllable against the character of Campbell, must be a liar of the first magnitude. Sir Walter is like Virtue herself,

> "To be admired he needs but to be seen;"

and that greatness, goodness, and happiness may be found all united in this life, will not be doubted by any one who has seen Southey.

Such being the endowments, the manners, and the morals

of Poets, only think of them—in love! You must on no account whatever think of Shenstone, as silly as his sheep; though even Shenstone makes love in rather a winning, lack-adaisical way of his own; and had there been any such Delia as he describes, he must have found surety to the parish for the maintenance of herself and child. Neither must you, on any account whatever, think of Hamilton of Bangour, the shabby-genteel poetaster; though, as a flirt,—and that is something,—he was more famous in his day than probably you are in yours; but we mean nothing personal. You must think of Petrarch, and Dante, and Ariosto, and Tasso, and poet-lovers of that calibre,

"Souls made of fire, and children of the sun;"

and then, at your leisure, of Jupiter, Mars, Neptune, Apollo,—Semele, Venus, Proserpine, and Daphne,—of love in the air, and on the earth, and in the waters, and on the fire, and in the all-embracing Universe.

Observe, we do not mean to assert that Poets must necessarily be unexceptionable husbands. Heaven, and earth, and hell—think of Dante with a Dowdy! Milton with a Mawsey! Shakespeare with a Slut! It might have so happened—and, if so, then, in all probability, the three would have been hanged, or otherwise executed for wife-murder. Their ribs, too, though each "to a radiant angel linked," had "sated themselves in celestial bed, and preyed on garbage." But let angel be linked to angel, and the bed will be blest, as if strewn with the flowers of Paradise. H—— says that all the poets of the present day have ugly wives. There again he lies. The wretch instances one poet by the initial of his name, and says that his wife has the "head of a Gorgon." The able editor of the *Atlas* should be more ashamed of having given currency to that hideous outrage on truth and decency, than of his easily-excused libel on Lord Lyndhurst! The lady whom the Satyr grins at has indeed a Gorgon head when it is turned upon Vice and Impudence; to all others,

"It is bright
With something of an angel light."

But we must come to the book in hand. About the loves of some of the True Poets, the fair writer knows more than we do—about some, less—and about others, pretty much the

same; but we shall be happy to be led by so sweet a conductress through scenes of such enchantment. She shall wave us on with her own white arms—she shall, in her own silver voice, "tell the story of their loves."

Let us look, first of all, on the immortal loves of Petrarch and his Laura—*his* in the pure, clear, bright, balmy, fountain-haunted Fairyland of Passion, and Fancy, and Imagination, the three powerful spirits that do the work of Genius, or rather bring from all the regions of the soul the rich and rare materials with which Genius builds his high and holy temples. Some have said, that Petrarch could not have *been in love*, because he expressed himself in numbers. No real passion, it seems, ever breathes in poetry. Assuredly there are worthy people in this world, who in youth confined themselves to prose Valentines, and made Cupid himself as ignorant of rhyme as of reason. On the other hand, Montrose and others have expressed the state of their minds in verses, written the night before their execution; and we should think that the passion a man endures when about to be beheaded or hanged, must be as sincere as that which he enjoys when about to be married. Others have said, that Laura never existed, but was a mere idea. Why, a mere idea, constantly warmed by the burning breath of such a poet as Petrarch, must have been kindled and moulded into living being. Whichever way you take it, then, Laura did exist as certainly as all the "black-letter dogs," who denied that ever the spirit that shines through the sonnets was

"In Paradise of that sweet flesh!"

We know not why it is so, but in reading the following beautiful sentence, we think somehow or other of the tender and elegant Barry Cornwall. If our conjecture be just, let us, too, join in the aspiration.

> The most real and most fervent passion that ever fell under my own knowledge, was revealed in verse, and very exquisite verse too, and has inspired many an effusion, full of beauty, fancy, and poetry; but it has not, therefore, been counted less sincere; and Heaven forbid it should prove less lasting than if it had been told in the homeliest prose, and had never inspired one beautiful idea or one rapturous verse!

That Petrarch's passion was for a purely ideal object, Mrs Jameson thinks rather unlikely.

To study Petrarch in his own works and in his own delightful language; to follow him line by line, through all the vicissitudes and contradictions of passion; to listen to his self-reproaches, his terrors, his regrets, his conflicts; to dwell on his exquisite delineations of individual character and peculiar beauty, his simple touches of profound pathos and melancholy tenderness;—and then believe all to be mere invention,—the coinage of the brain,—a tissue of visionary fancies, in which the heart had no share; to confound him with the cold metaphysical rhymsters of a later age,—seems to argue not only a strange want of judgment, but an extraordinary obtuseness of feeling.

Let such of our readers as know not who Laura was—and what was the character of her beauty—if they wish to have such knowledge, although they never read Petrarch—read chapters sixth and seventh of *The Loves of the Poets.* Let us meanwhile tell them that she was a married woman—nay, start and stare not—for Petrarch's passion was purified by poetry almost into sinlessness; and as for Laura herself, she was such a wife as thou wouldst do well to imitate, if ever bard wooes thee, though wedded for some twenty or thirty years. She was, on all occasions of public state or ceremony, habited either in a magnificent dress of green embroidered with violets, or in one of crimson trimmed with feathers. Round her hair she wore a coronal of silver, and necklaces and ornaments of pearl lay starlike on the heaven of her bosom. In person she was a fair Madonna-like beauty, with soft dark eyes, and a profusion of pale golden hair, parted on her brow, and falling in rich curls on her neck. Celestial grace was in all her figure and ornaments. So Petrarch thought, felt, and sung,—and it was all God's truth. The beauty of her hand thrilled his heart—and she had an angel's mouth—

"La bella bocca angelica."

Finally, Laura united the highest intellect with the purest heart,

"In alto intelletto un puro core,"

a line which her fair eulogist well says gives us the very beau-ideal of a female character.

There is, it is believed, no version into English of the 48th Canzone. Lady Dacre, who has so finely translated the "Chiare, fresche e dolce acque," and the "Italia mia," has not attempted it. Here it is, in a prose sketch, which Mrs Jameson modestly says—but we cannot agree with her in

thinking so poorly of it—"will give as just an idea of the original as a hasty-pencilled outline of Titian's or Domenichino's masterpieces could give us of all the magic colouring and effect of their glorious and half-breathing creations."

In this Canzone, Petrarch, in a high strain of poetic imagery, which takes nothing from the truth or pathos of the sentiment, allegorises his own situation and feelings: he represents himself as citing the Lord of Love, "Suo empio e dolce Signore," before the throne of Reason, and accusing him as the cause of all his sufferings, sorrows, errors, and misspent time. "Through *him* (Love) I have endured, even from the moment I was first beguiled into his power, such various and such exquisite pain, that my patience has at length been exhausted, and I have abhorred my existence. I have not only forsaken the path of ambition and useful exertion, but even of pleasure and of happiness: I, who was born, if I do not deceive myself, for far higher purposes than to be a mere amorous slave! Through *him* I have been careless of my duty to Heaven,—negligent of myself:—for the sake of one woman I forgot all else!—me miserable! What have availed me all the high and precious gifts of Heaven, the talents, the genius which raised me above other men? My hairs are changed to grey, but still my heart changeth not. Hath he not sent me wandering over the earth in search of repose? hath he not driven me from city to city, and through forests, and woods, and wild solitudes? hath he not deprived me of peace, and of that sleep which no herbs nor chanted spells have power to restore? Through him, I have become a by-word in the world, which I have filled with my lamentations, till, by their repetition, I have wearied myself, and perhaps all others."

To this long tirade, Love with indignation replies: "Hearest thou the falsehood of this ungrateful man? This is he who in his youth devoted himself to the despicable traffic of words and lies, and now he blushes not to reproach me with having raised him from obscurity, to know the delights of an honourable and virtuous life. I gave him power to attain a height of fame and virtue to which of himself he had never dared to aspire. If he has obtained a name among men, to me he owes it. Let him remember the great heroes and poets of antiquity, whose evil stars condemned them to lavish their love upon unworthy objects, whose mistresses were courtesans and slaves; while for him, I chose from the whole world one lovely woman, so gifted by Heaven with all female excellence, that her likeness is not to be found beneath the moon,—one whose melodious voice and gentle accents had power to banish from his heart every vain, and dark, and vicious thought. These were the wrongs of which he complains: such is my reward for all I have done for him,—ungrateful man! Upon my wings hath he soared upwards, till his name is placed among the greatest of the sons of song, and fair ladies and gentle knights listen with delight to his strains:—had it not been for me, what had he become before now? Perhaps a vain flatterer, seeking preferment in a Court, confounded among the herd of vulgar men! I have so chastened, so purified his heart through the heavenly image impressed upon it, that even in his youth, and in the age of the passions, I preserved

him pure in thought and in action; whatever of good or great ever stirred within his breast, he derives from her and from me. From the contemplation of virtue, sweetness, and beauty, in the gracious countenance of her he loved, I led him upwards to the adoration of the first Great Cause, the fountain of all that is beautiful and excellent;—hath he not himself confessed it? And this fair creature, whom I gave him to be the honour, and delight, and prop of his frail life"—

Here the sense is suddenly broken off in the middle of a line. Petrarch utters a cry of horror, and exclaims—"Yes, you gave her to me, but you have also taken her from me!"

Love replies with sweet austerity—"Not I—but HE—the eternal One—who hath willed it so!"

Laura was virtuous. But how that could be, it surpassed the impure imaginations of the many French reps and demi-reps, whom, in various ages, it has been the taste of the unprincipled philosophers, and so forth, in France, to esteem wits, and whom not a few priggish and pedantic coxcombs even in Britain, desirous of being thought men of fashion and of the world forsooth, smelling all the while of crucibles or parchments, have chattered of in uncouthest criticism, flirting with the very bones of the beldams,—such as that heartless profligate, Madame du Deffand, and others too odious to name. An Englishwoman knows and feels better; and sees nothing so very laughable or absurd in the belief that the beloved of Petrarch preserved her virtue in spite of all the strains of impassioned genius "perilous to hear." Truth and honour dwelt of old in Italy, in the citadel of the female heart, as they do now in the same holy fortress, in England; and Laura has found a champion of her own sex, whose vindication might soothe her shade, and chase away all shame from her down-looking eyes, inspired by the insults of the painted prostitutes that rolled the wanton eye, and trolled the wanton tongue, in the contemptible Court of the Regent,—the Court not of Love, but of Lust, and of which the ladies, imperfect Poissardes, had all the chastity, and but half the politeness, of the Parisian fishmarket.

Much depraved ingenuity has been exerted to twist certain lines and passages in the Canzoniere into a sense which shall blot with frailty the memory of this beautiful and far-famed being. Once believe these interpretations, and all the peculiar and graceful charm which now hangs round her intercourse with Petrarch vanishes,—the reverential delicacy of the poet's homage becomes a mockery, and all his exalted praises of her unequalled virtue, and her invincible chastity, are turned to satire, and insult our moral feeling.

That Laura's virtue was preserved by her immaculate "from the captivating assiduities and intoxicating homage of her lover, is proved by evidence external and internal, prose and poetry, critical and traditional;" but Petrarch, "true to his sex, a very man, used *at first* every art, every advantage, which his diversified accomplishments of mind and person lent him, to destroy the virtue he adored." In one of the dialogues with St Augustin, imaginary dialogues, which are a series of confessions, not intended by Petrarch for publication, he says that

"Untouched by my prayers, unvanquished by my arguments, unmoved by my flattery, she remained faithful to her sex's honour; she resisted her own young heart, and mine, and a thousand, thousand, thousand things, which must have conquered any other. She remained unshaken. A woman taught me the duty of a man! To persuade me to keep the path of virtue, her conduct was at once an example and a reproach; and when she beheld me break through all bounds, and rush blindly to the precipice, she had the courage to abandon me, rather than follow me."

A passage occurs in the "Trionfo di Morte," beginning "La Notte che sequi l'orribil caso," in which Petrarch has himself left us a most minute and interesting description of the whole course of Laura's conduct towards him, which by a beautiful figure of poetry he has placed in her own mouth.

The apparition of Laura descending on the morning dew, bright as the opening dawn, and crowned with Oriental gems,

"Di gemme orientali incoronata,"

appears before her lover, and addresses him with compassionate tenderness. After a short dialogue, full of poetic beauty and noble thoughts, Petrarch conjures her, in the name of heaven and of truth, to tell him whether the pity she sometimes expressed for him was allied to love? for that the sweetness she mingled with her disdain and reserve—the soft looks with which she tempered her anger, had left him for long years in doubt of her real sentiments, still doating, still suspecting, still hoping without end:

"Creovvi amor pensier mai nella testa,
D' aver pietà del mio lungo martire
Non lasciando vostr' alta impresa onesta?
Che vostri dolci sdegni e le dolc' ire—
Le dolci paci ne' begli occhi scritte—
Tenner molt' anni in dubbio il mio desire."

She replies evasively, with a smile and a sigh, that her heart was ever with him, but that to preserve her own fair fame, and the virtue of both, it was necessary to assume the guise of severity and disdain. She describes the arts with which she kept alive his passion, now checking his presumption with the most frigid reserve, and when she saw him drooping, as a

man ready to die, "all fancy-sick and pale of cheer," gently restoring him with soft looks and kind words:

"Salvando la tua vita e'l nostro onore."

She confesses the delight she felt in being beloved, and the pride she took in being sung, by so great a poet. She reminds him of one particular occasion, when, seated by her side, and they were left alone, he sang to his lute a song composed to her praise, beginning, "Dir più non osa il nostro amore;" and she asks him whether he did not perceive that the veil had then nearly fallen from her heart?

She laments, in some exquisite lines, that she had not the happiness to be born in Italy, the native country of her lover, and yet allows that the land must needs be fair in which she first won his affection.

"Duolmi ancor veramente, ch'io non nacqui
Almen più presso al tuo fiorito nido!—
Ma assai fu bel païese ov' io ti piacqui."

In another passage we have a sentiment evidently taken from nature, and exquisitely graceful and feminine. "You," says Laura, "proclaimed to all men the passion you felt for me: you called aloud for pity: you kept not the tender secret for me alone, but took a pride and a pleasure in publishing it forth to the world; thus constraining me, by all a woman's fear and modesty, to be silent."—"But not less is the pain because we conceal it in the depths of the heart, nor the greater because we lament aloud: fiction and poetry can add nothing to truth, nor yet take from it."

"Tu eri di mercè chiamar già roco
Quand' io tacea; perchè vergogna e tema
Facean molto desir, parer si poco;
Non è minor il duol perch' altri 'l prema,
Ne maggior per andarsi lamentando:
Per fizïon non cresce il ver, nè scema."

Petrarch, then all trembling and in tears, exclaims, "that could he but believe he had been dear to her eyes as to her heart, he were sufficiently recompensed for all his sufferings;" and she replies, "that will I never reveal!" ("*quello mi taccio.*") By this coquettish and characteristic answer we are still left in the dark. Such was the sacred respect in which Petrarch held her he so loved, that though he evidently wishes to believe—perhaps *did* believe, that he had touched her heart, he would not presume to insinuate what Laura had never avowed. The whole scene, though less polished in the versification than some of his sonnets, is written throughout with all the flow and fervour of real feeling. It received the poet's last corrections twenty-six years after Laura's death, and but a few weeks previous to his own.

Laura died of the plague; and Petrarch, on hearing of her death, wrote a memorandum of it, now admitted to be genuine, in his copy of Virgil. This is so familiar to every one, that it is unnecessary to quote it.

All the breath of all the calumny, and all the breath of all the stupidity, that ever steamed up from earth to heaven, did never yet permanently obscure the lustre of one single star. They puff away like a couple of Dutch boors, the one wicked and the other weak, hobnobbing over muddy mugs, in a cloud of tobacco. The stars are saved the sin and shame of seeing them —to use a scriptural word—spew. Just so with the maligners of Petrarch and his Laura. They are beloved by all the poets who have read their tale, over the whole face of the earth; and high on the arch of heaven, among his kindred luminaries, shines the beautiful Sonnetteer, with a pale pensive star—no need to tell her name—just seen through the halo that softens his orb so lustrous. In loving his Laura—his own though another's—so long and so delightfully—"so tender and so true" —he conquered Fate and Destiny. On to the last issues of life, his love was fresh and strong in immortal youth. From the chill of old age its warm and pure breath saved his spirit. The image on which he everlastingly gazed never changed its lovely lineaments—its divine form never faded "into the light of common day." Its spiritual beauty "preserved the stars from wrong" and the flowers from withering. While she lived, and loved, and was lovely, so did and so was the world she inhabited. When she died, this sublunary scene lost nothing which she had given it; and having received over all its elements the impress of her being, her removal altered nothing, because she herself was immortal. She still spoke, looked, breathed, moved through all things; and we doubt not, "that when he was found lifeless one morning in his study, his hand resting on a book," she had been with him as his last hour closed in midnight solitude.

Many a man has, in his degree, been thus a Petrarch. All men with souls have been so, who in the world of love have "felt the influence of malignant star" forbidding their union with that presence which to them was the light of life. They too have had their Lauras—and many a silent sonnet has stolen from their souls, which

"Wanting the accomplishment of verse,"

floated momentarily into and out of existence. But they were —and are—and will be, while "faithful loves unmemoried" continue to breathe unheard and invisible round "this visible

diurnal sphere." The Book of Poetry, composed of many volumes, is indeed a divine, but it is an imperfect revelation. More, far more, a million times more, has been enjoyed and suffered, than has ever been recorded by inspired poets writing with diamond pens, steeped in light and tears, or in darkness and blood. Oh! if all the ecstasies and all the agonies that ever thrilled or shuddered through human souls had found full and permanent expression, what a literature, what a philosophy, what a poetry, had now hung over our mortal race!

Good people are not nearly so dull—their souls are not nearly so uncreative and unpreservative, as, in obedience, real or fancied, to the laws of this world, they are too often apt to imagine. Thousands of these, without being false to living realities, are true to dead ideals, or they blend the two into one; and bring the beauty that has long gone to the dust to angelify a living countenance. A man believes that he is in love with his bride, that he loves his wife. He is most grossly and happily mistaken. He is in truth a polygamist. The charms of twenty virgins are all enjoyed, and innocently too, in that one with the coronal of pearls wreathed round her auburn hair. All the fair and chaste matrons whom he has ever seen or read of, in the heathen and Christian world, meet together in the one who showeth him his first-born—

> "While like a star upon her bosom lies
> His beautiful and shining golden head." [1]

Suppose that we speak to him who never had a wife. Nay, to him whose first and only love is the wife of another. Suppose him in the state, and with something of the soul, of Petrarch. Her heart—her fancy—her imagination—her feelings—almost her passions—are his—he knows it—he has heard it from her own lips, which once have dared to murmur upon his their "fragrant frenzy," and then for ever after were to him a fruit forbidden on a tree of Paradise, a fruit full of temptation still, though empearled with ice-drops. Will he—does he—can he shut eyes, ears, all his senses and all his soul against her? If he doth, then is he a wiser man than Solomon—a more patient man than Job—a more chaste man, by many thousand degrees, than Scipio—and yet after all as big a blockhead as you may meet in this latitude on the 22d

[1] Would you believe it—*Old Hobbes!* See his Translation of the *Iliad.*

of July. But he is a Petrarch by hypothesis. Therefore she will be to him his intellectual, his moral, his physical, and his spiritual all-in-all—and he will enjoy her, in the joy of grief, which is multitudinous as the melancholy and glorious sea, without doing, or at least thinking of doing, one single act that might bring her and him into Doctor's Commons, Q.E.D.

And pray what essential difference is there in the case, should his first love, like Petrarch's, be, at her first dawn on his ideal world, married? None whatever. True, that in this island and this age, such a love ought, for many substantial reasons, to be avoided, even more than in that olden and golden era of Italy. A Petrarch and Laura now-a-days, we fear, however bright the genius of the one and the beauty of the other, would receive no such honour as the Petrarch and the Laura then-a-days received from Charles of Luxemburg, afterwards Emperor. When that Prince was at Avignon, a grand fête was given in his honour, at which all the noblesse were present. He desired that Petrarch's Laura should be pointed out to him; and when she was introduced, he made a sign with his hand, that the other ladies present should fall back; then going up to Laura, and for a moment contemplating her with interest, he kissed her respectfully on the forehead and on the eyes!

Times are changed—in some things for the better,—in some —many—for the worse. But prudent or imprudent—right or wrong—virtuous or vicious—pure or sinful, you are in love over head and ears, heart and mind, soul and body, with a married woman. God forbid it should be our case—for, old as we are, we should be very miserable, and altogether unfit to manage this Magazine. But suppose it your own case, and that you are in your prime of manhood—and a Poet—and that your case is hopeless. Suicide, with a man of your metal and piety, is not to be supposed—from insanity you are saved by a sound constitution and cooling medicines. Are you, then, to go moping up and down the streets or fields all day and night long, with your finger in your mouth, or to sit moping in coffee-rooms over the same eternal newspaper, as if committing to memory, by way of cure, all the advertisements? Or are you, rather, to bestir yourself like a man and a poet, as by a somewhat violent hypothesis, perhaps, you are taken to be, and kindling your genius at the Altar of Despair, to consecrate to

all future ages the memory of your happy-unhappy—your unhappy-happy love? The latter is the only alternative left to a man of your genius. We have the satisfaction of knowing, by long experience, that the readers of Maga are not startled by trifles—otherwise we should be alarmed that we may have given offence in these last few paragraphs. But though there may perhaps be, as Wordsworth says—though we doubt it—

"Thoughts that *do often* lie too deep for tears,"

of this we have no doubt, that there are no thoughts that do ever lie too deep for laughter; and that it would be easy to bring forward the most whimsical and convincing proofs even of the very Immortality of the Soul!

From Petrarch and his Laura let us turn to Dante and his Beatrice.

Petrarch was in his youth an amiable and accomplished courtier, whose ambition was to cultivate the arts, and please the fair. Dante early plunged into the factions which distracted his native city, was of a stern commanding temper, mingling study with action. Petrarch loved with all the vivacity of his temper; he took a pleasure in publishing, in exaggerating, in embellishing his passion in the eyes of the world. Dante, capable of strong and enthusiastic tenderness, and early concentrating all the affections of his heart on one object, sought no sympathy; and solemnly tells us of himself,—in contradistinction to those poets of his time who wrote of love from fashion or fancy, not from feeling,—that he wrote as love inspired, and as his heart dictated.

Petrarch had a gay and captivating exterior; his complexion was fair, with sparkling blue eyes and a ready smile. He is very amusing on the subject of his own coxcombry, and tells us how cautiously he used to turn the corner of a street, lest the wind should disorder the elaborate curls of his fine hair! Dante, too, was in his youth eminently handsome, but in a style of beauty which was characteristic of his mind; his eyes were large and intensely black, his nose aquiline, his complexion of a dark olive, his hair and beard very much curled, his step slow and measured, and the habitual expression of his countenance grave, with a tinge of melancholy abstraction. When Petrarch walked along the streets of Avignon, the women smiled, and said, "There goes the lover of Laura!" The impression which Dante left on those who beheld him, was far different. In allusion to his own personal appearance, he used to relate an incident that once occurred to him. When years of persecution and exile had added to the natural sternness of his countenance, the deep lines left by grief, and the brooding spirit of vengeance, he happened to be at Verona, where, since the publication of the *Inferno*, he was well known. Passing one day by a portico, where several women were seated, one of them whispered, with a look of awe,—"Do you see that man?—that is he who goes down to hell whenever he pleases, and brings us back tidings of the sinners below!"—"Ay, indeed!"

replied her companion,—"very likely; see how his face is scarred with fire and brimstone, and blackened with smoke, and how his hair and beard have been singed and curled in the flames!"

But when Dante won the heart of Beatrice Portinari, 'twas at a banquet given by her father, Folco di Portinari, when he was a boy, and she a girl—nine and eight years old. Won the heart? Yes—won the heart—

> "Into his heart received her heart,
> And gave her back his own."

His face was not scarred with fire and brimstone then! His beard, in place of being singed and curled in the flames, was but an imperceptible down—and his hair as bright and curled as that of his bright little Beatrice. He was then almost fresh from heaven—

> "And trailing clouds of glory did he come,
> With tresses like an angel!"

No fit messenger was he then to go down to hell and bring back tidings of the sinners below! But the time came, when he was the only mortal man, of all the millions, accomplished for such a mission. In scattered lines, selected by our fair friend, a sketch may be drawn of the person and character of Beatrice grown up to womanhood. She was not in form like the slender, fragile-looking Laura, but on a larger scale of loveliness, tall, and of a commanding figure, graceful in her gait as the peacock, upright as the crane. Her hair was fair and curling, but not golden; she had an ample forehead, "spaciosa fronte;" a mouth that, when it smiled, surpassed all things in sweetness; her neck was white and slender, springing gracefully from the bust; her chin small, round, and dimpled; her arms beautiful and round; her hand soft, white, and polished; her fingers slender, and decorated with jewelled rings, as became her birth: fair she was as a pearl, all lovely to look upon, but where it was becoming—disdainful,

> "Graziosa a vederla
> E disdegnosa dove si conviene."

On the death of Beatrice, Boccaccio, who knew Dante personally, tells us that he was so changed by affliction that his best friends could scarcely recognise him. He scarcely ate or slept—he would not speak; he neglected his person, until he became "una cosa selvatica a vedere," a savage thing to the

eye; to borrow his own expression, he was "grief-stung to madness."

One stanza of the Canzone "Gli occhi dolenti," written after the death of Beatrice, is unequalled, Mrs Jameson rightly says, for a simplicity at once tender and sublime. The Canzone is addressed, like the others, to her female companions, whom alone he thought worthy to listen to her praises, and whose gentle hearts could alone sympathise in his grief. In a note prefixed to it, he tells us that, after he had long wept in silence the loss of her he loved, he thought to give utterance to his sorrow in words, and to compose a Canzone in which he should write (weeping as he wrote) of the virtues of her who, through much anguish, had bowed his soul to the earth.

"Ascended is our Beatrice to the highest heaven, to those realms where angels dwell in peace; and you, her fair companions, and Love and me, she has left, alas! behind. It was not the frost of winter that chilled her, nor was it the heat of summer that withered her; it was the power of her virtue, her humility, and her truth, that ascending into heaven moved the ETERNAL FATHER to call her to himself, seeing that this miserable life was not worthy of anything so fair, so excellent!"

On the anniversary of the death of Beatrice, Dante tells us that he was sitting alone, thinking upon her, and tracing, as he meditated, the figure of an angel on his tablets. This gave rise to the 18th Sonnet of the Vita Nuova, which he calls "Il doloroso annovale." Two other sonnets, immediately following, are addressed to some kind and gentle creature, who from a window beheld Dante abandon himself, with fearful vehemence, to the agony of his feelings, when he believed no human eye was on him. How overwhelming the pathos! "She turned pale with compassion; her eyes filled with tears, as if she had loved me. Then did I remember my noble-hearted Beatrice, for even thus she often looked upon me," &c. And he confesses that the grateful, yet mournful pleasure, with which he met the pitying looks of this fair being, excited remorse in his heart that he should be able to derive pleasure from anything!

Dante concludes the collection of his Rime (his miscellaneous poems on the subject of his early love) with this remarkable note:—

"I beheld a marvellous vision, which has caused me to cease from writing in praise of my blessed Beatrice, until I can celebrate her more worthily;

which that I may do, I devote my whole soul to study, as *she* knoweth well; insomuch, that if it please the Great Disposer of all things to prolong my life for a few years upon this earth, I hope hereafter to sing of my Beatrice what never yet was said or sung of woman."

Through the two first parts of the "Divina Commedia" (Hell and Purgatory), Beatrice is merely announced to the reader. She does not appear in person; for, asks this fine and feeling writer, "what should the sinless and sanctified spirit of Beatrice do in those abodes of eternal anguish and expiatory torment?" Her appearance, however, in due time and place, is prefaced and shadowed forth in many beautiful allusions. For instance, it is she who, descending from the empyreal height, sends Virgil to be the deliverer of Dante in the mysterious Forest, and his guide through the abysses of torment; and she is indicated, as it were, several times in the course of the poem, in a manner which prepares us for the sublimity with which she is at length introduced, in all the majesty of a superior nature, all the dreamy splendour of an ideal presence, and all the melancholy charm of a beloved and lamented reality.

When Dante has left the confines of Purgatory, a wondrous chariot approaches from afar, surrounded by a flight of angelic beings, and veiled in a cloud of flowers—" un nuvola di fiori," is the beautiful expression. A female form is at length apparent in the midst of this angelic pomp, seated in the car, and " robed in hues of living flame :" she is veiled : he cannot discern her features, but there moves a hidden virtue from her,

" At whose touch
The power of ancient love was strong within him."

He recognises the influence which even in his childish days had smote him—

" Che già m' avea trafitto
Prima ch' io fuor della puerizia fosse ;"

and his failing heart and quivering frame confess the thrilling presence of his Beatrice—

" Conosco i segni dell' antica fiamma ! "

The whole passage is as beautifully wrought as it is feelingly and truly conceived.

Beatrice—no longer the soft, frail, and feminine being he had known and loved upon earth, but an admonishing spirit—rises up in her chariot,

" And with a mien
Of that stern majesty which doth surround
A mother's presence to her awe-struck child,
She looked—a flavour of such bitterness
Was mingled with her pity ! "

CAREY'S *Trans.*

Dante then puts into her mouth the most severe yet eloquent accusations against himself: while he stands weeping by, bowed down by shame and anguish. She accuses him before the listening angels for his neglected time, his wasted talents, his forgetfulness of her, when she was no longer upon earth to lead him with the light of "her youthful eyes,"—gli occhi giovinetti.

> "Soon as I had changed
> My mortal for immortal, then he left me,
> And gave himself to others; when from flesh
> To spirit I had risen, and increase
> Of beauty and of virtue circled me,
> I was less dear to him and valued less!"
>
> *Purgatory*, c. 30.—CAREY'S *Trans.*

This praise of herself, and stern upbraiding of her lover, would sound harsh from woman's lips, but have a solemnity, and even a sublimity, as uttered by a disembodied and angelic being. When Dante, weeping, falters out a faint excuse—

> "Thy fair looks withdrawn,
> Things present with deceitful pleasures turn'd
> My steps aside,"—

she answers by reproaching him with his inconstancy to her memory:—

> "Never didst thou spy
> In art or nature aught so passing sweet
> As were the limbs that in their beauteous frame
> Enclosed me, and are scatter'd now in dust.
> If sweetest thing thus fail'd thee with my death,
> What afterward of mortal should thy wish
> Have tempted?"
>
> *Purgatory*, c. 31.

And she rebukes him, for that he could stoop from the memory of her love to be the thrall of a *slight girl*. This last expression is supposed to allude either to Dante's unfortunate marriage with Gemma Donati, or to the attachment he formed during his exile for a beautiful Lucchese named Gentucca, the subject of several of his poems. But, notwithstanding all this severity of censure, Dante, gazing on his divine monitress, is so rapt by her loveliness, his eyes so eager to recompense themselves for "their ten years' thirst," —Beatrice had been dead ten years—that not being yet freed from the stain of his earthly nature, he is warned not to gaze "too fixedly" on her charms. After a further probation, Beatrice introduces him into the various spheres which compose the celestial paradise; and thenceforward she certainly assumes the characteristics of an allegorical being. The true distinction seems this, that Dante has not represented Divine Wisdom under the name and form of Beatrice, but the more to exalt his Beatrice, he has clothed her in the attributes of Divine Wisdom.

She at length ascends with him into the Heaven of Heavens, to the source of eternal and uncreated light, without shadow and without bound; and when Dante looks round for her, he finds she has quitted his side, and has taken her place throned among the supremely blessed, "as far above

him as the region of thunder is above the centre of the sea:" he gazes up at her in a rapture of love and devotion, and in a sublime apostrophe invokes her still to continue her favour towards him. She looks down upon him from her effulgent height, smiles on him with celestial sweetness, and then fixing her eyes on the eternal fountain of glory, is absorbed in ecstasy. Here we leave her; the poet had touched the limits of permitted thought; the seraph wings of imagination, borne upwards by the inspiration of deep love, could no higher soar—the audacity of genius could dare no farther!

This, we say, is very beautifully thought, felt, and written—one of the many gems set in these brilliant volumes. In remembrance of his early love, Dante named his only daughter Beatrice, and she became a nun at Ravenna. The bard was buried—sumptuously interred, at the cost of Guido da Polenta, the father of that unfortunate Francesca Rimini, whose story he has so exquisitely told in the Fifth Canto of the Inferno.

The love, the sorrow, the despair, the prostration, and the resuscitation of Dante's spirit, are all most beautiful and most sublime. With all the states of Petrarch's spirit we can sympathise easily, and readily, and happily—not that his grief is not profound, for it is profound; but we see it ranging and shifting for ever and ever before our eyes, and we become familiar with, never indifferent to, the various beauty of the pathos. We delight in our tears, as he himself often did; and are never afraid to gaze on the lovely picture of Laura. But Dante, while Beatrice was the sun of his life, was sometimes happy in the light she shed over the world, without referring always in his happiness—nor need was—that light to the benign and gracious orb which was its ever-streaming fountain. When she was eclipsed—"total eclipse" it indeed was to him, and the skies were as the blind walls of a dungeon—we hear his troubled spirit crying—moaning—shrieking—almost yelling in the utter darkness. A more terrible rending of the soul then took place within him than ever could have torn the softer nature of Petrarch. He was then mad—perhaps he was mad long before and long after; but then was a crisis—a paroxysm, in which life could not long have remained to mortal man. His after grief was gloomier than other men's despair—his subsequent sorrow sterner than other men's grief. Yet all the while how divine his tenderness, as the tenderness of a mourning and bereaved angel! His thoughts of his Beatrice do not lie too deep for tears! Dante weeps—often—long—we might almost say incessantly. But his are not showers of

tears, which, by a law of nature, must relieve the heart, just as rain relieves the sky. Big drops plash down upon his page, like the first of a thunder-shower—but let them continue to drop, at sullen intervals, for hours and hours, they seem still to be *the first*—the huge black mass of woe and despair is undiminished and unenlightened—

"Hung be the heavens with black,"

is still the cry of his agony, and at times he forgets that any other human beings ever had existence and lost it, save his own Beatrice Portinari. If another countenance starts into being before him, it is because it weeps for him the ghastly sufferer; by its pity it is beautified into some dim shadowy likeness to that of Beatrice—and then he upbraids himself for having been but for a moment beguiled of grief even by another who felt compassion for him who had lost—Beatrice. To be, but during one single moment's relief from utter wretchedness, forgetful of Beatrice—no, not for one single moment forgetful—but with all his being not brimful of remembrance and of misery—smites him, a sinner—a sinner against Beatrice—with remorse! Then he bows down before her spirit in repentance. She is dead—and he living! and with eyes and ears for any other sight—any other sound—though but an instant's glance, an instant's voice of pity—and the thought is itself at once sin, shame, and punishment! A great poet of our own day, speaking of the passion of love, of love for some "slight girl," in the bosom of a man of great energy, tells us how piteously and passionately he uttered his complaints over her death to all the objects of nature with which her memory was associated, and then adds, that the man "who made such passionate complaint was one of giant stature, one who could have danced equipped from head to feet in iron mail." How inadequate an image! Of what importance is the bulk of a man's thews and sinews when the single combat is with Despair—with any one agony in the heart or the brain? Had Dante been a giant, to whom he of Gath had been a pigmy, there had been nothing, to our conception, sublime, because of his bulk, in his prostration on the grave of Beatrice. He needed not to have flung himself down there—or erect his body as a tree; still his soul would have looked ghastly—and to the soul in its own sufferings alone do we look through the body, savage symbol it may

be, as Dante's was, of invisible agonies. Dante was not a "man of giant stature," nor could he have "danced equipped from head to feet in iron mail." In good truth, we suspect he was no dancer at all—unless, perhaps, on the evening of that fête when he, a glorious, and a glorying, and a glorifying boy, nine years old, led forth into the centre, perhaps, of the spacious floor, the stately girl with the ample forehead, one spring and one summer only younger than himself—for them the year had no autumn, no winter—and the noble children knew, in the divine instinct of a dawning love, destined never to set but in the grave, that they were indeed twin-stars, nor could the one be bright or blest without the other in heaven! But Dante's soul was gigantic; and there was the struggle in which he was overthrown—but overthrown but to rise again, as if he had drawn almost unnatural strength from the ideal dust of his Beatrice, to sing of that Hell and that Purgatory, all whose pains, except that of guilt—the greatest, it is true, of them all—he had gone through when she died, and to sing of that heaven which she even on earth had made him understand, and through whose regions her sainted spirit was afterwards the holy conductress.

Petrarch! all life long Thou pursuedst not,—for She needed not to fly from Thee—but didst adore a shade, or say rather a gentle gleam of "stationary sunshine!" Thine eyes were often blest in her smiling countenance, thine ears often drank in her voice's melody—everlasting delightful both—to thy most melancholy, most restless spirit. Perhaps happiness had been misery—and fruition dispelled the dream. Womankind existing to Thee but in her, and She, though beautiful flesh and blood, in her inevitable separation but a shade, more visionary and divine was The Sex to thy soul than it ever could have seemed to be, had thine own affianced virgin dropt before her bridal day into the tomb. The ideal world in which Thou so long didst dwell was not disenchanted by thy Laura's death—it only lay in more pensive shade, more melancholy lustre. She who on earth had dwelt apart from thee in body, seemed not to be more remotely removed when she went to Heaven. Her spirit perhaps visited Thee more frequently than ever before did either her bodily presence, or the idea of her living. Lost at last, utterly and for ever in the grave that Madonna-like countenance, which for so many long years shone on Thee

but by glimpses, hurried and stealthy, and not without trouble and tears. But memory, strong as the eye in undying passion,

> "Could give Thee back the dead,
> Even in the loveliest looks she wore!"

That unenjoyed Delight saved Thee from many sins, and thus

> "Thy soul was like a star, and dwelt apart!"

and immortal Fame came flying to Thee on the wings of Love!

Dante, thy boyhood was blest beyond all bliss; and till the prime of manhood thou wert with thy Beatrice even on earth, in the heaven of heavens, cheaply purchased by despair and madness! Thy spirit sounded the depths of woe, but no plummet-line, even of all thy passions upon passions, could reach the bottom of that sea. When the blackness of night lay densest upon thee, arose before thine eyes thy own celestial Beatrice, and far and wide diffused a sacred and indestructible light over all thy stormy world. She disappeared, and thou didst follow her, even in the flesh, beyond the "flaming bounds of space and time," and beheld her among the highest angels. Therefore, man of many woes, and troubles, and disquietudes, and hates, and revenges! thy fierce spirit often slept in a profounder calm than ever steeps the stillest dreams of those who, by nature and fortune, love and enjoy on earth perpetual peace. The sleep of the eagle on the cliff edge above the roar of cataracts, and in the heart of the thundercloud, is hushed and deep as that of the halcyon on the smooth and sunny main!

But lo! the printer's devil! Please, sir, for a few minutes be seated.

For the present, we must lay aside these very delightful volumes—perhaps to return to them, in a month or two—or some time during the winter. We have got over, in this article, only about the third of the first volume—and the Loves of Two Poets—but then such Two! Should the book reach a third edition before Christmas, we shall not adorn our bare, or enliven our dull pages with any more of its gorgeous or animated passages; but if that part of the reading public, which does not confine its midnight studies to Maga, do not call for new editions, then we shall set their teeth on edge by a taste of some more fair and fresh fruit from the same Tree.

EDUCATION OF THE PEOPLE.

[JANUARY 1830.]

THE violent political partisans of education might be offended even with the word objection; as if to offer an objection were to set yourself against education, and to show yourself to be an enemy of knowledge. If they were philosophers, they would see that such sensitiveness shows a misunderstanding of the magnitude of the subject, and of the constitution of the world. For education is a great, a boundless power; and no such power can be set in motion among men, whose faculties are disordered, and whose will is mixed, without producing, greatly and conspicuously, both good and evil.

The objections to education, urged by many enlightened men, are, that it tends to produce danger to religion, and danger to the state. Observe, that the education spoken of by them is essentially and pre-eminently—intellectual. True, that the education of Scotland has been something more—religious—not a gift of the state, however that might assist, but emanating from, and dependent on, its Church, laid on it by deep persecutions. But without peculiar circumstances which may give it this character, or considering it without this character, which is the proper way of learning its own nature, Education is intellectual. It is a cultivation of man's intellectual faculties, of his understanding, and his powers of reasoning. It has, therefore, a tendency to raise in him a very high opinion of those faculties, and to induce him to form an undue estimate of their power and province.

What is the effect of this? Generally—self-confidence, a feeling either good or evil,—purified, it is good, and a necessary part of good—unpurified, it is immoral. But secondly and specifically, the effect is confidence in those particular powers—an effect not necessarily ill either,—but more easily ill, and more difficult to guard. For moral self-confidence is

purified by morality, which is in the power of every one, but intellectual self-confidence is purified only by the very highest instruction, which is necessarily reserved for very few.

Intellectual self-confidence thus produced by intellectual cultivation, is, in the first place, confidence in the powers of the human mind generally; then, in those of the human being himself. It has been seen in the last age of the history of the human mind, what confidence in the sufficiency of the human faculties generally may be in result. We have seen that the evil caused thereby has been tremendous. To extend the same confidence to orders hitherto uninstructed, is, unless guarded against, to extend to them the possibility, perhaps the probability, of the same result,—to make them partakers in the proud error of self-misled philosophy,—to carry down into their privacy of life, their humble security and their obscure peace, the dazzling illusions and ambitious falsehoods which human wit, at its height of power, armed against itself with its brightest weapons, taught in mysteries, and amplest in resources, has been able to muster to its own destruction.

The intellectual self-confidence of the individual mind tends to similar effects. Necessarily so—because the human mind at large is only the assemblage, or collection of single minds; and speaking of it, we mean only to speak comprehensively of some common manifestation of the majority of minds, which manifestation, when the mind we speak of is that of an age, is always the more determined and vehement through the power of sympathy. Therefore, a disposition due to the circumstances of the times,—a disorder, if it be such,—breaks out with more force than is due to the action of these circumstances on the single mind,—like one in the physical world, which, while "it is hung in the sick air," is also infectious from touch to touch, and from breath to breath.

Whatever, therefore, is manifested conspicuously, comprehensively, and with great power, in the mind of an age, as the effect of any cause acting on the mind of the age—say confidence in the powers of the human mind—that will, in degree, be manifested as the effect of the same cause, acting on the single mind, within the single mind. If that effect be to the one irreligion, immorality, and political license, to the other it will be irreligion, immorality, and political license.

Now, the effect of individual intellectual self-confidence

appears to be morally good or ill, just as it is determined. Thus, it is easy to conceive such confidence, even when undue, and undirected, remaining within moral limits. That a man, through it, should be harsh and arrogant, rash, overbearing, untractable, refractory to direction and control, and most wilful in all his habits, is, in truth, what must be called an immoral effect, since it is a state of mind contrary to that which a perfect moral discipline tends to produce. Nevertheless, it is conceivable that it should still remain, so to speak, within the limits of morality. Because such a man may still bow down before the Moral Law, revering its sanctions, conforming to its greater obligations, only not perceiving that there are innumerable lesser obligations with which he does not comply. But let there, for such a man's calamity, prevail in the society any kind of immoral opinion, sprung, as has been averred, from the confidence of the human mind in itself, and then such a man will be found more than all others, unless some very strong individual peculiarity, or bias, hold him back from it, predisposed to embrace that pernicious opinion. We are looking here to the lower orders. In the highest instruction, individual intellectual self-confidence is frequently the parent or finder-out of dangerous opinions. In its lower degrees, it usually waits, but is not unwilling to be misled.

But why should the opinion produced by the self-confidence of the human intellect be irreligious, immoral, adverse to political establishment? For two reasons, which are such as to make the consequences nearly universal. First, many of the reasons and doctrines of religion, many of the reasons of morality, many of the reasons of political obedience, are unfathomable to the human intellect, at least such as it is at present with the great majority of the cultivated orders of the most enlightened nations. There are difficulties in the philosophy of the world, to the height of which it has not yet attained. Now, the human mind, confident in its own sufficiency, will not, cannot, believe what it cannot understand. It receives not, because it cannot pierce, penetrate, explore, and expound the dogmatic mysteries of religion; it has no faith in any secrets behind the veil which it cannot lift. It denies morality, because its law, too, is laid in depths of its own mysterious nature, which its own research has not yet laid bare, and possibly never will. It is unwilling even to hearken often to the

still small voice of conscience, for it is like the voice of the unknown God. It refuses political obedience, because it has conceived but one reason for obedience, namely, the interest of the individual in the welfare of the whole; and yet it finds institutions challenging obedience, some of which have sprung up in imagination, some in passion, some out of the subsiding conflict of the blindest forces; but it does not discern what hand led out of the tumult and wrath of fighting interests, and disposed out of many contending elements, institutions, laws, and a political order which secure the very condition it requires, namely, individual good in the common welfare. This good is under abatement, through the moral evil and corruption resting upon mankind; the unconquerable necessity of which abatement, except by the diminution of the moral evil and corruption in which it lies, it least of all distinguishes and admits.

Secondly, religion, morality, polity, are all bonds upon human will—at least, since that will is corrupt they are so—to fallen man they are so—a stern, awful, often rigid subjugation. Can he like this? He hates it. There boils up in him, therefore, a will against these authorities, exciting and impelling his understanding to find invalidating flaws in their constitution. That the understanding should thus obey the impulse of the will,—that it should seem to lead, where it is only propelled,—that belief should be moulded by inclination, is nothing new. It happens to all every day—it has happened from the beginning of the aberration of our spirit. The highly cultivated, they whose wit is more subtle in self-deception, may not propose to themselves to find out reasons, but there is no doubt that any inclination pressing upon the thoughts continually will influence them, unknown to the consciousness of the mind through which they pass; whereas grosser minds, grosser in feeling, grosser in thought, although intellectually cultivated, will say openly and with their lips—"let us break asunder their bands, and cast their cords from us."

We think the consequences now shortly described of cultivation of the intellectual faculties are real, and may go to any extent. Its consequences were, and are, in France. They are now here, in certain divisions of the educated, and the present partial literary corruption of the half-educated. This,

then, is an argument against education; and if there were nothing to set against it, a decisive argument. But that it is not decisive would appear probable from this, that the same argument is one against the cultivation of all orders, of those who have leisure for study and give themselves up to it. For it is among them, in the first place, that this hardened and defying philosophical pride shows itself, and that it begins to make its discoveries. But *we* instinctively resist the conclusion, that we are not to cultivate our faculties. We seem forfeiting our birthright, our nature, if we give it up. Thus, then, we are led, if there be that tendency in cultivation which has been said, to inquire what may counteract it. We are led to this by a hopeful feeling that there is such a counteraction, and that it will and does predominate. Now the basis of this hope seems to be of two kinds—in the nature of the human mind, and in the nature of the world. Of the mind, which is not mere intellect, but a mixed being, in which sensibility of affection, imagination, and conscience, have place with intellect. This mind is so constituted, then, that it rests not in intellect; if any power is given to the growth and development of its other powers, these may and will counteract any injurious tendency lodged in the intellect. For instance, a great part of a man's happiness is in his domestic affections; but it is easily and quickly evident to him that the first condition of the employment, wellnigh of the existence of these affections, is morality. Conjugal love is gone without the law of its own virtue. What is the happiness of a father in a profligate son? Let him be what he will in judging of himself, he becomes moral in judging of his child. Where is domestic peace without domestic moral order? Here, then, is compulsion from the affections to reverence the moral law. Again, grant that there is in our minds some principle not easily treated of, that draws us to religion. Is it not counteracted by others not strictly religious? Does not conscience, the moral sense, if this be really deep and tender, call us towards Him, incline us to seek and believe in Him, who, if he be, is, in the unfathomable necessity of his being, the eternal infinite law of Holy Right? Will not a moral spirit, oppressed with the immoralities of the only intelligent being it knows,—itself,—rejoice to think that there is one Being in whom this miserable depravation of good does not mingle with the capacity of good, which is pure and

unsullied? It might easily be shown that the imagination and the natural affections all lead us to religion.

Thus, then, if that were true wholly, which is only true in part, that Intellect leads men to Immorality and to Irreligion, there are other parts of our nature leading opposite ways; or rather let us say, if there be one inclination of Intellect to dissolve morality and religion, there are principles of our nature which will reign over Intellect to incline it to them. If religion prevail with us, so too will it incline to Political Obedience, considering governments as appointed, and reverencing the moral order which they actually maintain. Thus there is ground of expectation, of belief, that in the absolute, or general cultivation of our nature, including Intellect, the result will be good.

But, secondly, the nature of the world tends to the same result. For what is the subject of the Exercises of Intellect? The World, Natural, Moral, Visible, Invisible. Let Intellect, then, survey the Natural World. It is possible, certainly, to read causes and effects wondrously connected, and yet to see them, and nothing more. But it is also possible to see more. It is possible for our understanding, pursuing, and examining stupendous order in worlds on worlds—stupendous care in the formation of an elephant or an insect—to believe in the design, a designer. The study of the works of wisdom, power, goodness, does not seem unfitted, surely, to draw our mind to the contemplation, the acknowledgment of wisdom, power, goodness! Such men as Newton and Linnæus are incidental, but august, teachers of religion. Lord Bacon says, as everybody knows, that a little philosophy makes men atheists, leading them to rest in second causes, but much philosophy brings them back to religion. It seems the first untaught mind steps direct from the effect to God; to the half-taught mind, philosophy has raised up an interposition of second causes, which it cannot get over; the taught mind—taught by divine philosophy—steps in its might through and over the second causes, to the same end or origin. Thus, if there be a tendency in the affection which accompanies Intellect, of pride and self-elation, to close up the mind to the most important truths, there is a tendency in the subject on which it is employed to open it up to those very truths. Again, from the material turn to the moral world. In its structure are many things that perplex us. But, search it as we will, the more we search it,

the more we find this clear and great law established in it,—that good follows to the doer of good, evil to the doer of evil—an observation giving infinite weight and awe to the moral law in our own minds, and leading our thoughts to a Moral Ruler. The logical inference from the world is morality.

There is, then, an argument on each side.—Are they balanced? It appears to us difficult, on the arguments themselves, to say that the one or the other preponderates. Both are in themselves tendencies unlimited. But which seems, in the history of the world, to have prevailed? In ancient times, among the Greeks, the prevalence of their philosophy was to virtue. In modern times, the tendency of civilisation has been to virtue. What may be said, generally, of the historical argument, is this, that if the nation has been moral—and as it has been moral—Intellect has been moral also. It has obeyed, has taken the colour of morality. In Greece it seems to have been moral far beyond the practical morality, and to have taken a moral lead. Let us see, then, if there be anything else to guide us in deciding on which side the conclusion lies. Look, then, what the progress of nations has been, in any time. It has been a progress in intellectual attainment and development. One great cause of this has been man's contest with his condition. He has laboured to conquer physical nature—to make himself as much as he might master of his lot—to overcome disorder and mischief, and attain repose in his social condition—to subdue the greatest obstacle to his welfare, evil in his own heart. Now, by these efforts, have arts and sciences been evolved, knowledge of the existences and laws of nature, and hence command of her powers. Another cause, or the cause of another mode of man's cultivation,—in some countries more than in others, in all in some degree,—has been the native impulse of his feelings producing the arts which adorn and exalt life externally, by so shaping its materials, circumstances, and forms, that Imagination may rest upon it, may dwell in customary life—namely, in stateliness and magnificence of its decorations, such as sumptuous architecture; exalting it internally, by those arts which embody and bring into agnition to the senses its highest emotions. Necessity has not prompted, nor required such arts, but the native vigour of the soul has given them birth.

Such are two of the great origins of intellectual cultivation,—first, the ameliorating of man's condition, where he comes

to be almost under the necessity of ameliorating it, by deliverance from physical and from moral evil; secondly, the yearning of the soul after its own exaltation, in the midst of its terrestrial existence.

Which of these two causes would we, which are we able to put away? Neither.

For the first constraint upon man to know, is, we have seen, independent of his pure desire of knowledge. But on the knowledge thus compelled, the desire feeds and kindles. Its materials are thus spread out before it; its acquisition has begun; it has tasted; and then its own native nobility breaks forth.

If this be the true history of what has happened, shall we not be led to say, that the question never comes to be proposed to our mind, whether it should cultivate its faculties or not? That this cultivation is involved with conditions of its existence—is inevitable—a destiny laid upon it? We cannot conceive it proposed to the deliberation of those with whom the decision remains. For it may indeed be made matter of argument, not unreasonably, among philosophical inquirers, whether the operation of such and such causes upon human nature and society be friendly or unfriendly to human welfare. But how, pray, can it be a question to mankind? To those to whom the powers belong, with whom it rests to cultivate their powers or not? They are under the influence of causes, impelling them to proceed, which they will not attempt to resist. These are they with whom the great conflict of society with natural evils rests—they to whom manufactures, agriculture, commerce, navigation, war, wealth, the administration of the laws, the government of nations, the economy of public wealth, education, religion, remain matters of paramount and indisputable public concern—the means of their own several support and advancement. Therefore, as the question might prove one difficult to argue on its proper merits, what has now been said of the history of the human mind, and of the manner in which its condition and constitution, while it simply obeys them, carries it forward into boundless fields, acquisitions, conquests, and triumphs of intellect, must certainly be received in place of an argument of the question on its merits,—as an indication from Nature herself,—that is, as an indication from the wisdom in which

nature is framed, and therefore as a law to human reason,—that the high cultivation of the intellectual faculties should be persevered in,—and that if it has, as in some measure it has, injurious consequences, it should be confided that the good consequences are greater far, and that the moral welfare of man is to exist in the midst of his intellectual light.

The next question that arises, is, How far man should go in Intellect? Here, a very little reflection shows us immediately that this point also is decided. If man is indeed destined to such an intellectual life,—if his hope and his strength be undoubtedly in these pure and high endowments of his rational soul—in these works achieved—in these kingdoms won,—then there remains no reason to doubt that he is to push these conquests to the utmost—to repel as far back as he can the boundary of ignorance and of darkness.

Supposing, then, that this too is admitted. Hitherto we have been reasoning concerning the highest inquiries. Hitherto we have not asked, what is to be the lot, the avocation, the instruction of the inferior orders of a people, of those who build in themselves the deep wide base of society, but of those who form its stately, its embellished, and its crowning heights — of those whom their birth bids aspire, not in ambition of outward life only, but in ambition of thought and of the soul,—of those to whom their wealth gives Leisure and Power,—Leisure, the happy, if well-used privilege of appropriating, at the choice of their own discretion, according to the best, highest, purest, wisest suggestion of their heart and understanding, the measures of the swift span of mortal existence,—of stamping on hour, day, month, and year, as it fleets by, acts of self-chosen virtuous endeavour, bright labours of useful and yet noble thought,—meditation, clothed in Fancy's hues, and yet instinct with feelings the deepest and most solemn: Power,—not that only which is command over the actions, the obedience, the service, the will, the happiness, the welfare and virtue of others, but power also for themselves inwardly,—power which is the command over all the means of knowledge, of living instruction as it is best given,—access to all the treasure-houses, use of the accumulated wealth of learning, science, and art, which seas divide not, which shores remove not from the sufficient object of its sufficient desire—to which not only all volumes of all languages, but the Book

of Nature and Life is equally with them outspread,—the cities and manners of men open to be seen and known,—and the sages of the earth, wherever they breathe to meditate wisdom, can be sought as companions and friends—of those we speak, who, to whatever rank, to whatever fortune they may have been born, to the highest, to the lowest, to the amplest and most flowing, or to the narrowest and most constraining, are yet all called, by the gifts indulged to their spirit, to intellectual riches and rank—of those who thus estated, and taking their easier or more difficult way to the possession of their heritage,—become the teachers and lights of the world,—become its separated, it may be said, consecrated order, and priesthood of knowledge.

Now, we maintain that, in speaking of such minds, we have in fact treated the only question, or we should rather say, the only portion of a very extended question, on which there is room for doubt. For, it may be doubted, on the whole of his constitution and condition possibly, what is the proper way for man to attain well-being and well-doing. But this being once determined,—then, whether the proper way for one portion of mankind to seek well-being and well-doing, is, or is not, the proper way for another portion of the same species to seek the same results,—on this, we apprehend, there can be no room for doubt. They are the same nature, the same soul, on the same earth,—under the same God, the same author, disposer, ruler, guide. They are from one origin—for one end. Let it be granted, then, that this solemn Being of Intellect and Will, capable of Happiness and Misery,—of Knowledge and Ignorance —of Good and Evil,—that is, of moral good and evil; and who, capable in all parts of his constitution alike of either of these alternatives, is yet called to one and not to another, is called to Happiness and Moral Good, called therewith, and thereby, and therefore to Knowledge also, and as little to Ignorance as he is to Misery or Guilt—that these Three are in connection and harmony, and reciprocal dependence, and those Three—then we hold that these are words without meaning, or they are truths of the whole race, of that nature which is identical in one and in another throughout the habitations of the globe. It is a question not partial but universal; not superficial but profound; not of a division of the surface but central; emanating in every direction alike, and radiating to the whole

circumference. What proposal of a doubt, pray, would it be to say—does natural love, as of the mother to her child, produce in some orders a moral purity and elevation of thoughts and wishes, in others vitiate and depress them? Does it produce in some hearts effusion of tenderness and sympathy, softening and opening them? Does it harden others and steep them in gall? Is one soul created under one law, one system of laws—another under another? Does the beating of the heart propel the blood in one living frame, and does that blood convey with it heat and life? And does the same mighty pulse in another shut up the healthful circulation, or send in its place a stream of ice and death? Does this atom of matter fall by gravity? And have we to seek some other law to account for the fall of this next?—These are truly the questions we ask, when we inquire whether, in one human being, or class of human beings, intellect is given as a power friendly to morality, a power made rightly to influence the will, which must therefore receive its food, knowledge, that it may perform its ministry: Whether in another it exists as a power dangerous and hurtful to morality, acting injuriously upon the will, from which therefore its celestial food is to be withheld?

Let it be thought what kind of contradiction any other conclusion would be in practice—what sort of prospect a nation would present, that should divide itself into the struggle, that should attempt in this manner to pull asunder its higher and its lower portions, and thus intellectually to dismember itself; of which the higher orders should seek with the utmost passion and avidity, and the utmost ambition of all their powers, light to themselves, and at the same time endeavour to maintain the darkness of the lower? How could they attempt it? How could they wall in the overflowing waters? If there were initiations in science, in temples guarded with fearful ceremonies and vows, there might be some hope to keep the secret of knowledge. But our temples are open. Our books are not written in a sacred Brahminical language, unknown to the vulgar, the patrimony of the holy caste. They are not written in hieroglyphic characters, of which the secret and sacred key is covered beneath the mantle of the priests. They are in a language which all speak, in letters which are no longer a mystery. The world of knowledge is thrown

open; and the question is not with those who have it, whether they will impart, but with those who have it not, whether they will receive?

If it were possible to confine it, where should the line be drawn? Are our orders so distinguished that we can define, this shall be the right of one; this of another; we will carry down this part of knowledge thus low, and this thus low, and no lower? Far from it. It is the beauty of our social state, that all its various ranks, although essentially distinct, yet all seem to blend into each other, constituting, in their union, an harmonious whole. We give to wealth its due tribute of respect, when gained by honourable means, and employed for useful ends. We do not withhold from the inheritors of a noble name any of those feelings with which imagination delights reverently to invest the history of an illustrious house, and if he be not unworthy of his lofty lineage, each successive representative of an ancient family. We have reason to respect the nobility and the gentry of our native land; for they of old have been distinguished by a proud and fearless patriotism. But we venerate virtue—we admire genius—we respect intellect, from whatever nook "its fulgent head star-bright appears"—and as it is, after all, by mind alone that the high-born can maintain their right unquestioned to those feelings with which we are willing to regard them and their high estate; so by mind alone can the peasant lift himself up to the level of the peer, and gain to himself a name that shall rank in the roll with the proudest names that grace the ancestral glories of even a regal race. It is plain that there is but one line we can draw, that which encompasses all. Thus, then, if it might be a question, whether the walks of knowledge should be abandoned altogether, and ploughed up, it can be none, who shall go into them. What practical question, therefore, can we ask? Not, whether we shall withhold, but whether we shall seek to impart. Not what we shall keep back, but what we shall be most diligent to extend. If we shall seek to impart? In the first place, Yes,—because we believe that knowledge is good for the human soul; and we desire, we who may be somewhat or far higher in society, we who may have some or great influence, power, deliberation for others, to diffuse Good. We wish it, in charity to those less favoured than we are. We wish it, in patriotism,

that the solid welfare of our country may be built as wide as its shores. We wish it, in self-interest, that we may not feel the reaction upon ourselves of forlorn vice, the untamed and fierce ignorance of those among whom our lot is cast. If we shall seek to impart? Yes. That we may bind all together in one bond; that we may be one brotherhood. To impart? Yes. That we may receive. That chill penury may no longer repress or freeze—that in open day all the plants may rejoice in the sun, and give back their beauty to his light—that Genius may spring up where it has been sown—that our Miltons may not rest mute and inglorious—that as we have much to do in science,—that, as although much has been done by thoughtful and erudite men, far more remains to be done—that, as all sciences are imperfect, some even yet in their infancy—that as the human mind, which at one moment of discovery seems to have accomplished everything that lay before it, and absolutely to have finished its work, at the next looks back on all it has attained, and seems to have done nothing—seeing in all its hitherto labours only the preparation and rudiments, the unformed beginnings of that last work to which it is created, and which still lies before it, almost as it were unattempted; so that one sage says, "I have learnt a little," and another says, "I know that I know nothing"—that, in this condition of human science, and looking upon knowledge as our dearest birthright, our pride and our power, we may have all aid in acquiring it, and may be robbed of no powerful hand that can help to conquer.

But will not this raise up a power of knowledge and thought in the commonalty, in large portions of them at least, which in the higher there is now nothing to counterbalance? Let it be so—for it is good. The higher must advance themselves—perhaps they need compulsion, incitement to do so. Perhaps they are negligent and indolent. But then they have every advantage—leisure, means, ambition, duty. The others will not advance too far. They have a heavy burden to carry with their knowledge. Let not men—the men of this great and free country—fear the ultimate effects of knowledge. It is a great power poured in, and will produce some commotion; but will settle and find its way to its proper places. The immediate effects are not the ultimate. At first a degree of emotion is excited, which belongs not to the matter, but to the times — the novelty, the suddenness, the generality,

namely, the act of diffusion. But the lasting impressions are those which belong to the matter. Nothing is without risk—nothing great at least. But neither is it without risk to do nothing—to leave everything alone. Certain it is, that the Old World has greatly and suddenly changed. One thing is true, that injurious and corrupt abuse will not stand before an enlightened people—nor ought it. The instruction of the people will give a tenfold, but not a turbulent weight to public opinion. The danger is, not from knowledge or reason, but from the concurrence of particular changes of opinion with particular causes of political ferment, which may or may not happen. The ground of security, when the people are instructed, will be the same, as when we are. It has been confessed, that Intellect has causes of disturbance, but that they are tempered and subdued by morality. Let there be sufficient causes of the morality of the people, and intellect will not hurt them; let there not be, and Intellect will not be wanted to make mischief.

That more danger is to be feared from an imperfectly educated population than from one brutally ignorant, we have never been able to bring ourselves to believe; but even if there were, that would be no argument against general Education. For, it can become good only by degrees; and during the period of transition from darkness to light, during the *gloaming*, let the power that is in wisdom maintain the state.

It is, however, most material, in any question of Education, to know of what kind of Education we speak—whether of the very highest, or of that which is merely secular. The kind of instruction which writers on the Education of the People generally mean, is merely secular, that is, of the second order; and yet they often reason, as if it were to produce the effects proper to the very highest—unlimited effects on human happiness and virtue. This introduces great confusion into the whole argument—is most unphilosophical—and, moreover, justly offensive to those who believe that such effects can be produced only by religion.

We confess that this is a subject on which it is difficult to speak; but that difficulty shall not hinder us from expressing our opinion before a Public, so capable of judging whether it be right or wrong, whether founded on knowledge or ignorance of human nature, and its most momentous concerns.

That Education we then hold to be comparatively of little

worth which is entirely an Education of Intellect, and not at all of Will. What is all the evil of life but a disordered will? What other ignorance so mischievous—so fatal, as the ignorance of the will disturbed and darkened? From that disturbance and darkness, what dreadful passions rise up! not only to destroy all peace and all virtue in the individual whom they perpetually torment, but in league and union with kindred powers in many other hearts to agitate the whole frame of society, and lay its fairest scenes desolate! Knowledge may and does work directly towards the restoration of the will. But from that to reason generally about the importance of knowledge is to deceive ourselves, and to expect defects from an inadequate cause. The kind of knowledge that can effectually and permanently clear and enlighten the will is soon circumscribed and defined—moral and religious. You may say, that the will cannot give religion, because religion is doctrine, and facts and truths, out of the acquisition of the faculties, and which must be declared. True—God has done his part, and given us revelation. These truths are couched in few words, and soon conveyed. Where lies the great difficulty of this knowledge but in the will, which is unrecipient—not always by direct purposed opposition, but by earth and desires of earth clinging to it, and in a way it cannot understand; palsying, as it were, the very spirit, when most eager to aspire to heaven? Is there any instance of a soul perfectly spiritual, and withal perfectly meek, that ever found insuperable difficulty in embracing the highest and greatest doctrines? So it is said—"they that will to do the will of my Father shall know of the doctrine;" that is, by the very act of willing, steadily maintained, shall acquire the knowledge.

Undoubtedly the best effects of secular instruction are also of a moral kind, but indirectly, and not in the very highest degree. Many of the habits and tempers of such instruction are excellently good. It induces domesticity—it is tranquil, sedate, thoughtful, orderly—it mixes with a father's love to his children in divers ways—partly in teaching them, as he will be by his secular instruction better able to be a religious or moral teacher to them. He who studies astronomy or natural history, may find in them just grounds of adoration and gratitude. But not necessarily so—for according to the will is the feeding of the soul on its knowledge; it is poison or

immortal fruits. The will hallows the knowledge, or makes it wicked. Observe, too—and we ask you to do so from no wish to undervalue Science—that the adoration drawn from speculative knowledge is much weaker than that proceeding from the personal incidents of common life. A poor man, receiving his daily meal, as he believes, from the hand that feeds the young ravens when they cry, has a stronger and more efficient sort of gratitude than he who derives it from contemplation. Yet it is requisite, too, that the spirit which does put forth the eagle-wings of thought, should, in Intellect and Imagination, still find religion, that its great powers may be good to it, and not its bane. But we are not to begin to seek God above the stars. "He is not far from every one of us."

Thus, then, there is an effect of secular instruction which works back into the higher order of effects—but not necessarily—although, when it does, most momentous. For, supposing a truly moral people, well taught for the next world, it may easily be conceived that a general diffusion of knowledge, making them an intellectually as well as morally instructed people, would raise their whole character, as well as their whole power greatly, and be really of prodigious importance. The error, and it is one into which many philanthropists have fallen, is to think of founding on intellect, to build thereon will; the right course being to found in will, and to build theron intellect—the right course, if there be truth in the words of the Most High.

It is not possible, therefore, for any person, holding the opinion which we have now expressed, to speak in perfect consent with the present zeal for Education. We must suppose it, in this mistaken, that it too often overlooks, disregards, or misunderstands moral effects. Neither intellect, nor its tuition, are necessarily moral. This many of the most zealous educationists seem not to know. They seem to think that intellect is virtue and happiness. What is the truth? If you try to conceive a human being in his perfection, you, no doubt, conceive him walking in the light of intellect. But there are two kinds of knowledge, objective and subjective. Knowledge objective is knowledge of objects in and among themselves. Knowledge subjective is knowledge of objects in their relation to, and as they affect the mind knowing—the mind or person being called, somewhat perplexingly, perhaps, by logicians,

the subject. Now he who is strong in either kind commands reverence, and seems to be achieving the duty of his being; but we would say, that he who knows objectively seems rather to walk in power—he who knows subjectively to walk in light. Galileo and Newton appear to us triumphing spirits. The sovereign and sole power of intellect swallowing up their life, appears to have something consecrating, in our estimation. We do not ask about the will of such men—perhaps we fear to do so, lest we should find a flaw, some evil lurking there that might bring down the starry Galileo from his throne in the skies, and show him, like ourselves, a child of dust. Here, however, the intellect was purely contemplative, and the subject solemnises the faculties. Take, then, Lycurgus, Solon, or Numa, who were practical men, and busied themselves with the concerns of this world and this life. Observe, that in them we always suppose great subjective as well as great objective knowledge,—or rather that they have treated subjective knowledge objectively, and that they well knew themselves, and regulated their own minds by noble laws. Besides, they legislated for the public good, and thereby they proved their virtue, and we believe them to have been virtuous. Take, then, knowledge, practical, objective, and limited in its objects, such as that of the illustrious Watt. We know that he was a man of virtue; but we have little or no reason for believing that, from his merely having improved on the steam-engine. He might have been the most scientific man of his age, and yet not a man of great virtue—nor would our minds have been greatly surprised or shocked, had such knowledge and such talents been found disunited from great virtue. They command reverence, by the power, both producing and produced; but surely a moderated and inferior reverence, not one to take place of a moral estimate. Finally, take knowledge, practical, and detached from or opposed to will, as in many great conquerors, and we then feel that knowledge is something altogether different from virtue. Any mental power, at its height, dazzles us, absorbs our contemplating faculty, but may give little light on its general moral effect. The moral effect of knowledge merely objective, which is that of education on common men, seems to be this—that it amends and raises them by drawing force of will from common passions into a spiritual power. Besides, it raises, and in some degree amends, as it

guides them in their actions relative to things external and objective. The injury is, or may be, that it destroys simplicity of faith. The character of the understanding of children and of the common people is, that feeling their own knowledge to be extremely limited, they readily suppose, and are ever prone to believe, existences and powers out of their own knowledge, and that to any extent. This is a true state of mind, for it is a disposition representing their real power. Instructed men have this not, but the reverse,—a persuasion that their present knowledge contains reality, possibility, everything, which is a state in the utmost degree false. This is the reason of all incredulity—a prevalent temper of the last half-century, coming with knowledge, and not yet extinguished. Undoubtedly, by the diffusion of instruction, as it is contemplated, we shall in some produce this temper, perhaps in great numbers. The highest philosophy returns to the pristine humility of ignorance—only an enlightened, instead of a dark humility. It has measured finiteness in the presence of infinitude. No man, if you ask him, "Do you know everything?" will answer "Yes, I do;" but, nevertheless, that is his virtual belief. For his understanding is shut against and denies everything he does not know.

Now, what is the remedy for this among the people? To have it remedied first among philosophers—also by the predominance of moral over intellectual tuition. This false persuasion does not necessarily come with knowledge, but is induced by the undue excitation of self-esteem in the progress of knowledge, the annexation of the idea of self to the knowledge attained, till all knowledge lying beyond, wholly out of that attained, and especially knowledge contradicting that attained—and that which lies wholly out of it will often seem to contradict it—comes like a contradiction of self, and "is with spattering noise rejected." There is, indeed, a "Beyond" to which the knowledge attained visibly leads, but that is very different; and a glimpse of it, instead of repelling, tempts the mind onwards by the lure of light. This disposition often appears as conceit in the young, but it was a terrific vanity in an age. It is the error of the mind new to knowledge, and beginning attainment. The delusion of an age, suddenly inflated, and inflamed with an idea of immense superiority over those that have preceded. It will be the error of minds

always, individual, national, secular, which, in all their acquisitions, feel themselves more than their subjects. If it has arisen throughout an age—that is, in many nations at once, and has lasted a season—it does not necessarily last. It produces acknowledgment, perhaps humiliation, perhaps regret, perhaps remorse—a contrary revulsion of the understanding—a clearer discernment of the truth which has been abandoned or violated—a consciousness of following mischiefs to be blotted out, balanced, or expiated. Let us not speak, then, only of the common people, but of the highest instructed—the leading orders of nations—of this nation, and what is our dependence for their morality? Not precisely and singly the augmentation of knowledge, but, independently of what is given them not human, that which was formerly stated—the constitution of the human soul full of what demands morality, and the constitution of the world teaching morality—teaching it in the experience of every hour. This is our moral dependence — far more than institutions which have been transmitted to us, more than opinions, than the antique authority at least of opinions, which have been inculcated upon us, and which we are zealous to inculcate, handing down their authority. Institutions and opinions may dissolve; but these are two living sources of good ever springing, which cannot fail. These must be our dependence for the lower classes as for the higher—not ignorance, not, if that be in any countries, the jealous, hereditary guardianship of Ignorance.

The character of the Will of a people is, that the Ideas to which it is attached are few, but embraced with strong feeling, either with passionate affections, or with habits of life revolving round and on them. Some of those ideas are presented by what is every day before them, some by national recollections, some by instruction, some, most and best, by religion. In earlier states of society, every day presents objects to which passionate feeling cleaves with imagination (as in clans, or in simple feudality, their Chief), or where every man is a warrior for his country, as among the Sabines, the Spartans, the Athenians of old—or nature gives great objects blended with warlike patriotism, as in Switzerland. In common countries where this primitive state has passed, the recollection long remains; as in the ballads and traditionary poetry of a people which turn back generally to those times,

and lighten up and tenderly draw the imagination, and perhaps clothe the fields and hills. But a time comes when even this lingering dream of the old existence is swept away, and men remain with the earth, and what it can yield them, and the realities that are not of this earth. For that time it is that we have now to provide. What is there now for their warm elevated will? Certainly, first of all, Religion. Nothing else can be imagined to them very elevating. To us these can—imagination with all her works—human ambition—science. But to the poor man, it is Religion or nothing. Attend next to his domestic affections, which, without this, are strong, clear, yearning instincts—with it, are hopeful, awful, and high. It is the same with his just, wise sympathy with his fellow-men, and proper love to his country. The great difficulty, then, is to find knowledge that will take hold on the will of the poor man. In the higher classes, we do not regard this. Better with them, no doubt, when the instruction falls in with the character of the mind, of the intellect, of the nature, and that it embraces its knowledge passionately; for such knowledge is more effective; but it is not absolutely necessary. Instructed they must be, for their knowledge gives them their rank—makes them feel it, and for the most part, that is reckoned enough. It gives them something to talk about; a participation in the work of society, and in its discourse; and farther, a reputable occupation of a deal of superfluous time. But with the poor, or inferior man, you wish to see something more solid in his knowledge—that it should bear upon and touch himself, his character, and his trade. You wish to see in him a stronger and more appropriating feeling of his knowledge, which converts it into aliment of his strength, and of his very bodily power.

It will be asked, then, what knowledge should be communicated to the lower orders? If the question regards the subject of knowledge, we answer first and generally,—the same as to the higher. If within the subject, it regards the manner of teaching it, there is this essential difference,—that as their opportunity is limited, there must be selected for them, in each subject, what is of primary importance to them as men whose lot it is to live by the sweat of their brow. Also, it is for many reasons very important, that discrimination be made in each, between what is most certainly established, and what is

conjectural and doubtful, presenting to them as much as possible the first and not the second. There is this further ground of distinction, that to the lower orders, knowledge is not their business,—that is, not to the great lower order, those who render the daily labour of their hands to the use of others. Their business is to render a prescribed and taught, and for the most part a very simple, and a uniformly recurring labour. Their calling, then, is in a great measure independent of knowledge, except what is communicated to them in it. Knowledge to them,—except of the great truths of religion and morality, which are also a business and the same to all men,—the moment it goes beyond the humble circle in which their life moves, must be considered, chiefly, as in part recreative and restorative, and in greater part as a moral re-agent. It is otherwise with the higher orders—with whom knowledge is a business in a double sense. In the first place, there are those who devote themselves to speculative knowledge—to any branch or branches of it—and with whom and in their hands is the extension, one might almost sometimes say the conduct, of human knowledge. In the second place, the sphere of their action is high and wide, and often demands, is always much the better of, general knowledge. What knowledge is useless to the theologian, the lawyer, or the statesman, of a highly civilised country? Besides their labour, whatever their calling, is intellectual, and therefore asks that intellectual discipline, that formation or preparation of the powers of the mind, which is to be found only in contest with various high and abstruse studies. The higher classes, too, feel themselves concerned in parts of knowledge which they do not particularly study, looking upon knowledge as a great war which they are all carrying on together,—where everything gained tells. To animate, cherish, point this feeling, their knowledge should be more various and extended. They should in some measure know, that they may know how to care for subjects which they will not particularly pursue.

Generally speaking, then, but with the differences now pointed out, the subjects must be the same to both; because the same worlds, the same fields, the same matter are before both —the same faculties are in both—the desires instigating those faculties into action, are naturally the same, though in these considerable difference will be made by condition. History

will interest both,—and poetry,—and nature. No doubt more abstract studies will to a degree also. The same feelings which turn our minds with interest on the consideration of the curious organ of the expression of thought and feeling—Language—will interest theirs also; and no doubt they will have pleasure in justly acquiring, and in properly understanding and using, language. But here there is a difference,—for the educated to higher labour, should learn the most perfect and artfully-constructed languages which men have spoken, were it only for the subtle cultivation of intellectual power that is obtained in the mere acquisition of them. To one of the people it may be quite enough to know his own.

Observe that there is a difference, in the two cases, in the moral effects of knowledge. The highly educated finds in his ardent and powerful pursuit of knowledge a sympathy with all those who are also pursuing it. He feels that he marches in the van of the conquests of human intellect. This feeling, in many ways great, but especially moral, by the manner in which it binds him, first to a certain division of mankind, and then to all the species, is peculiar to him who has leisure to sweep the whole range of his science—and it always has been a very powerful agent of civilisation. To the humbler instructed this feeling cannot be; at least it is in a far inferior degree.

But the effects of knowledge on the higher and on the lower orders of society, supposing them both to be well educated, are essentially the same. To know causes, and the laws by which they act, is, if the causes are within human reach, and the particular case within ours, to command the operation and the effects. This takes place in the field of physical nature. The science of the last and present century has shown this in new and extraordinary splendour. It takes place in the field of moral nature. This has been verified from the beginning of the world in all those who, publicly or privately, have, by their knowledge of humanity, governed men, personally, or by powerfully-conceived institutions. But moral has never been placed in the same clear evidence with physical science. Its principles have not been certainly found and stated, and doubt removed from them. If stated, they are not communicated as certainly and easily as those of physical truth, because the mind that receives must, notwithstanding, also supply the data from itself, in a manner to which there is

nothing exactly answering in physical science. Nevertheless, the issue is the same, though no such striking and widely-diffused result of science is to be shown—namely, that the knowledge of the causes and their laws is to man the command of the effects.

Secondly, the reaction of knowledge, and of the pursuit of it, on the faculties which seek it, is most important to all men —the invigorating of intellect, the principles of reasoning acquired, the habit of its exertion, acuteness, subtlety, discrimination, comprehensiveness—these results of study remain; even if the knowledge, in attaining which they were acquired, were afterwards abandoned as useless, or could be obliterated; they remain, and are transferred to every new pursuit.

Thirdly, the affections that accompany knowledge are the same. For instance, the moral emotion with which the recital of great and good deeds is heard or read—the wide, profound, and variously enriched sympathy with which the great history of our species is contemplated—the most solemn feelings, not unmixed indeed with those of delight, which accompany the study of the Works and of the Word of God. To the poorest man, if he have a heart and a soul, what a treasure the religious feelings which accompany the study of nature! The moral sensibilities which are set aflow by the contemplation of heroic virtues!—the pathetic transports with which a peasant's heart may beat in recollecting the actions of great heroes of old, the high deliverers of their country,

> "The Patriot Tell—the Bruce of Bannockburn!"

Finally, there is the feeling of self-respect which is excited by intellectual attainment, and the hopeful, joyful feeling which runs on with the labour and progress of the acquisition; and effects rather than feelings, the health of mind which waits upon vigorous, well-supported, but not excessive exertion, as the body receives health from its own activity; and, lastly, the blamelessness and perfect innocence of employment.

The greater part of these effects are alike to one Order and to another, except, perhaps, the first; to wit, the power which knowledge gives. However, that also—for though the sphere of action should be very limited, yet the difference between knowledge and no knowledge, within that sphere, may be very great.

The question of Education in this country has become more interesting from the great change that has long been taking place, and the end of which it is not easy to foresee, in the condition, and consequently in the character, of our population. There has been a great extension of the power of commerce, not only in itself, including, of course, manufactures, but in the commercialising of agriculture. Hence innumerable old relations are broken up, local attachments extirpated; the close, daily, familiar, loving bond between the higher and lower classes dissolved: therefore the power of opinion and manners as hereditary, as of one class binding another, as of immutable vicinage, is undermined and reft. Further, the commercial condition, principle, or element in the social structure is this, that each man traffics in himself; that is, without disparagement, that in respect of the first great necessity—maintenance,—out of which nature has forged one of the most felt, seen, and infrangible bonds of society, he freely and absolutely chooses,—one may say he is loose to choose,—his Relations. Formerly, he was in these respects strongly bound, though still free, by personal and local relations. He would not leave his village—his service. His was a state intermediate between villanage and commercial independence, which are the two extremes. Then, relations in which was strong, always good feeling, helped greatly to determine where, and of whom, he should receive maintenance. Now he estimates it in money—his labour is worth so much—he has it to sell—he takes it to market. This is the solution of old ties, of old structure, by the infusion of the commercial element. Of old the unrooting of a peasant was like the unrooting of a tree. Moreover, the farming labourer lived in the farmer's house—now in his own, and, in many districts in England, lodges in public-houses. Here is the institution of the estimate of value for the estimate of relations; or of value receivable in money, for value received, there is no denying it, by the heart, measured in feelings and in sentiments. This state of things exposes the agricultural population more to the influence of vice and of ignorance. They need more than they did knowledge and instruction, and more than ever such knowledge and instruction as is of a genial, generous, and moral kind, supporting their best affections within their own nearest and closest relations of sons, brothers, fathers, and keeping

alive, if possible, that kindness and respect for the higher orders, which of old the bold peasantry of England, their country's pride, rejoiced to show after their own homely and independent fashion.

How far, were this subject pursued into all its bearings, we should have to regret this change, we shall not now take upon us to say; but to be regretted or rejoiced in, the change demands attention from all who wish well to the character of the people. Advancing wealth, and arts multiplying and augmenting their power, split the ancient frame of society. In earlier times, men are all bound together, high and low, rich and poor. They sleep under one roof; they eat at one board. As they go on, two things happen:—The society comes to consist of a much greater variety of orders or classes of societies within the society; and, secondly, what was done for love is done for money. Both are principles of division. A patriarch might have some of his people who were artists at need; afterwards there are confraternities of artificers. Those who are thus separated become more and more self-dependent. So that in the early time, the contexture and strength of society by personal dependencies was much greater; afterwards it depends upon other principles, upon a rational estimate of the right and necessity of union, upon the sense of common interest, upon moral views and sympathies, on an idea of the obligation of patriotism, and of civic allegiance. Thus there is a continual dissolving of the old bonds, and a substitute of new principles of union. If it may happen that the bonds are dissolved faster than the new principles spring up,—for that period there will be relaxation and impairing of the union of society. The end of all this is, that the spirit which accompanied the closer union is in a great measure gone,—the spirit of control of opinion of the higher classes over the lower, of more intimately shown and moralising example, of befriending and salutary advice, and further, that cordial and endearing spirit that gladdened the face of every day's life, and was sunshine upon merry England.

Then, there is a great part of England, nearly a third of it all, where the country labourers are all, without any individual or national distress, but as a calm, regular, and immutable procedure, paid half their wages out of the poor-rates. This is so wholly uncalled for, and so flagrant an absurdity,

and is so visibly of no use to the labourer, but simply a device by which the landlord helps to pay the farmer's man, for which in all probability he is repaid in the shape of higher rent, that there can be no difficulty in its being swept away, at a week's notice, by an Act of Parliament. And the system itself must be so blighting upon the character of the people, —though it is real repayment of labour,—by the mode of it, being repayment with the aspect of alms, and other degrading circumstances connected with it, that the first indispensable step to raising the character of the people where it exists, must be to remove it.

Then, with regard to the proper servants of commerce in manufactures in great towns and districts, they generally have great leisure from high wages, in prosperous, which we believe are their natural times, though we have seen deep distress, and they have often a command of money. Of them particularly it may be said, that the modern extension of commerce has made an era, since it has suddenly made them a most large proportion of the population; and on account of them there is occasion for interfering *now*, to give instruction, if for no other moral utility, for the innocent employment of time. It is probable that, between self-respect, and the habit of better, among other things of more domestic, employment of his leisure, the workman who from the times, or at all times from the nature of his more skilful work, got wages beyond present maintenance, would lay the excess by; and instead of spending even a portion, sometimes a large one, of the time due to labour, in presently consuming its produce, would attend steadily to his duty, thus serving his employer and the community at the same moment, besides making himself, by his property and his respectability, a valuable member of society. Besides, what cannot be overlooked, by his better manner of spending, exciting, as a consumer of a higher order, the higher industry of the country. We are at a time when the question, what the character of our commercial population is, is of mighty moment, and is likely to become every day of mightier still. The first part of instruction we are bound to provide is Religion; and that is provided by our Establishments, if those who accept of the offices fulfil them. It is not less than the duty of the minister, when this is, from the numbers, humanly possible, to know that every parishioner, every soul within his cure, is in-

structed. The Country offers much to the senses, if they are open; much variety of occupation; taking hold, through elementary feelings blended with the senses, on the will. Hence, in such occupations, a natural virtue. In towns and manufactories, occupation has often much mischief in it. Minds are separated from natural attachments, from the sky, from the earth, from localities. The man is more left to what is internal, and is more immixed with society. Therefore in himself, and in his social relations, more is to be demanded, and more to be produced, that is good. Give him, therefore, knowledge; make it an occupation; quell his inferior by his higher nature. We do not inquire so anxiously how he will apply, how he will appropriate it. The peasant hardly needs instruction for an occupation; he needs it for the influence of the ideas it has imparted upon his mind, whilst that mind bears them often silently unperceived in itself. In the town, we want it for the occupation, the possession of the man by it, from moment to moment, from hour to hour.

There is no need of entering at present into any argument on the comparative character of our agricultural and manufacturing population. But this is certain, and it is obvious to all eyes, that with great intelligence, and many estimable qualities, there is among the latter much moral evil, which never can be cured by a merely secular education. Let us not deceive ourselves by believing that the people of any great commercial country will ever be able to guide themselves safely by cultivated intellect. Christianity alone is the strength of the State. If the Bible be neglected—we must not say despised—but if it be laid aside merely for Sabbath hours, and those perhaps unfrequent, interrupted, and inspired by no very devout spirit,—and all other kinds of knowledge elevated to a higher place in men's opinions than "saving knowledge,"—panegyrised by the most eloquent in the land, as the foundation on which the pillars of a nation's prosperity rest; so that a man belonging to the working classes comes to value himself chiefly on account of the acquisitions he has made, perhaps, in some branch of physical science or art, —if, by insensible degrees, religion comes to be considered by the poor man as a thing of secondary importance,—and it is not easy to see how that can be otherwise, if his whole mind, during its leisure hours, is to be applied, with all its faculties and feelings, to knowledge lying out of the sphere of religion,

—then Education, so far from being a blessing, will be a bane, and that which men call light will be darkness. Symptoms of some approaching evil like this are visible in the aspect of the times. Those who think that human nature is sufficient in itself for its own earthly destiny, and would rather wish to keep religion, that is, Christianity, in the background, will give a different interpretation of these signs. Many persons there are, who, wishing well to their species, and electing themselves members of the Philosophical Order, declare that the Religion of the State ought to be respected; but what their eyes chiefly regard, is the march of intellect. Others again fear philosophy—fear the diffusion of knowledge—would keep the bulk of mankind, if not in darkness, certainly "now in glimmer and now in gloom," and in almost a blind subjection to a creed. To neither class would we wish to belong; but this we will say, that no man who desires to promote the interests of his fellow-creatures, will scruple to declare his faith, and to uphold it, from the fear, in this liberal and enlightened age, as we are proud to call it, of being thought a bigot, and no philosopher. It is the blessed nature of our religion, that it teaches to the unintellectual that which lies beyond the faculties of the wisest of the sons of men. The meek and humble cottager, who has seen only that small segment of the visible creation that is bounded by the hills encircling his native valley, and who has read few books but One, knows more in his simple heart of perfect morality, than the highest mind that ever trusted entirely to the illumination of its own reason.

On these grounds, therefore, have we all along been zealous for the diffusion of knowledge among all orders of the people. Into some of the schemes proposed for the spread of Education, we propose ere long to inquire; and also into the state of Education, as it is carried on in our highest Universities, and in our humblest Parish-schools.

THE YOUNG LADY'S BOOK.[1]

[FEBRUARY 1830.]

It must be a heavenly life—wedlock—with one wife and one daughter. Not that people may not be happy with a series of spouses, and five-and-twenty children all in a row. But we prefer still to stirring life—and therefore, oh! for one wife and one daughter! What a dear delightful girl would she not have been by this time, if born in the famous vintage of 1811—the year, too, of the no less famous comet! But then—in spite of all her filial affection, speaking in silvery sound, and smiling in golden light, she would, in all human probability, have been forsaking her old father this very month; without compunction or remorse, forgetting her mother; and even like a fair cloud on the mountain's breast, cleaving unto her husband! Such separation would to us have been insupportable. Talk not of grandchildren, for they come but to toddle over your grave;—as for sons-in-law, they are sulky about settlements, and wish you dead;—every Man of Feeling and every Man of the World, too, knows that his last day of perfect happiness is that on which he sees his only daughter a bride.

But let us not run into the melancholics. We wish—notwithstanding all this—that we had now—one wife—one single wife—and one only daughter. Ourselves about fifty—My Dear some six summers farther off heaven—and My Darling, "beautiful exceedingly," on the brink of her expiring teens! Ay, we would have shown the world "how divine a thing a woman might be made." Our child would have seemed—alternately—Una—Juliet—Desdemona—Imogen; for those bright creatures were all kith and kin, and the angelical family expression would, after a sleep of centuries, have broken out

[1] *The Young Lady's Book; or, Manual of Elegant Recreations, Exercises, and Pursuits.*

in beauty over the countenance of their fair cousin, Theodora North!

"And pray, sir, may I ask how you would have educated your sweet scion of the rising sun?" whispers a dowager now at her third husband, and therefore at present somewhat sarcastically inclined towards bachelors of a certain age. We answer susurringly. "Think not, madam, though we have hitherto been the most barren, and you the most prolific of the children of men, that, therefore, were a daughter yet to be born to us, we should show ourselves ignorant of the principles of female education. There was Miss Hamilton—and there is Miss Edgeworth, who never had a child in their lives—though you have had a score and upwards—yet each of them writes about children as well or better than if she had had bantling after bantling annually, ever since the short peace of 1802. So are we—to our shame be it spoken—childless; that is, in the flesh, but not in the spirit. In the spirit we have had for nearly twenty years—an only daughter—and her Christian and Scriptural name is Theodora, the gift of God!"

Some day or other we intend publishing a poem with that title, which has been lying by us for several years—but meanwhile, let us, gentle reader, as if in a "twa-haun'd crack," chit-chat away together about those ideal daughters, of whom almost every man has one—two—or three—as it happens—and whose education he conducts, after a dreamy mode it is true, yet not untrue to the genial processes of Nature, in the schoolroom of Imagination.

The great thing is, to keep them out of harm's way. Now, surely that is not hard to do, even in a wicked world. There is a good deal of thieving and robbing going on, all round about villages, towns, and cities, especially of flowers and vegetables. Yet, look at those pretty smiling suburban gardens, where rose-tree and pear-tree are all in full blossom or bearing, not a stalk or branch broken; nor has the enormous Newfoundlander in yonder kennel been heard barking, except in sport, for a twelvemonth. Just so with the living Flower beneath your eye in your own Eden—

> "No need for you to growl,
> Be mute—but be at home."

Not a hair of her head shall be touched by evil; it is guarded

by the halo of its own innocence; and you will feel *that* every evening when you press it to your heart, and dismiss the pretty creature to her bed with a parental prayer. It is, then, the easiest of all things to keep your rose or your lily out of harm's way; for thither the dewy gales of gladness will not carry her; in sunlight, and moonlight, and in utter darkness, her beauty is safe—if you but knew what holy duties descended upon you from Heaven the moment she was born, and that the God-given must be God-restored out of your own hand at the Last Day!

But we are getting rather too serious—so let us be merry as well as wise—yet still keep chatting about Theodora. She has, indeed, a fine temper. Then, we defy Fate and Fortune to make her miserable for as long a time as is necessary to boil an egg—neither hard nor soft—three minutes and a half; for Fate and Fortune are formidable only to a female in the sulks; and the smile in a serene eye scares them away to their own dominions. Temper is the atmosphere of the soul. When it is mild, pure, fresh, clear, and bright, the soul breathes happiness; when it is hot and troubled, as if there were thunder in the air, the soul inhales misery, and is aweary of very life. Yet there are times and places, seasons and scenes, when and where the atmosphere, the Temper of every human soul, is like the foul air or damp in a coal-pit. The soul at work sets fire to it, by a single spark of passion; and there is explosion and death. But Religion puts into the hand of the soul her safety-lamp; and, so guarded, she comes uninjured out of the darkest and deepest pit of Erebus.

You have kept your Theodora, we hope, out of harm's way; and cherished in her a heavenly temper. The creature is most religious: of all books she loves best her Bible; of all days, most blessed to her is the Sabbath. She goeth but to one church. That one pew is a pleasant place, hung round by holy thoughts, as with garlands of flowers, whose bloom is perennial, and whose balm breathes of a purer region. The morning and the evening of each week-day has still to her something of a Sabbath feeling—a solemnity that sweetly yields to the gladness and gaiety of life's human hours, whether the sunlight be astir in every room of the busy house, or the "parlour twilight illumined by the fitful hearth, that seems ever and anon to be blinking lovingly on the domestic circle. Humble in her happiness—fearful of offence to the Being from

whom it is all felt to flow—affectionate to her earthly parents, as if she were yet a little child—pensive often as evening, yet often cheerful as dawn—what fears need you have for your Theodora, or why should her smiles sometimes affect you more than any tears?

Can a creature so young and fair have any *duties* to perform? Or will not all good deeds rather flow from her as unconsciously as the rays from her dewy eyes? No—she is not the mere child of impulse. In her bosom—secret and shady as is that sacred recess—feeling has grown up in the light of thought. Simple, indeed, is her heart, but wise in its simplicity; innocence sees far and clear with her dove-like eyes; unfaltering where'er they go, be it even among the haunts of sin and sorrow, may well be the feet of her who duly bends her knees in prayer to the Almighty Guide through this life's most mortal darkness; and "greater far than she knows herself to be," is the young Christian Lady, who sees a sister in the poor sinner that in her hovel has ceased even to hope; but who all at once on some gracious hour, beholds, as if it were an angel from heaven, the face of one coming in her charity to comfort and to reclaim the guilty, and to save both soul and body from death.

Yes, Theodora has her *duties;* on them she meditates both day and night; seldom for more than an hour or two are they entirely out of her thoughts; and sometimes does a faint shadow fall on the brightness of her countenance, even during the mirth which heaven allows to innocence, the blameless mirth that emanates in the voice of song from her breast—even as a bird in Spring, that warbles thick and fast from the top-spray of a tree in the sunshine, all at once drops down in silence to its nest. A life of duty is the only cheerful life; for all joy springs from the affections; and 'tis the great law of Nature, that without good deeds, all good affection dies, and the heart becomes utterly desolate. The external world, too, then loses all its beauty; poetry fades away from the earth; for what is poetry, but the reflection of all pure and sweet, all high and holy thoughts? But where duty is,

> "Flowers laugh beneath her in their beds,
> And fragrance in her footing treads;—
> She doth preserve the stars from wrong,
> And the most ancient heavens, through her, are fresh and strong."

And what other books, besides her Bible, doth Theodora read? History, to be sure, and Romances, and Voyages, and Travels, and—Poetry. Preaching and praying is not the whole of Religion. Sermons, certainly, are very spiritual, especially Jeremy Taylor's; but so is Spenser's *Faery Queen*, if we mistake not, and Milton's *Paradise Lost*. What a body of divinity in those two poems! This our Theodora knows, nor fears to read them,—even on the Sabbath-day. Not often so, perhaps; but as often as the pious spirit of delight may prompt her to worship her Creator through the glorious genius of His creatures!

And what may be the amusements of our Theodora? Whatever her own heart—thus instructed and guarded—may desire. No Nun is she—no veil hath she taken—but the veil which nature weaves of mantling blushes, and modesty sometimes lets drop, but for a few moments, over the reddening rose-glow on the virgin's cheeks. All round and round her own home, as the centre, expand before her happy eyes the many concentric circles of social life. She regards them all with liking or with love, and has showers of smiles and of tears, too, to scatter at the touch of joys or sorrows that come not too near her heart, while yet they touch its strings. Of many of the festivities of this world—ay, even of this wicked world—she partakes with a gladsome sympathy—and, would you believe it? —Theodora sometimes dances, and goes to concerts and plays, and sings herself like St Cecilia, till a drawing-room in a city, with a hundred living people, is as hushed as a tomb full of skeletons in some far-off forest beyond the reach of the voice of river or sea!

Now, were you to meet our Theodora in company, ten to one you would not know it was she; possibly you might not see anything *very* beautiful about her; for the beauty we love strikes not by a sudden and single blow,—but—allow us another simile—is like the vernal sunshine, still steal, steal, stealing through a dim, tender, pensive sky, and even when it has reached its brightest, tempered and subdued by a fleecy veil of clouds. To some eyes such a spring-day has but little loveliness, and passes away unregarded over the earth; but to others it seemeth a day indeed born in heaven, nor is it ever forgotten in the calendar kept in common by the Imagination and the Heart.

Would you believe it?—our Theodora is fond of dress!

Rising up from her morning prayer, she goes to her mirror; and the beauty of her own face—though she is not philosopher enough to know the causes of effects—makes her happy as day-dawn. Ten minutes at the least—and never was time better employed—has the fair creature been busy with her ten delicate fingers and thumbs in tricking her hair;—ten more in arranging the simple adornment of her person; and a final ten in giving, ever and anon, sometimes before the mirror, and sometimes away from it, those skilful little airy touches to the *toute-ensemble*, which a natural sense of grace and elegance can alone bestow—of which never was so consummate a mistress—and of which Minerva knew no more than a modern Blue. Down she comes to the breakfast-table; for a spring-shower has prevented her from taking her morning walk;—down she comes to the breakfast-table, and her presence diffuses a new light over the room, as if a shutter had been suddenly opened to the East.

"And pray, Theodora, what book have you got in your hand?"—"*The Young Lady's Book*, sir." And the old gentleman, putting on his spectacles, peruses the contents, while the urn keeps simmering its matin song, and his watch lies yellow on the white cloth, by which, to a nicety, he boils the gallinis. "*The Young-Lady's Book*, love! and a very pure, pretty, and pleasant book it seems to be—apparently not unworthy a kind word or two from Maga's self, who delighteth in all that is pure, pretty, and pleasant, and proves that such is her delight, by a monthly offering to her friends of fruits and of flowers."

The Young Lady's Book has indeed a prepossessing exterior,—

> "A countenance such as Virtue ever wears,
> When gay good-nature dresses it in smiles."

Why, here are Forty-Five Wood-Cuts, representing as many elegant Recreations, Exercises, and Pursuits! They are feelingly designed, and skilfully executed—by what artists we know not—for we see no names—but assuredly by artists who know what is worth looking at, indoors or out—in brown studies or blue parlours; in grove or garden; in "Fancy's gay parterre," or Imagination's shadowy forest; on trim sheltered lawn, flower-bordered,—or on rough, breezy hill-side, gorse-encircled; by flowing river-side, or still fountain-well; in secret nook, where through the old umbrage the poet scarce

sees one blue glimpse of sky, or an open plain like that of Salisbury, where bends overhead the whole bow of heaven, as we are journeying towards Stonehenge. Bad woodcuts are the unkindest cuts of all; their blackness is terrible, haunted as it is by the ghosts whom they have slain—"all murdered." One looks on them with an earnest desire for retributive justice; and anticipates the day when, "for the deep damnation of their taking off," the assassins, who perpetrated deeds at which the sun hides his face behind a cloud, will pay the forfeit of their lives to the offended laws of their country, nature, and perspective. But good—truly good woodcuts—such as these—it does one's heart good to look upon; Nature stands so prominently forward, with her lights and shadows in such bold relief, and so perfectly reconciled to her sister, Art, that you would swear they were twins who had never quarrelled, benefited by the self-same early education, and grown up to equal beauty in mature womanhood.

> "Oft in the pleasant villages of France
> Some high-born lady crowns the rustic maid
> With floral emblems of her modest worth."

And such is the motto to the very beautiful emblem or device to the article entitled "Moral Deportment." Accomplishments without virtues are worse than worthless—poisonous weeds; but accomplishments with virtues are like a wreath of flowers round the brow or on the bosom of beauty.

The truth is, that there are some accomplishments—such as dancing, and we fear music—of which vice often becomes mistress; and then, indeed, she is a syren. But we must not call her accomplished, who has learnt the art of fascination by two or three powerful spells—a Thais, or an Herodias. Many must be the accomplishments of a Christian lady—and they must all be imbued with the gentleness—the delicacy—of the female character. Not mere sleight-of-hand, or sleight-of-foot, or sleight-of-eye, or sleight-of-tongue tricks; but all eloquent of the spirit within, of feeling and of fancy, and at all times guarded from wrong by the innocence of the virgin's or the wisdom of the matron's heart. Curse Aspasia, Cleopatra, and Madame du Deffand; bless Una, and Juliet, and Mrs Tighe. Home! sweet Home! is the song that for ever murmurs within the bosom whose beauty deserves being not merely desired but beloved. All bosoms else are meretricious, and unworthy,

however fair they may be, of ever feeling the touch of other lip, or pressure of other hand, than of some doting and drivelling French *philosophe*, who, on the brink of the grave, will keep dandling the wanton Wit, who ere long laughs aloud as he tumbles out of her embrace down among the slime of his wiser brethren—the worms.

The editor of *The Young Lady's Book* is, we have no doubt of it—a Lady—not a gentleman. Or let us rather believe a wedded pair—one spirit and one flesh—husband and wife—nothing feminine about him, and nothing masculine about her. No wish, however evanescent, in their breasts, ever to wear each other's lower garments even at a masquerade; so that while she would rather die a thousand deaths than drop her petticoats in public,—he, rather than relinquish his inexpressibles for one hour of exchange, would give the world assurance not only of a man, but of a martyr.

We no sooner dipped into "Moral Deportment," than we liked the volume. We despise your brilliant people—your bead-stringers — your pickers-up of bits of sparkling but broken or cracked glass. Commend us, say we, to those who love not a flower the less for being sprinkled plentifully and openly over the green braes and hedgerows, and within reach of all persons who have eyes, hands, and feet, to pluck and form into a sweet-scented nosegay. We suspect that the heart is always in an ungenial mood, when it is intolerant of commonplaces—of simple sayings and true, concerning its own best enjoyments. Who wishes to be *original on the subject of domestic happiness*, with his feet on the fender, and only himself and a single friend, or perhaps two, within the hearth? A pickpocket, perhaps, with an eye to your snuff-box; or a person of no particular profession, who never dines out without a pack of cards.

But with such exceptions, people in ordinary conversation aim at no novelties about old things, but talk on topics as old as the hills, and as green, too, with a sort of simple vanity that shows how sincerely they love them, and that they would not lose them for the world. In this spirit, and in this strain, speaks the editor of *The Young Lady's Book* about Home and Woman. "Home," says he, "has justly been called her empire; and it is certain that to her it is a hallowed circle, in which she may diffuse the greatest earthly blessings, or

inflict the most positive misery. It is never so narrow, but from it may stream many a benignant ray, to illume a neighbour's dwelling; and it may be wide enough to give light to thousands. The virtues of a woman of rank and fortune extend far beyond the mansion where she presides, or the cottage which she protects, by the example she offers, even in the most unostentatious manner, and in the most trivial actions, to those around her and below her. Gently, imperceptibly, but most certainly, will she imbue, with her own purity and beneficence, the atmosphere in which she moves, softening the obdurate, correcting the depraved, and encouraging the timid. Those who are not placed by Providence in so brilliant a sphere, may by their conduct produce the same effects, in a more limited circle and in a less degree, but with equal honour and satisfaction to themselves." Observations equally pertinent and unpretending occur on Integrity—Fortitude—Charity—Obedience—Consideration—Curiosity—Prudence, and Cheerfulness. We have nothing high-wrought or fine-spun; but both web and woof are at once of solid material and elegant workmanship, fit for everyday wear, either to gentle or semple, and either for morning or afternoon. As a specimen, we give the very excellent passage on—Piety.

Piety includes faith, devotion, resignation, and that love and gratitude to God which stimulates us to inquire His will, and perform it, so far as the weakness and imperfection of our nature permit. It offers the best foundation, not only for solid happiness, but for that serenity of temper and disposition to innocent gaiety, which is at once the charm and the privilege of youth. No idea can be more fallacious than the supposition, that the refined and rational pleasures of society are incompatible with those acts of devotion, and that occasional abstraction of the mind from worldly pursuits, practised by every pious person. The lofty aspirations, the deep humility, and unshrinking confidence of a Christian, in those moments when the soul may be said "to commune with her God," can have no other effect on any well-regulated mind, than that of adding sweetness to the usual intercourse, and interest to the common incidents of life. It increases the endearing submission of the daughter, the fond affection of the sister, the kindness of the friend, and the generous forbearance of the superior, by a perpetual sense of the abiding presence of Him from whom we have received the blessings, or by whom we are exercised by the trials, these dear connections may impart, and extends our sympathy to the whole human race. I lately had the pleasure of witnessing the deep interest taken by two amiable sisters in two younger branches of the family, at the period of their confirmation, and shall not soon forget the peculiar tenderness, the lively attention with which each party regarded the other the remainder of the day—a

new and holy tie seemed added to their former bonds; a sweet seriousness, by no means allied to sadness, sat on the face of the younger; whilst smiles, as of welcome to new blessings and enlarged affections, illumined the countenance of the elder, who were both still under nineteen—most elegant and accomplished young women, moving in the first circles of society. I am well aware that all high wrought emotions, however pure and exalted, must subside; but they leave, like the rose, a fragrance when their bloom is faded; and I am justified in believing that these sisters played their next duet together, contrived a new dress for their mother, or engaged in any of the common occupations of life, with increased attachment and more lively interests, in consequence of the sympathy in devotional feelings they had experienced for, and with, each other.

The next article is entitled the Florist—and is adorned with a great number of the most beautiful plants, exquisitely cut in wood. Indeed, what plants are not "most beautiful?" All young ladies should be botanists. That study takes them out into the open air—and gives them all clear complexions. What a shame—what a sin, to know nothing of the sweet names and the sweet natures of the lovely existences scattered round our feet! No need to be looking up always to heaven—let our eyes be fixed often on the earth. Is not the earth all one garden? and may not every girl be a Proserpine nowadays, without danger of being carried off by Pluto? Some bright Apollo will, perhaps, become enamoured of the fair Flora; but he will woo her reverently in the shade, and ere her gathered garland withers, be transformed before her eyes into Hymen. All hearts love flowers; but the understanding heart loves them far more deeply, and feels the silent leaf-language through all its hieroglyphics. The study of flowers is, of all studies of Nature's works, the most feminine. What exquisite tenderness may be shown in their care! For are not blossoms like butterflies—and regarding them, may we not say with Wordsworth of Emmeline—

> "She—God love her—feared to brush
> The dust from off their wings."

It is scarcely possible for any heart that has within it a spring of feeling, ever to get indifferent to flowers, provided only it acts towards them in a spirit of appropriating love. "I can conceive," says our amiable friend, "a possibility, that being constantly surrounded by a variety of fine flowers, in the garden, in the greenhouse, and in every part of the dwelling-house, which no one seems to regard, which are tended and

watered by servants, and of which she knows not, perhaps, half-a-dozen even by name,—may render a young lady careless, and altogether indifferent about them, who, under other circumstances, would have shown a taste for their beauties, and an inclination for their culture. A different disposition might be otherwise influenced by the same habits; and she might imbibe a taste for seeing, rearing, or studying them, by her long and intimate familiarity with their beauty and fragrance." Too true, that "familiarity begets contempt"—a maxim we never liked, often as we used to put it into round-text under our writing-master. Familiarity produces that effect only among contemptible people; but who could in his or her heart feel contempt for the daisy—

"Sweet flower, whose home is everywhere"?

But neglect or indifference is nearly as sinful as contempt of things worthy of our love; and we are all, alas! guilty every hour we breathe of such base ingratitude. Suppose a young lady turning up her nose at flowers, as if they were rotten eggs? Or crushing them as if they were egg-shells? Would she not by such an act show, that there would be no great harm "in flinging her like a loathsome weed away," without having taken the trouble of previously "rifling all her sweetness?"

Should a young lady profess a total disregard of flowers, I should yet be unwilling to admit that she was incapable of feeling their sweet influence, though circumstances might have rendered her insensible to them; and should be inclined to propose to her a few questions, by way of ascertaining the cause of so (as it would seem to me) unfeminine an insensibility. I would ask her, if she had ever, during her infancy or childhood, been permitted to run, sit, walk, or gather wild-flowers in the green meadows? If she had ever waded, breast-high, in the long grass, to gather buttercups and sorrel? If she had ever filled her frock with daisies, priding herself in finding the reddest lipped? If she had ever pelted her young companions with balls, made on the instant with fresh-gathered cowslips, or slily adorned them with cleavers, (Galium aparine, fig. 2), and laughed to see their repeatedly vain endeavours to escape from their tenacious hold? If she had been permitted all these sports, and yet loved not these pretty toys of her childhood, I should, indeed, fear that her distaste were a deficiency of taste in general. I should conjecture, that she who loved not the lovely dress and various ornaments in which Nature and the Seasons are attired, would have little relish for the delightful scenery of Spenser; that she who failed to treasure up these early associations of innocent pleasures would but ill appreciate the human sympathies of Shakespeare.

It is not, however, recommended by our judicious author, that a young lady should handle the spade and dig up the earth like an Irishman; or that she should purchase dung, preside over compost, and be initiated into all the mysteries of manure. But she may sow the seeds in the fit season; transplant, trim, and train; overlook sun and shade; and be herself the Naiad of the garden fountain. A garden, quoth our friend prettily, affords many light and graceful occupations to a young lady; as the removal of decayed leaves and flowers —raising and tying up roses, or other flowers, bending beneath the weight of their own beauty—training the convolvulus, sweet-pea, or other light climbers to their frames or lattices; uprooting the lighter weeds; and in some few instances lightening the flowers of their superfluous blossoms; or preserving strength to the roots, by removing the flowers ere their seed be ripened. But we must give a larger extract.

Oh! those beautiful white lilies are out! How elegant is their form! How pure their whiteness! How delicate their texture! How majestic their height! This is the flower of Juno; and is perhaps the only one that could have saved that jealous goddess from grudging to Venus the possession

> "Of the rose, full-lipp'd and warm,
> Round about whose riper form
> Her slender virgin train are seen,
> In their close-fit caps of green."

Some other of the lilies show well, side by side, with this white one: that fine red lily, called Jacobea (Amaryllis formosissima, fig. 3), for instance. The lilies are a noble family, and splendid in their attire. We see them glowing in the most dazzling colours—crimson, vermilion, and fire-colour; some dropped with gold; all large, rich, and elegant; yet we doom the rest of these fine flowers to oblivion, in favour of the white lilies. Though no flowers boast of finer, and of a greater variety of colours, we persist in considering them as emblems of the very perfection of whiteness and purity. It is remarkable, that with the exception of these bridal flowers, the lilies are particularly warm-coloured; they affect no pale pinks, blues, or lemon-colours,—but be it red, blue, or yellow, assume each hue in all its strength and power. The white lily has some colour—just enough to make it appear the whiter: the six large golden anthers play in the centre like flame in a lamp of alabaster. It has been observed of flowers, that many of the more fragrant are the least handsome; as birds of the homeliest plumage are mostly gifted with the sweetest song; but the white lily has a perfume equal to its beauty.

Our author is equally good upon roses and many other

flowers. His love of them is sincere and deep; and he betrays his familiar knowledge of all he speaks of in fond and affectionate phrases, warmed and tinged by his innocent passion. Here is a pretty little anecdote for virgins :—

I remember somewhere to have read a story of a youth, who, hesitating in his choice between two young ladies, by both of whom he was beloved, was brought to a decision by means of a rose. It happened one day, as all the three were wandering in a garden, that one of the girls, in haste to pluck a new-blown rose, wounded her finger with a thorn: it bled freely; and, applying the petals of a white rose to the wound, she said, smilingly, "I am a second Venus; I have dyed the white rose red." At that moment they heard a scream; and fearing the other young lady, who had, loitered behind, had met with some accident, hastened back to assist her. The fair one's scream had been called forth by no worse an accident than had befallen her companion. She had angrily thrown away the offending flower, and made so pertinacious and fretful a lamentation over her wounded finger, that the youth, after a little reflection, resolved on a speedy union with the least handsome but more amiable of the two young friends. Happy would it be for many a kind-hearted woman, did she know by what seeming trifles the affection of those whom she loves may be confirmed or alienated for ever!

We are so fond of seeing ourselves—in MS. and in print—that we are chary of extract. We do not wish to have our lustre as reviewer eclipsed by that of the reviewed. Yet this is not so bad as the same thing in conversation. In a party of flesh-and-blood people sitting at a mahogany table, each individual is as well entitled to let out his share of articulate sounds, as to take in his share of edible substances; and you may as reasonably help yourself with your own spoon out of my plate of Yorkshire pudding, or whip off my glass of Rhenish, as take the English or Scotch words out of my mouth, and seal my lips in silence for the rest of the evening. Were you an S. T. Coleridge, you might perhaps be suffered to monopolise that trade which alone ought to be free; but instead of a Phœnix, you happen to be a goose — and nature abhors an eternal quack as she does a vacuum. You roar and you reason, till we, who have long been dumb, envy the lot of the deaf, and sigh for an Asylum. But now for an extract.

A very pretty flower-garden may be formed of native plants only. When living in the country, I have frequently transplanted roots from the neighbouring lanes and meadows; some into the open garden, others into the

house, as a resource when weather-bound. To those who reside in London, and love the country, there is a charm in our native plants that is wanting to exotics, however beautiful; they are associated with a variety of rural objects; and bring before the imagination the fields, woods, hills, and dales, where they were taken. A bunch of wild-flowers is a gallery of landscapes: daisies and buttercups represent fields and meadows; germander speedwell, Herb Robert, and hawthorn, are thick bushy hedges and grassy banks; blue-bells and primroses are shady woods; the water-violet and yellow iris are standing pools; the marsh-marigold is a running brook; and the forget-me-not a gentle river; the blue-bottle and corn-campion are fields of rising corn; and the delicate vervain is a neighbouring village. Some flowers, by association, take the form of mills or haystacks; and I have known them even to portray the features of a friend. Were I condemned to an eternal residence in the metropolis, the sweetest jasmin, the finest moss-rose, the noblest camellia, the rarest, handsomest, and most odorous of exotics, would have less value in my eyes than a common field-daisy; and a pot of these, when in London, I generally contrive to have, counting the coming buds as a miser would count his guineas. The pretty heathbell (campanula, fig. 30) is also a favourite; some young botanists are puzzled by the specific name, rotundifolia, which is applied to it,—the upper leaves being linear, and the lower decaying very early; but if several be drawn up by the root, some will be found to retain the lower leaves, which answer to the appellation. To those who study plants botanically, the rearing of them has an additional charm: it gives us an opportunity of observing them in every stage of their growth, and seeing the changes made in wild plants by cultivation. If a plant prove handsomer than we had reason to anticipate, it seems to reflect a sort of credit on ourselves, which heightens our sense of its beauty.

The next two hundred pages are occupied by animated treatises, full of very accurate details, on Mineralogy, Conchology, Entomology, and Ornithology. Shells, minerals, insects, and birds are described both popularly and scientifically; and the young lady who is up to these five articles (the Florist included), will have no contemptible knowledge of natural history, and be prepared to proceed to the study of more complete and difficult works. Painting, Music, Dancing, are all treated after the same fashion, in separate articles; and so is Riding and Archery—female accomplishments all—and none more healthful and graceful than the last—Hygeia being sister to Maid Marian, and Apollo brother to Robin Hood.

Besides these interesting and useful articles, there are four entitled the Toilet, the Escritoire, Embroidery, and the Ornamental Artist. Let us take a glance at the Toilet:—

It will be a laudable ambition in her to curb those excesses of "each revolving mode," with which she is in some measure obliged to comply;

to aim at grace and delicacy rather than richness of dress; to sacrifice exuberance of ornament (which is never becoming to the young) wherever it is possible, to an admirable neatness, equally distant from the prim and the negligent; to learn the valuable art of imparting a charm to the most simple article of dress, by its proper adjustment to the person, and by its harmonious blending, or agreeably contrasting with the other portions of the attire. It is a truth which should ever be borne in mind, that a higher order of taste is often displayed, and a better effect produced, by a paucity or total absence of ornament, than by the most profuse and splendid decorations.

That is sound doctrine. A discreet, but not a servile, observance of fashion is then inculcated, and all young ladies warned against extremes. It is rash to adopt every new style immediately as it appears; for many novelties in dress prove unsuccessful, being abandoned before even the first faint impression they produce is worn off; and a lady, it is well observed, can scarcely look much more absurd than in a departed fashion, which, even during its brief existence, never attained a moderate share of popularity. It seems to be a fancy of her own. She is thought to be self-willed at all times; when the wind is due east—mad.

On the other hand, they who cautiously abstain from a too early adoption of novelty, often fall into the opposite fault

of becoming its proselytes at the eleventh hour. They afford, in autumn, a post-obit reminiscence to their acquaintance of the fashions which were popular in the preceding spring. Such persons labour under the farther disadvantage of falling into each succeeding mode when time and circumstances have defamed and degraded it from "its high and palmy state;" they do not copy it in its original purity, but with all the deteriorating additions which are heaped upon it subsequent to its invention. However beautiful it may be, a fashion rarely exists in its pristine state of excellence long after it has become popular. Its aberrations from the perfect are exaggerated at each remove; and if its form be in some measure preserved, it is displayed in unsuitable colours, or translated into inferior materials, until the original design becomes so vulgarised as to disgust.

The great first principle of dress is—adaptation. Fashion imperiously upsets it, and reduces half her subjects to dowdies. For what but a dowdy can a dumpy woman be, condemned to dress in a mode especially invented for some tall, slender arbitress of taste? We differ from Lord Byron, who said,

"Now, on my soul, I hate a dumpy woman."

You may, indeed, so intensify to your imagination the mean-

ing of "dumpy," that neck and legs, and everything but face and body are lost; and you see, in your mind's eye, only a smiling waddle of female fatness. But that is not fair; and you might as well spindle up a tall woman into a May-pole, all one thinness from ankle to collar-bone. Place the two together—each at her very worst—and, for our single selves, we prefer the dumpy woman. Dress a dumpy woman, then, as a dumpy woman ought to be dressed, according to the first great principle of dress — adaptation — and you tenderly squeeze the hand of a very comely body—with a bosom white as a drift of snow. How, indeed, a dumpy woman ought to be dressed is another-guess matter; but we may answer the question so far by negatives. She must not have on her head a cap two feet high; for then, besides that men are afraid of catching a tartar, instead of thereby adding two feet to her stature, she takes two off, and thus measures to the eye exactly two feet on her high-heeled shoes. But such cap extends her laterally beyond all customary or reasonable bounds—and you wonder how she got in at a drawing-room door of the usual dimensions. Her neck being short by hypothesis, Dumpy ought not to wear a necklace of great breadth, if for no other reason than that it gives the spectators pain to see jaw-bone and collar-bone suffering under the same instrument of torture. Neither ought our fat friend to heap a quantity of drapery upon her shoulders; for she ought to remember that they are already in the immediate neighbourhood of her ears; and that her earrings (which, by the way, had better be left at home) will be lost in the muslin. Nothing more perplexing to a naturalist than the apparent union of the headgear and the shoulders of something in white. Six flounces on such a figure ought assuredly not to be; for supposing all our negatives to be affirmatives, and a dumpy woman to dress herself against us by the rule of contraries, and who could tell whether she were a dumpy, a dowdy, or a dodo?

Taste and judgment are apt to get bewildered in—hair. What must a young lady do who has a head of it fiery-red? Why, she must take a lesson from the sun behind a cloud. Let her cover it partly with some eclipsing network, that subdues the colour down to that of the coat of the captain who whirls her in the waltz.

By such judicious treatment, and by gown of corresponding and congenial hue, red hair may be tamed down into what, by courtesy, may be called a bright auburn. A fair skin and a sweet smile aid the delusion—if delusion it be—thus Danish locks do execution—and the "Lass wi' the gowden hair" is by many thought the beauty of the night. But,

whatever be the reigning mode, and however beautiful a fine head of hair may be esteemed, those who are short in stature, or small in features, should never indulge in a profuse display of their tresses, if they would, in the one case, avoid the appearance of dwarfishness and unnatural size of the head; and, in the other, of making the face seem less than it actually is, and thus causing what is thereby *petite* to appear insignificant. If the hair be closely dressed by others, those who have round or broad faces should, nevertheless, continue to wear drooping clusters of curls; and although it be customary to part the hair in the centre, the division should be made on one side if it grow low on the forehead, and beautifully high on the temples; but, if the hair be too distant from the eyebrows, it should be parted only in the middle, where it is generally lower than at the sides—whatever temptations Fashion may offer to the contrary. As it would be in bad taste for a fair young lady, who is rather short in stature, however pretty she may be, if irregular as well as *petite* in her features, to take for a model in the arrangement of her hair a cast of a Greek head; so also would it, for one whose features are large, to fritter away her hair—which ought to be kept as much as possible in masses of large curls, so as to subdue, or at least arrange with her features—into such thin and meagre ringlets as we have seen trickling, "few and far between," down the white brow of a portrait done in the days of our First King Charles. There are but few heads which possess in a sufficient degree the power to defy the imputation of looking absurd, or inelegant, if the hair be dressed in a style inconsistent with the character of the face, according to those canons of criticism which are founded upon the principles of a sure and correct taste, and established by the opinions of the most renowned painters and sculptors in every highly-civilised nation for ages past.

Young ladies ought never to wear many flowers in their hair, or many leaves, whatever be the fashion. If a bud, it should just peep out, now and then, while the lovely wearer, with a light laugh, sweetly waves her ringlets to some pleasant whisper; if a full-blown rose, let it—as ye hope to be happily married—be a white one. York for the hair, Lancaster for the bosom.

We are partial to pearls. They have a very simple, very elegant, very graceful, very innocent look; with a certain pure, pale, poetical gleam about them, that sets the imagination dimly a-dream of mermaids and sea-nymphs gliding by

moonlight along the yellow sands. Be that as it may, we are partial to pearls, even though they be but paste—provided all the rest of the fair creature's adornments be chaste and cheap, and especially if you know that her parents are not rich,—that she is a nurse to several small sisters, and that her brothers are breeding up to the army, navy, bar, and church.

Nothing in art more beautiful than—Lace!

"A web of woven air!"

as it has been charmingly called by one who knows how to let it float charmingly over brow or bosom. How perfectly simple it always seems, even in its utmost richness! So does a web of dew veiling a lily or a rose! It imparts delicacy to the delicate forehead, from whose ample gleam it receives a more softening fineness in return; it alone seems privileged, in its exquisite tenuity, to float over the virgin bosom, whose moving beauty it veils, without hiding, from Love's unprofaning eyes!

So much—yet but little, indeed—for head and breast. The whole figure has yet to be arrayed; but has old Christopher North become a tirewoman, even to his own Theodora? What then? Corporeal—spiritual!—Oh, heaven! and oh, earth! which is which, asketh something, as we gaze on and down the clear wells of Theodora's eyes! Materialism—Immaterialism! What mean words like these? Does clay think, feel, sigh, smile, weep, agonise in bliss and bale, go mad, and die? Be it even so,—or be the thought called impious,—what then? For, is not Virtue the beauty of our being; and are we not all—the children of Heaven!

We verily believe, that of all pleasures on this earth, the most innocent is that which flows from the love of dress. A weak young woman, who has neither husband nor children, but much time on her hands, would weary her own life out in solitude, and the lives of others in society, were it not for dress. What would be the use of needles and pins, thimbles, scissors, &c., but for dress? The weak young woman in question is perpetually fingering away at some article or other of wearing apparel, from cap to petticoat; and thus has a refuge from idleness, the most dangerous of all conditions, in which she can be left alone with even a militia officer.

Young ladies, with intelligent and well-cultivated minds, again, draw the same delight from dress as from poetry, or painting, or sculpture. It is by far the finest of the Fine Arts. One young lady is distinguished for taste, another for feeling, and another for genius; and now and then, one gifted being possesses them all three in union irresistible. Her happiness must be perfect. Wherever she moves, her steps, noiseless though they be, are yet heard through the hush of admiration. She feels that she wins all hearts, and charms all eyes; and for that feeling do you think it at all probable, that Satan will get her into his clutches, and off with her to the bottomless pit?

Only think of a Slattern! Nay, do not shudder: we are not going to describe one,—but do just for a moment let one glide greasily before your imagination, along with the thought of—marriage. Would you not rather marry twenty tidy girls than one single slattern? Yet, perhaps, she sits with a religious tract in her hand—a whity-brown religious tract on regeneration, almost as nasty as her own flannel petticoat,—and is on the way to heaven,—so she has been *assured*,—impervious to a shower, as if in an oil-skin wrapper. Who preaches against dirt? Nobody in Scotland. But the virgin who, morning, noon, and night, is arrayed like the lily of the field, to which Solomon in all his glory was indeed a most absurd-looking animal, is preached at from many pulpits as on the road to perdition; whereas, after adorning the earth for a few fleeting years, she goes, as certainly as that the Bible is true, straight up to heaven. Where the Slattern goes it would be improper to mention to ears polite; but if a Catholic, at the very least to purgatory. And you, who preach against the vanity of female decorations—gloating all the while on bib and tucker, with a peculiar expression of eye, so sly and sinister, how long were you occupied, sir, this very Sabbath morning, with these whiskers? Ay, whiskers! What do you mean to insinuate by them, sir? Why are they not shaved? Are they wholly senseless, or have you an aim, object, and end in cherishing that loathsome lair? A ring, too, amidst the hair of your red fingers! and a brooch on your breast, broad and brawny enough for a Leith porter! Your whole body stinks of the most odious personal vanity—vulgar hound though you obviously and obtrusively be—and yet you

rail at Theodora's self in drapery bright and beautiful as ever Iris wore, yet chaste and simple too as the cloud-robes of Diana!

A young lady consists of body and of soul. Now the soul —such is its divine origin—can take care of itself; but the body—such is its earthly origin—cannot, but requires frequent purification and perpetual adornment. Forget it—slight it—despise it—*cut* it—and it will have its revenge. The soul will soon rue the day it insulted the body; for the body will lose no opportunity, before the world and in the face of day, of grievously and grossly insulting the soul—till the soul prays that its sickness may end in death. To spite the soul, the body grows ugly as sin. Its dirt and its diseases eat into the soul; and the seven senses enter into a horrid conspiracy against her, for they are corporeal, and feel the wrong done by the spirit to the flesh.

Dress, therefore, is a religious duty. But young ladies may be religious overmuch. They ought to be at their toilette at least one hour every day—at serious needlework two—and their thoughts chiefly occupied by dress three—that is to say, mentally devising various pretty fancies wherewithal to beautify their persons, and now and then producing a pattern into practice. Plenty of time left in the twenty-four hours for reading and writing, and also for thinking about the next world. Whatever you do with the next world, never forget this; you were placed here to be pleasant and pretty, neat and tidy, to dance and sing, paint and embroider. Also, "still the house affairs will call you hence, which, ever as you can, with speed perform. You'll come again, and, with a greedy ear, devour up my discourse;" that is to say, "read *Blackwood's Magazine;*" in which, Heaven forbid that any maiden should ever let fall her eye on one single syllable that may awake a painful blush; on many, Heaven grant that it may bring round the dear little cosy corners of her yet untasted lips the mantling of an inexpressible smile!

And now "sweets to the sweet," a short farewell. We fear not for our article, for its spirit is ethereal, though gliding along the earth, nor fearing to touch the daisies with the playful tip of its wings, even like a swallow hunting insects above a pool. Be not, after all, too much given up to dress, any more than to any other decoration. "Gay, but not gaudy," is an admirable rule both for soul and body—only to

be equalled by another, "Grave, but not gloomy." Get a copy of *The Young Lady's Book*, for it is a perennial—a manual of many innocent and useful arts;—and when you have mistressed all that it gives instructions about, why, then in feminine accomplishments you may almost take your place side by side on the same sofa with our own Theodora.

In conclusion of this little rambling article, let us beseech the Editors of those Annuals, which time and space prevented us from comprehending in the Review in our December Number, not for one moment to dream that we intended any slight to them, or to their works. In proof of the contrary, we now disclose our determination to speak of their next Christmas Presents—first in order. Meanwhile, be our Public assured, that *The Gem* is indeed a gem of the first water,—"of purest ray serene;" that *The Winter's Wreath* is beautiful, with its evergreens and its Christmas roses, and fit to adorn the brows of the Lancashire witches; that *The Bijou* may grace the most elegant drawing-room, the most ornamental library in England; and that *The Comic Annual* is out of all sight the most witty in all our "Neighbour Hood," so distinguished for wit. As for the four Juvenile Annuals, they run in beautiful quaternion. Mrs Watts's is all that might have been expected from a poet's wife, and breathes throughout a true maternal spirit, which, above all other emotions, "the high and tender muses love." Mr Hall seems equally happy in a spouse whose taste and feeling are often coloured by the hues of genius. Mr Shoberl has, we hope, children of his own growing up into boyhood and girlhood, for so amiable and enlightened a man deserves a happy household, ringing with merry voices from morn to dewy eve. As for Thomas Roscoe, his little book will be loved even for his father's sake, who, in his honoured old age, must enjoy the purest of all delights in contemplating the virtues and genius of his sons. Thomas Roscoe, we know, possesses in private life the love and esteem of many friends; and his powers as a writer have made a most favourable impression on the public mind. *The Landscape Annual*, edited by him, is indeed a most splendid work—and better than splendid; for in it the exquisite genius of Prout has pencilled to the eye and to the imagination many of the noblest scenes in nature and in art; and the written illustrations are worthy of the son of the author of *Leo* and *Lorenzo*.

DAYS DEPARTED, OR BANWELL HILL.

[FEBRUARY 1830.]

DESCRIPTIVE Poetry is either the most dull or the most delightful thing in the united kingdoms of Art and Nature. To write it well you must see with your eyes shut—no such easy operation. But to enable you to see with your eyes shut, you must begin with seeing with your eyes open—an operation, also, of much greater difficulty than is generally imagined—and indeed not to be well performed by one man in a thousand. Seeing with your eyes open is a very complicated concern—as it obviously must be, when perhaps fifty church-spires, and as many more barns, some millions of trees, and haystacks innumerable, hills and plains without end, not to mention some scores of cities, towns, villages, and hamlets, are all impressed—tiny images—on each retina,—which tiny images the mind must see as in reflection within these miraculous mirrors. She is apt to get confused amidst that bewildering conglomeration—to mistake one object for another—to displace and disarrange to the destruction of all harmonies and proportions—and finally to get, if not stone—at least, what is perhaps worse, sand-blind. The moment she opens her mouth to discourse of these her perceptions, the old lady is apt to wax so confused, that you unjustly suspect her of a bad habit; and as soon as she winks, or shuts her eyes, begins prosing away from memory, till you lose all belief in the existence of the external world. Chaos is come again—and old John Nox introduces you to Somnus. The poem falls out of your hand—for we shall suppose a poem—a composing draft of a Descriptive Poem to have been in it—but not till

1 *Days Departed, or Banwell Hill;* a Lay of the Severn Sea: including the Tale of the Maid of Cornwall, or Spectre and Prayer-Book. By the Rev. WILLIAM LISLE BOWLES.

you have swallowed sufficient of one dose to produce another doze that threatens to last till doomsday.

We really cannot take it upon ourselves to say what is the best mode of composition for a gentleman or lady of poetical propensities to adopt with respect to a Descriptive Poem—whether to sketch it, and lay the colours on—absolutely to finish it off entirely—in the open air, sitting under the shade of an elm, or an umbrella; or from a mere outline, drawn *sub dio*, to work up the picture to perfect beauty, in a room with one window, looking into a back-court inhabited by a couple of cockless hens, innocent of cackle. Both modes are dangerous—full of peril. In the one, some great Gothic Cathedral is apt to get into the foreground, to the exclusion of the whole county; in the other, the scenery too often retires away back by much too far into the distance—the groves look small, and the rivers sing small—and all nature is like a drowned rat.

The truth is—and it will out—that the Poet alone sees this world. Nor does it make the slightest difference to him whether his eyes are open or shut—in or out—bright as stars, or "with dim suffusion veiled"—provided only the Iris of each "particular orb" has, through tears of love and joy, been permitted for some twenty years, or thereabouts, to span heaven and earth, like seeing rainbows. All the imagery it ever knows has been gathered up by the perceiving soul during that period of time—afterwards 'tis the divining soul that works—and it matters not then whether the material organ be covered with day or with night. Milton saw without eyes more of the beauty and sublimity of the heavens than any man has ever done since with eyes—except perhaps Wordsworth;—and were Wordsworth to lose his eyes—which heaven forbid—still would he

> "Walk in glory and in joy,
> Following his soul upon the mountain-side."

The sole cause of all this power possessed by the Poet over Nature, is the spirit of delight, the sense of beauty, in which, from the dawning of moral and intellectual thought, he has gazed upon all her aspects. He has always felt towards her "as a lover or a child"—she hath ever been his mother—his sister—his bride—his wife—all in one wonderful Living

Charm breathed over the shapings of his brain and the yearnings of his blood;—and no wonder that all her sights dwell for ever and ever in the fountains of his eyes, and all her sounds in the fountains of his ears—for what are these fountains but the depths and recesses of his own happy yet ever-agitated heart?

A Poet, then, at all times, whether he will or not, commerces with the skies, and with the seas, and with the earth, in a language of silent symbols; and when he lays it aside, and longs to tell correctly of what he sees and feels to his brethren of mankind not so gifted by God, though then he must adopt their own language, the only one they understand, yet from his lips it becomes, while still human, an angelic speech. Ay—even their homeliest phrases—their everyday expressions—in which they speak of life's dullest goings-on and most unimpassioned procedure—seem kindled as by a coal from heaven, and prose brightens into poetry. True, that the poet selects all his words—but he selects them in a spirit of inspiration, which is a discriminating spirit—as well as a moving and creating spirit. All that is unfit for his high and holy purpose, of itself fades away; and out of all that is fit, genius, true to nature, chooses whatever is fittest—out of the good—the best. Not with a finer, surer instinct flies the bee from flower to flower—touching but for a moment, like a shadow, on the bloom where no honey is—and where that ambrosia lies, piercing with passion into the rose's heart. Poetical language, indeed—who may tell what it is? What else can it be but poetry itself? And what is poetry—we know not—though "our heart leaps up when we behold" it—even as at sight of a Something in the sky—faint at first as a tinging dream, cloud-born—but growing gradually out of the darkness of the showery sky—child of the sun—dying almost as soon as born—yet seeming to be a creature—a being—a living thing that might endure for ever—and not a mere apparition, too, too soon deserting the earth and the heaven it has momentarily glorified with a—Rainbow!

But is Poetry indeed thus evanescent? Yes—in the Poet's soul. For it is produced upon the shadowy and showery background of the imagination, by genius shining upon it sunlike; that visionary world fades away, and leaves him "shorn of his beams," like a common man in this common world; but words

once uttered may live for ever—in that lies their superiority over clouds; and thus poetry—when printed by Bensley or Ballantyne—becomes a stationary world of rainbows. And there are ways—sacred ways which religion teaches—of preserving in the spirit of men who read Poetry—even till their dying day—that self-same ecstasy with which Noah and his children first beheld the Arch of Promise.

There was a long period of our poetry, during which poets paid, apparently, little or no devotion to external Nature; when she may be said to have lain dead. Perhaps we poets of this age pay her—we must not say too much homage—but too much tribute—as if she exacted it—whereas it ought all to be a free-will offering, spontaneous as the flower-growth of the hills. It is possible to be religious overmuch at her shrine—to deal in long prayers, and longer sermons, forgetting to draw the practical conclusions. Without knowing it, we may become formalists in our worship; nay, even hypocrites; for all moods of mind are partly hypocritical that are not thoroughly sincere—and truth abhors exaggeration. True passion is often sparing of words; compressedly eloquent; not doting upon and fondling mere forms, but carrying its object by storm—spirit by spirit—a conflict—a catastrophe—and peace. There is rather too long a courtship — too protracted a wooing of Nature now by shilly-shallying bards; they do not sufficiently insist on Her, their bride, naming the nuptial day; some of them would not for the world run away with her to Gretna-Green. They get too philosophical—too Platonic; *amicitia* seems their watchword rather than *amor;* and the consequence is, that Nature is justified in jilting them, and privately espousing a mate of more flesh and blood—Passion, who not only pops the question, but insinuates a suit of saffron, and takes the crescent honeymoon by the horns. Nature does not relish too metaphysical a suitor; she abhors all that is gross, but still loves something in a tangible shape; no cloud herself, she hates being embraced by a cloud; and her chaste nuptials, warm as they are chaste, must be celebrated after our human fashion, not spiritually and no more, but with genial embraces, beneath the moon and stars, else how, pray, could she ever be—Mother Earth? Unfruitful communion else,—and the fairyland of Poetry would soon be depopulated.

But observe—that if true poets are sometimes rather too

cold and frigid in their tautological addresses to Nymph Nature, those wooers of hers who are no poets at all, albeit they lisp to her in numbers, carry their rigmaroling beyond all bounds of her patience, and assail her with sonnets as cold as icicles. Never was there a time when poetasters were more frigid in their lays than at present; never was there a greater show of fantastic frost-frost; instead of a living Flora, you are put off with a Hortus Siccus. And therefore it was that, in the first sentence of this article, we said that Descriptive Poetry might be the dullest, and we now add—the driest and deadest thing in the united kingdom of Art and Nature—or the most delightful—just as the true Poet is wedded to Nature, or the true proser keeps dallying with her, till he, with a flea in his ear, is ordered out of her presence, and kicked by Cupid and Hymen into the debatable land between Imagination and Reality, where luckless wights are, like fish without fins, or fowls without wings, unable either to swim or fly, and yet too conceited to use their feet like either walking, creeping, or crawling creatures. Never—never was there such a multitude of pretenders elbowing themselves into notice among the inspired; and one and all of them it is our intention to take—monthly during the next ten years—by the nape of the neck—and after exhibiting them in writhing contortions for a few minutes, to duck them—for evermore—into the Pool of Oblivion.

But tremble not, gentle reader—whoever you be—at such denunciation of our wrath; for sure we are that no friends of Maga can ever be brought under that ban. Perhaps we may relent, and spare even the dunces; for our wrath is like that of a summer-wave, rising and falling with a beautiful burst and break of foam, that frightens not the sea-mew, nor even the child sporting on the shore. And thou—thou art a Poet—whatever be the order to which thou mayest belong—and there are many orders, believe us, among the true Sons of Song. Mediocrity indeed! Where may that line be drawn? How many ranks—degrees of glory—between William Shakespeare and Allan Ramsay!—between Allan Ramsay and the humblest shepherd that ever tuned the rural pipe to love on Scotia's pastoral hills! Nature is not such a niggard to her children—but scatters her blessed boons wide over life. Each nook has its own native flower—each grove its own songster—

and methinks the daisy, "wee, modest, crimson-tippit flower," is little less lovely than the imperial rose; to our hearing, when the nightingale is mute, most sweetly doth the linnet sing—

"One touch of Nature makes the whole world kin."

Surely touches of Nature are not so rare as to be thought miraculous; her harp gives forth music to many a hand; and though highest genius is the endowment but of a few, yet genius —that is, *geniality*—dwells in unnumbered bosoms, and its breathings are heard wide over all the world on a thousand airs. Its voice is always recognised at last, let it whisper as humbly—as lowly as it may; and the brow that misses the laurel, or merits it not, may be encircled with the holly or the broom, emblems both, in their greenness, of immortality. 'Tis not much of the divine spirit, after all, that is needed to give a name its magic. One song—one verse of a song—has consecrated a peasant's name, who cared not for fame the phantom; and unborn ages have wept over the pathos of some tune which flowed almost unconsciously from the shepherd's heart, at the "Wauken of the fauld," or when waiting by moonlight at the Trysting Thorn. Now, much of the poetical literature of every people is of this character. Is not Scotland full of it—and all Scottish hearts? Not the work of intellect, surely—but the finer breath of the spirit, passion-roused and fancy-fired by the hopes, joys, and fears of this mortal life.

Surely this must be the spirit in which all Poetry—high or low, humble or ambitious—ought to be read; for only in such a spirit can its spirit be fully, fairly, and freely felt; and in any other mood, inspiration itself will be wasted and thrown away on even the most gifted mind. True, that in states of society exceedingly cultivated and refined—that is to say, artificial—when the most exquisite and consummate skill of execution is necessarily aimed at, and therefore expected, nothing short of the most faultless perfection of style will secure to any poet the highest honours of his art—and at such a period did Horace deliver his celebrated anathema against mediocre bards. But poetry in the modern world has rarely been so trammelled; and Genius and Feeling have been allowed their triumphs, in spite of the accompanying defects,

deficiencies, and faults in taste. It is far better so; and indeed the cause of this lies deep in human nature, which seems to have had depths opened up in it altogether unknown in the world of old. The very perfection of the Greek drama proves its inferiority to that of Shakespeare. His materials are not in nature susceptible of being moulded into such shapes and forms as were required on the Greek stage. And as of Shakespeare, so in due degree, in the cases of all true poets, down to those of even the lowest order—all of them, without exception, have excelled, not so much by the power of art as of nature, in whose free spirit they had their being as poets. An indefinable feeling is excited by their productions—imperfect mediocre in execution, nay, even in design, as many of them are—a feeling which rises but beneath the breath of genius, and a certain proof, therefore, of its existence. So noble—so sacred an achievement is it to give delight to the spirit through its finer emotions! So that glory is his who so moves us, and gratitude; though he has done no more than present to us a few new images, round which, by the mysterious constitution of our souls, we can gather some dearly-cherished thoughts and feelings, and, when they are so gathered, know that they are for ever embalmed, as it were, in words which it was genius for the first time to utter, and which, but for genius, could never have been for our delight or our consolation.

Thus explained, Mediocrity in poetry appears at once to be a height to which, though many aspire, but few attain—and which can be reached only by genius. There are at present in this island, hundreds, ay thousands, nay millions, of writers in verse, who would disdain to accept the palm of mediocrity, who turn up their noses at senior and junior Ops, and dream of nothing less than being high Wranglers. Yet among the ὁι πολλοι will they remain while they consume crops. It is not in them to beautify—or to embalm beauty; and therefore, as Cowley says, they "like beasts or common people die;" and their Christian and surnames get confused among a vast multitude of the same sound, engraved on tombstones or printed in Directories. The moment a man mounts up on the scale of mediocrity, he is safe from oblivion, and may snap his fingers at time. A mediocre Poet may be shortly defined—a man of a million. In poetry, about a devil's dozen of celestial spirits

stand in the first order of the seraphim or cherubim. The second and third orders contain about fifty lesser angels—but all of them radiant creatures, with wings. All "the rest," who have names on earth and in heaven, in number about a hundred, are marshalled in the Mediocre phalanx—and constitute the main body of the Immortals; and a pretty fellow for impudence you would be, to refuse the gold guinea put into the palm of your hand by Apollo enlisting you as a young recruit into the battalion. We verily believe that the numbers of the grenadier company—though there be no positive law against it—will never go beyond the devil's dozen—so high is the standard to which the men must come up, on their stocking-soles and with shaved heads. The Light-bobs—now a smart company of fifty—may, perhaps, on some future day, amount to threescore—and the battalion, it is probable, may yet reach the number of those who died at Thermopylæ. But were Apollo to constitute us his recruiting sergeant, and allow us ten gallons of Glenlivet on each poet's head, we are free to confess that the mountain-dew would not lie heavy on the land, for we do not know above a couple of mediocre young gentlemen to whom we should offer the king's bounty—and one of them, we believe, would go off in a huff, and the other hesitate to enlist into the service, for fear of angering his mother.

We therefore love all poets, and all poetry; and the rank of the man having once been ascertained—which is done by the human race holding up its hand—we never thenceforth dream of making odious comparisons—but enough for us to know from his uniform—green and gold—from the stars on his breast, and the sun on his standard—that such or such a hero belongs to the Immortals. But when the whole regiment deploys into line, on some grand review-day—hundreds of thousands of spectators glorying in the sublime spectacle—Heavens! what a rabble of camp-followers! Of gillies pretending to be real soldiers—in green corduroys—with wooden muskets—and paper-caps—treading down the heels of each other's shoes—or marking time, like so many "hens on a het girdle," to a band of instrumental music, consisting of three penny trumpets, and six sonorous small-teeth combs, playing "*Hey tutie tatie*," in a style far superior to that in which it ever could have been skirled up to the

"Scots wha had wi' Wallace bled,
Scots wham Bruce had aften led"—

at the battle of Bannockburn.

Such being the nature of true Poets and true poetry, and such the light in which they are regarded by the race whom they elevate—what, pray, it may be asked, did Mr Jeffrey mean, t'other day, by saying that all the Poets of this Age are forgotten?[1] There are few people whom we love and admire more than Mr Jeffrey—though we believe he does not know it; but why will he, in his elegant and graceful way, speak such nonsense? Scott, Byron, Southey, Coleridge, Wordsworth, Moore, are, he assures us, already all forgotten—or nearly so—fading away—mere specks on the distant horizon of men's clouded memories! Why, our dear sir, you might just as well affirm that the stars are forgotten, because thousands of coachfuls of people, coming and going to and from evening parties, are not at the time aware that the heavens are full of them—that shepherds are watching by them on the hills—and sailors sailing by them on the seas—and astronomers counting them in observatories—and occasionally discovering one that had been invisible to the mole-eyes of men since the creation.

Yet in all the nonsense Mr Jeffrey ever spoke, or may speak, you always may find some grains of sense—for who doubts his sagacity and his genius? True it is that much admiration do gaping people ejaculate for things that are admirable, without knowing why or wherefore they admire; their jaws get wearied—they begin to yawn—they doze—they sleep—they snore, and the stars, which are the poetry of heaven, and poetry, which is the flowerage as well as herbage of earth—are of course forgotten by their loud-nosed worshippers. But "millions of spiritual creatures" are awake amid that snore; they forget not the stars of heaven nor the Poets of earth. They hear still the music of the celestial spheres and the terrestrial singers. In their memories all the hymns have an abiding place—while they live, think not

"That heaven can want spectators—God want praise!"

The distinction at which we have now pointed, seems to us to be one which deserves to be attended to by those who might

[1] See *Edinburgh Review*, No. xcv.

be disposed to bow to the authority of the most accomplished Ex-Editor of the *Edinburgh Review*, and without thought to adopt the shallow dictum which lately dropped from his ingenious pen. Your great and good living poets are indeed forgotten by thousands who are incapable of remembering what they never felt nor understood,—the creations of inspired genius. All such despicable idolaters drop away from their own superstitions, and soon cease to worship at shrines built only for those who belong to the true religion. But the true religion stands fast—such secession strengthens the established faith —nor will the poets we have named—and others little less illustrious—ever be forgotten, till Lethe bursts its banks and overflows the globe.

Not one of our great or good living Poets is forgotten at this hour by Mr Jeffrey himself—nor any of those critiques of his own either, in which he did noble justice to some of them, and ignoble injustice to others, according to the transient or permanent moods by which his taste, feeling, and judgment were swayed. Nor are his critiques themselves likely to be forgotten—soon or ever; for many of them belong, we verily believe, to our philosophical literature. But they hold the tenure of their existence by the existence of the poetry which they sought to illustrate or obscure; from the "golden urns of those Poets" did he "draw light"—the light in which he is himself conspicuous—and were it extinguished, his literary life would be a blank. But if the name of Francis Jeffrey will not be forgotten, till those of Scott, Crabbe, Wordsworth, Byron, and the Rest, are dark or dead, he may be assured of immortality; nor, without ingratitude, can he assert present or predict future oblivious doom to Luminaries, who, whatever be its own native lustre, have certainly showered over his genius no small portion of the brilliance with which it now burns.

Nothing that blockheads are so proud of as to retail the paradoxes of some distinguished man. 'Tother evening we allowed one to bother a company for some minutes with a preachment of the above; and having got him fairly to entangle himself in the net, out of which Mr Jeffrey would have nibbled himself in a moment, and made his escape with all the agility of a squirrel, we wrapt it so round his body from snout to tail, that he literally seemed one bunch of small-twine, and had not left

in him so much as the squeak of a mouse. On being let out of the toils, he took his toddy in silence during the rest of the evening, and prated no more about the oblivion of Byron.

Two living Poets, however, it seems there are, who, according to Mr Jeffrey, are never to be dead ones—two who are unforgetable, and who owe their immortality—to what think ye? —their *elegance!* That "*Gracilis Puer*," Samuel Rogers, is one of the dual number. His perfect beauties will never be brought to decay in the eyes of an enamoured world. He is so polished, that time can never take the shine out of him—so classically correct are his charms, that to the end of time they will be among the principal Pleasures of Memory. Jacqueline, in her immortal loveliness, seeming Juno, Minerva, and Venice all in one, will shed in vain "tears such as angels weep," over the weeds that have in truth "no business there," on the forgotten grave of Childe Harold! Very like a whale. Thomas Campbell is the other pet-poet—"the last of all the flock." Ay—he, we allow, is a star that will know no setting; but of this we can assure the whole world, not excluding Mr Jeffrey, that were Mr Campbell's soul deified, and a star in the sky, and told by Apollo, who placed him in the blue region, that Scott and Byron were both buried somewhere between the Devil and the Deep Sea, he, the author of "Lochiel's Warning," would either leap from heaven in disdain, or insist on there being instanter one triple constellation. What to do with his friend Mr Rogers, it might not be easy for Mr Campbell to imagine or propose at such a critical juncture; but we think it probable that he would hint to Apollo, on the appearance of his Lordship and the Baronet, that the Banker, with a few other pretty poets, might be permitted to scintillate away to all eternity as their—Tail.

We have long been indulging the hope of getting at Mr Bowles—and, through the golden mist of the last six paragraphs, we have occasionally had a glimpse of him at the end of a long vista—standing in sables, and with a shovel hat—beckoning us onwards to Banwell Hill. Well — we have neared him at last, and must accompany him to that respectable eminence, as to the top of Fesole, to "descry new lands" —"rivers and mountains"—not, however, in the "spotted globe" of the moon—but in merry England.

Mr Bowles has been a poet for good forty years—and if his

genius do not burn quite so bright as it did some lustres bygone—yet we do not say there is any abatement even of its brightness—it shines with a mellower and also with a more cheerful light. Long ago, he was perhaps rather too pensive—too melancholy—too pathetic—too woe-begone—in too great bereavement. Like the nightingale, he sang with a thorn at his breast—from which one wondered the point had not been broken off by perpetual pressure. Yet though rather monotonous, his strains were most musical as well as melancholy; feeling was often relieved by fancy; and one dreamed, in listening to his elegies, and hymns, and sonnets, of moonlit rivers flowing through hoary woods, and of the yellow sands of dim-imaged seas murmuring round "the shores of old Romance." A fine enthusiasm, too, was his—in those youthful years—inspired by the poetry of Greece and Rome; and in some of his happiest inspirations there was a delightful and original union—to be found nowhere else that we can remember—of the spirit of that ancient song—the pure classical spirit that murmured by the banks of the Eurotas and Ilissus, in "music sweeter than their own"—with the spirit of our own poetry, that, like a noble Naiad, dwells in the "clear well of English undefiled." In almost all his strains you felt the scholar; but his was no affected or pedantic scholarship—intrusive most when least required—but the growth of a consummate classical education, of which the career was not inglorious among the towers of Oxford. Bowles was a pupil of the Wartons—Joe and Tom—God bless their souls—and his name may be joined, not unworthily, with theirs—and with Mason's, and Gray's, and Collins's—academics all; the works of them all showing a delicate and exquisite colouring of classical art, that enriches their own English nature. Bowles's muse is always loth to forget—wherever she roam or linger—Winchester and Oxford—the Itchin and the Isis. None educated in those delightful and divine haunts will ever forget them, who can read Homer, and Pindar, and Sophocles, and Theocritus, and Bion, and Moschus, in the original. Rhedicyna's ungrateful or renegade sons are those alone who pursued their poetical studies—in translations. They never knew the nature of the true old Greek fire.

But we are forgetting what we are about,—that we are along with Mr Bowles,—each with an oaken towel in his hand,

ascending Banwell Hill, from the summit of which we shall sing a duet, called by him a "Lay of the Severn Sea." No; we are hoarse as any crow;—therefore, now for the Rector's Solo.

But, stop a little. There is no occasion to hurry ourselves; for we have just breakfasted, and 'tis six hours till dinner. Let us sit down, then, on the turf, and discuss Mr Bowles's Preface. In it he informs us that "Shakespeare and Milton are the great masters of the verse (blank verse) I have adopted." True; but besides Shakespeare there are all the old dramatists; and besides Milton, there are Thomson, Armstrong, Dyer, Wordsworth, Southey, and many others who must be nameless. Now, Mr Bowles's versification seems to us to bear much more resemblance to that of several of those other writers, than to that of either Shakespeare or Milton, which, in fact, it does not resemble at all, and therefore he needed not to have mentioned Shakespeare and Milton. That they are the great masters of blank verse, as well as of everything else belonging to poetry, all the world knows; but here they are brought in by the head and shoulders for no purpose whatever, and instantly make their exeunt. For this, then, we blame—we find fault with Mr Bowles. He admits his error,—apologises for it,—is forgiven, and restored to one of the highest places in our favour. He then facetiously and justly remarks, that in his poem the reader will find no specimens of sonorous harmony, ending with such significant words as "of," "and," "if," "but," of which we have lately had some splendid examples. We remember, so far back as the first appearance of *Manfred*, showing the absurdity of such lame and impotent conclusions; yet all the blockheads have since that drama imitated those crying sins of its versification, and a few who are not wholly blockheads. Of blank verse of the kind alluded to, Mr Bowles—by way of quizz—is tempted to give the following specimen:—

> "'Twas summer, and we sailed to Greenwich *in*
> A four-oar'd boat. The sun was shining, *and*
> The scene delightful; while we gazed *on*
> The river winding, till we landed *at*
> The Ship," &c.

Mr Bowles next defends in his Poem an intermixture of "images and characters from common life," which might, he

opines, be thought at first sight out of *keeping* with its higher tone of general colouring; but the interspersion of the *comic*, provided the due mock-heroic stateliness be kept up in the language, has often the effect of light and shade,—saith he well,—as will be apparent, on looking at Cowper's exquisite *Task*,—"though he has *often* offended against taste." The only difficulty is, "happily to steer" from grave to gay. All this is very true; but then it is so very true, and the exceeding truth of it is denied by such a scanty remnant of the race, and that remnant entirely tailors, that it was not worth our excellent bard's while to vindicate it against the fractions. We must likewise be once more severe on Mr Bowles, for saying that Cowper *often* offends against taste in the *Task*. He does not,—but very rarely indeed,—if ever. You might cut out a few expressions here and there, and, by serving them up one by one on a plate to a critic, might thereby induce him to exclaim,—"Shocking—bad taste, indeed!" but both you and the critic would be fools for your pains,—and the expressions would continue, long after you were both dead and buried, to be in good taste, and in perfect accordance with the strong rough raciness of Cowper's style, surpassed in such essential by that of no poet in any language. Let Wordsworth and Bowles let Cowper alone, and mind their own points, which are frequently so loose that we wonder their breeches do not fall down among their heels,—which would be awkward anywhere out of the profoundest solitude. Our readers will recollect the gentlemanly castigation which the author of the *Essay on the Theory and Writings of Wordsworth*[1] gave the Great Laker, for his senseless criticism on a beautiful stanza in Cowper's "Alexander Selkirk." Wordsworth had said that the lines were so bad as poetry that they could not be worse as prose. Now, what will the world, or Mrs Grundy, say to the following lines of Wordsworth's own? Are they bald, or not—as the palm of your hand,—the crown of that old gentleman's head,—the surface of this table?

> "A barking sound the shepherd hears—
> A sound as of a dog or fox,—
> He stops and searches with his eyes
> Among the neighbouring rocks.

[1] Written by Mr Chauncy Hare Townsend. See *Blackwood's Magazine*, vol. xxvi., p. 453.

And now he thinks he can discern
A stirring in a brake of fern,
From which immediately leaps out
A dog, and, yelling, runs about ! ! ! "

We do love rarely to have a slap at the "sole King of rocky Cumberland,"—for not unfrequently,—as in the above instance,—he writes like a demi-man; though, in general, it delights us to say, like a demi-god. This by the by,—and turn we again to Mr Bowles. He informeth us, that "the estimation of a poem of this nature must depend, first, on its arrangement, plan, and disposition; secondly, on the judgment, propriety, and feeling with which,—in just and proper succession and relief,—picture, pathos, moral and religious reflections, historical notices, or affecting incidents, are interwoven." True again,—true as steel,—true as blue,—true as Toryism,—true, as that the Noctes Ambrosianæ are most entertaining and popular dialogues. But Mr Bowles's lips are not formed for the enunciation of truisms; they are too thin, and have too much of the fine downward Ciceronian curvè of genius and eloquence about them—even, we suspect, for a sermon. But perhaps he is to be pardoned for such axioms, on the ground of their containing a sly insinuation that his poem, if so estimated, will be found first-rate. Eh? If so, we acquit him of stupidity, but convict him of an organ of self-esteem almost Wordsworthian.

Mr Bowles would have done well had he, in his Preface, informed the ignorant where Banwell Hill lifts its head, instead of having prosed away at such length about the plan and execution of his Poem. No doubt it is highly celebrated in its own neighbourhood; and probably in its own county—certainly in its own parish—it would frown upon the present writer in *Blackwood*, who nevertheless contributed some matter to Malte Brun's *System of Geography*. Moreover, Banwell Hill, fortunately for itself and Mr Bowles, stands within sight of the Sea—possesses a cave of fossil remains—looks over no inconsiderable extent of well-wooded, well-watered, and by no means cross-grained country, abounding in villages, granges, thorpes, mansions, halls, abbeys, churches, farmhouses, cottages, and what not,—the haunts of Pan, Apollo, and Priapus, of Flora, Pomona, and Ceres, and prodigal of food to poet, man, and beast, throughout all seasons of the year.

Such a Hill deserved a poem from Mr Bowles, just as well as Lewesdon Hill deserved one from Mr Crowe. Old Crowe[1] was a fine fellow—a noble creature. He was indeed a scholar; but, hang him, he was no poet. He knew the power of language—the English language—and could also use it; but he wrote it coldly and stiffly, though correctly and classically, just as if he had studied it as he had studied Latin and Greek, as a dead tongue. Therefore his poem is read by nobody but college-men, who knew or have heard of his fame in Oxford as a public orator, as the glory of New-College, and at learned banquets the tamer of Dr Parr. Not that it has not uncommon merit. It is often exceedingly picturesque; and throughout all the reflections with which it abounds, you see the man of talent and observation; but—the Pedant. He wants ease, and nature—of pathos he has not one single grain. There is affectation in his simplicity; and his manliness—for he is manly—is rather that of the Fellow of a College than the Citizen of the World.

If he has little smoke, it is because he has less fire. Crowe loved the country, and lived much in it; but though with his cudgel in his hand he trudged about the fields, and roads, and lanes, to please himself,—with his pen in his hand he thought too much of pleasing the Fellows' Common-rooms in Oxford. And he did please them; there he is quoted as one of the English classics; and let it be so, for with all his coldness, quaintness, and conceit, he was immeasurably superior to all the Cockneys that are now crowing among the rural villages and farms where Parnassus hill slopes down to the plain, and where the meadows are often sorely parched with long long drought. His Poem will live; but only as a book locked up in a library, not as a volume lying at liberty on tables and sofas and chairs, and even on the carpet, tripping up grown boys and girls at play at blind-man's-buff. Mr Bowles's *Banwell Hill* will have a far more lively life, because Mr Bowles, though inferior to Mr Crowe as a scholar, and perhaps as a man of general talents, as a poet is his superior far; and, in virtue of the divine gift of song, will hold a far more conspicuous place among the Immortals.

Banwell Hill—we are speaking now of the two poems—is

[1] The Rev. William Crowe, public orator of the University of Oxford, and author of *Lewesdon Hill*, died in 1829, aged 83.

inferior to *Lewesdon Hill*—in conception. It wants the compactness and compression—and graphic proportions of Crowe's *chef-d'œuvre*. It is a lumbering and sprawling and shapeless poem, as ever rejoiced in the name of Descriptive. As a work of art it is worthless, and offensive to taste and judgment. Yet, as a work of art, we fear, it must be tried; for Mr Bowles, we have seen, is proud of it as a great achievement. Who supposes that in any long blank-verse poem, however inartificial, one passage follows another, as entirely without reason as without rhyme? We do not say so; but something more is necessary to constitute "A Poem," than merely a connection of parts. The whole must be—a building. We care not what order of architecture, be it Grecian or Gothic—but it must be a shape—a form, with dimensions, obeying certain laws lying in the nature of things and of the mind. There must not be a little wretch of a blind window close upon the cheek of the "East Oriel;"—no hole-in-the-wall only fit for the admittance of cats or kittens, beside the great gate of the Cathedral; no niches like cabins to swing hammocks in, beside the altar. Yet, here is a Poem, a regular Descriptive Poem, in blank verse, in Five Parts or divisions, the whole of the Third being in rhyme, and consisting of one tale—the "Tale of a Cornish Maid," of itself a Poem, though not one of the best in the world!

But a truce to criticism. Let us mount Banwell Hill with Mr Bowles—and, delighted with the fine enthusiasm of most of his poetry, we must forget or care not for the plan of his Poem. Mr Bowles looks on nature with a poet's eye, and listens to nature with a poet's ear, and speaks of nature with a poet's tongue, and writes of nature with a poet's hand; and what more would ye have from a beneficed clergyman of the Church of England, standing side by side with Christopher North, on the summit of a hill, immediately after breakfast, on a fine blowy forenoon that sets all the windmills agoing, to the delight of all beholders having in their composition a grain of Don Quixote?

We care not one farthing whether *Banwell Hill* be a good Descriptive Poem or not; but Mr Bowles does care many farthings, and is as proud of its plan as Milton was of *Paradise Lost*. Therefore we are angry with Mr Bowles, not with his poem. But we fear the world may be angry with his Poem too, reading it as a—Work. Whereas it is a series of descriptions,

some bad, many indifferent, more good, and not a few altogether admirable; and that is more than can be said with truth of any other volume of verses published since last spring, either in town or country. We very much doubt if one truly good Poem, of any weight in the world, say as heavy as *The Excursion*, has been produced this century. But good poetry, without stint or measure, has been poured forth in overflowing abundance during that period; and by few poets with more prodigality than Mr Bowles. Had he absolutely written a good poem on the top of Banwell Hill, we should have had a very bad opinion of him as a man. But, thank Heaven, he has committed no such enormity; and our opinion is as high as ever, both of his head and his heart. That man, clerical or lay, who composes a poem, regularly constructed, and duly proportioned in all its parts, in his brown study, and then gives it to the public as a work written on a green hill, is a liar, if not of the first, certainly of the second magnitude; but such is the force of habitual veracity, that Mr Bowles, though, like other poets, he does fib a bit now and then, makes it plain as a pike or a flag-staff, that though he has ascended Banwell Hill a hundred times (generally on a punch of a pony), he composed his poetry about it in as snug a parsonage as is in all England. It is easy to see at what places—paragraphs—he took a cup of tea or a glass of wine; here he was called away to breakfast—there to lunch—yonder to dinner—a little farther on to supper—and at more than one critical juncture—to bed. This gives a variety which no Poem written on the top of a hill could possess; no poem written in imitation of a poem produced in such a predicament.

But we must cease our funning,—which Mr Bowles, we fear not, will take in good part,—and quote a passage from the Preface worthy of all consideration and acceptation.

> As to the sentiments delivered in this poem, and in the notes, I must explicitly declare, that when I am convinced, as a clergyman and a magistrate, there has been an increase of crimes, owing, among other causes, to the system pursued by some "nominal" Christians, who *will not* preach "*these three*" (faith, hope, and charity), according to the order of St Paul, but keep two of these graces, and the greatest of all, out of sight, upon any human plea or pretension; when they do *not* preach, "add to your faith virtue;" when they will *not* preach "Christ died for *the sins* of the *world*, and not for OURS only;" when, from any pleas of their own, or persuaded by any sophistry or faction, they become, most emphatically, "*dumb dogs*,"

to the sublime and affecting moral parts of that gospel which they have engaged before God to deliver; and above all, when crimes, as I am verily persuaded have been, are, and *must* be, the consequence of such public preaching;—leaving others to "stand or fall" to their own God, I shall be guided by my own understanding, and the plain Word of God, as I find it earnestly, simply, beautifully, and divinely set before me, by Christ and his Apostles; and so feeling, I shall as fearlessly deliver my own opinions, being assured, whether popular or unpopular, whether they offend this man or that, this sect or that sect, they will not easily be shaken.

I might ask—why did St Paul add so emphatically "these three," when he enumerated the Christian graces? Doubtless, because he thought the distinction *very important.* Why did St Peter say, "add to your faith virtue"? Because he thought it equally important and essential. Why did St John say, "Christ died for the sins of the whole world, and not for ours only"? Because he thought it equally important and necessary.

Never omitting the atonement, justification by faith, the fruits of the Spirit, and never separating faith from its hallowed fellowship, we shall find all other parts of the gospel unite in harmonious subordination; but if we *shade* the moral parts down, leave them out, contradict them by insidious sophistry—the Scripture, so far from being "rightly divided," will be discordant and clashing. The man, be he whom he may, who preaches "*faith*" without *charity;* who preaches "*faith without virtue,*" is as pernicious and false an expounder of the divine message, as he who preaches "*good works,*" without their legitimate and only foundation, Christian faith.

One would suppose, from the language of some preachers, the "civil," "decent," "moral" people, from the times of Baxter to the present, want *amendment* most! We all know that mere *morals,* which have no Christian basis, are not the gospel of Christ; but I might tell Richard, with great respect notwithstanding, for I respect his sincerity and his heart, that, at least, "*decent,*" and "*civil,*" and "*moral*" people, are not *worse* than *indecent, immoral,* and *uncivil* people; and when there are so many of these last, I think a word or two of reproof would not much hurt them, let the "decent," "moral," and "civil" be as *wicked* as they may.

I hope it is not necessary for me to disclaim, in speaking of *facts,* the most remote idea of throwing a slight on the sincerely pious of any portion of the community; but, if religion does not invigorate the higher feelings and principles of moral obligation;—if a heartless and hollow *jargon* is often substituted, in place of the fundamental laws of Christian obedience;—if ostentatious affectation supersedes the meek, unobtrusive character of feminine devotion;—if a petty peculiarity of system, a kind of conventional code of godliness, usurps the place of the specific righteousness, visible in its fruits, "of whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are lovely;"—if, to be fluent and flippant in the *jargon* of this petty peculiarity of code, is made the criterion of exclusive godliness;—when, by thousands and thousands, after the example of Hawker, and others of the same school, Christianity is represented as having neither "an if, or but," the conclusion being left for the innumerable disciples of

such a gospel-school;—when, because none—"*no, not one,*" is *without sin*, and none can stand upright in the sight of Him whose eyes are too pure to behold iniquity; they who have exercised themselves to "have a conscience void of offence towards God and man," though sensible of innumerable offences, are considered, by implication, before God, as not *better* than Burkes or Thurtells, for the imputation of utter depravity must mean this, or be mere hollow *verba et voces*;—when amusements, or recreations, vicious only in their excess, are proclaimed as national abominations, while real abominations stalk abroad, as is the case in large manufacturing towns, with "the Lord," "the Lord," on the lips of some of the most depraved;—when, from these causes, I do sincerely believe the heart has been hardened, and the understanding deteriorated, the wide effects being visible on the great criminal body of the nation,—I conceive I do a service to evangelical religion by speaking as I feel, of that ludicrous caricature which so often in society usurps its name, and apes and disgraces its divine character.

The truth is, that full as this volume is of Poetry, it is still fuller of Religion. At all times, in the hands of men of genius, they go well together, as we have proved over and over again, to the dumbfoundering of all the Dunces. Pity, and grief, and shame, that the poetry of Religion should of late have been brought into disrepute, in spite of some of the Muses' sons, who

"Have built their Pindus upon Lebanon,"

by versifiers who have manifestly never been able to say their prayers for counting of their fingers. But Mr Bowles is a privileged poet in that holy walk; and there is more divinity in *Banwell Hill* than in many a volume of very fair sermons.

But look again to the poem—and to the best passage in it—a passage pregnant with important truths, most eloquently enforced. With pleasure we saw a few lines from it quoted by one of the ablest writers in the *Quarterly Review*, who entertains, however, different sentiments and opinions respecting some of its positions. A perfectly fair and full estimate of the influence of the commercial and manufacturing system on the character of the people of England is yet a desideratum in Moral and Political Philosophy. Mr Bowles, as a poet, cannot, perhaps, be expected to give it; he here takes one side, and let us hope that he may have coloured it too darkly; but, however that may be, he poetises on a subject of paramount interest to the statesman who loves his country and his kind.

"A village, then,
Was not as villages are now. The hind,
Who delved, or 'jocund drove his team afield,'
Had then an independency of look
And heart; and, plodding in his lowly path,
Disdain'd a parish dole, content, though poor.
He was the village monitor: he taught
His children to be good—and read their book,
And in the gallery took his Sunday place,—
To-morrow, with the bee, to work:—
'So pass'd
His days of cheerful, independent toil!
And when the Pastor came that way—at eve,
He had a ready present for the child
Who read his book the best;—and that poor child
Remember'd it, when treading the same path
In which his father trod, he so grew up
Contented, till old Time had blanch'd his locks,
And he was borne—while the bell toll'd—to sleep
In the same churchyard where his father slept!
His daughter walk'd content and innocent,
As lovely, in her lowly path:—She turn'd
The hour-glass, while the humming wheel went round,
Or went 'a-Maying,' o'er the fields, in spring,
Leading her little brother, by the hand,
Along the village-lane, and o'er the stile,
To gather cowslips; and then, home again
To turn her wheel, contented, through the day.
Or, singing low, bend where her brother slept,
Rocking the cradle, to 'sweet William's grave!'
No lure could tempt her from the woodbine shed,
Where she grew up, and folded first her hands
In infant prayer; yet oft a tear would steal
Down her young cheek, to think how desolate
That home would be when her poor mother died—
Still praying that she ne'er might cause a pain,
Undutiful, to 'bring down her grey hairs,
With sorrow, to the grave!'
Now mark this scene!—
The fuming factory's polluted air
Has stain'd the country! See that rural nymph,
An infant in her arms! She claims the dole
From the cold parish, which her faithless swain
Denies: he stands aloof, with clownish leer,—
The constable behind, and mark his brow,
Beckons the nimble clerk,—the Justice, grave,
Turns from his book a moment, with a look
Of pity signs the warrant for her pay,

A weekly eighteenpence,—she, unabash'd,
Slides from the room, and not a transient blush,
Far less the accusing tear, is on her cheek!
A different scene comes next:—That village maid
Approaches timidly, yet beautiful;
A tear is on her lids when she looks down
Upon her sleeping child. Her heart was won,
The wedding-day was fixed, the ring was bought!
'Tis the same story—Colin was untrue!—
He ruin'd, and then left her to her fate.
Pity her—she has not a friend on earth,
And that still tear speaks to all human hearts
But his, whose cruelty and treachery
Caused it to flow!! So crime still follows crime.
Ask we the cause?—See, where those engines heave,
That spread their giant arms o'er all the land!
The wheel is silent in the vale! Old age
And youth are levell'd by one parish law!
Ask why that maid, all day, toils in the field,
Associate with the rude and ribald clown
Ev'n in the shrinking pudency of youth?
To earn her loaf, and eat it by herself.
Parental love is smitten to the dust—
Over a little smoke the aged Sire
Holds his pale hands—and the deserted hearth
Is cheerless as his heart:—But Piety
Points to the BIBLE! Shut the book again:
The Ranter is the roving Gospel now,
And each his own Apostle! Shut the book,—
A locust-swarm of tracts darken its light,
And choke its utterance; while a Babel-rout
Of mock-religionists—turn where we will—
Have drown'd "THE SMALL STILL VOICE," till Piety,
Sick of the din, retires to pray alone.
But though abused Religion and the dole
Of pauper-pay, and vomitories huge,
Of smoke, are each a STEAM-ENGINE OF CRIME,
Polluting, far and wide, the wholesome air,
And with'ring Life's green verdure underneath,
Full many a poor and lowly flower of want
Has Education nursed, like a pure rill,
Winding through desert glens, and bade it live
To grace the cottage with its mantling sweets.
There was a village girl—I knew her well,
From five years old and upwards—all her friends
Were dead, and she was to the workhouse left,
And there a witness to such sounds profane
As might turn virtue pale! When Sunday came,

Assembled with the children of the poor,
Upon the lawn of my own parsonage,
She stood among them: they were taught to read
In companies, and groups, upon the green,
Each with its little book; her lighted eyes
Shone beautiful, where'er they turn'd; her form
Was graceful; but her book her sole delight!
Instructed thus, she went a serving-maid,
Where fumed the neighb'ring town—ah! who shall guide
A friendless maid, so beautiful and young,
From life's contagions? But she had been taught
The duties of her humble lot—to pray
To God, and that one Heavenly Father's eye
Was over rich and poor! On Sunday night
She read her Bible, turning still away
From those who flock'd, inflaming and inflam'd,
To nightly meetings; but she never clos'd
Her eyes, or raised them to the light of morn,
Without a pray'r to Him who 'bade the sun
Go forth,' a giant, from his Eastern gate!
No art, no bribe, could lure her steps astray
From the plain path, and lessons she had learnt,
A village child. She is a mother now,
And lives to prove the blessings and the fruits
Of moral duty, on the poorest child,
When duty, and when sober Piety,
Impressing the young heart, go hand in hand."

This is worthy of Cowper or Wordsworth. It is in their very best spirit—yet it is all over original—and Bowles. Set ever so many men of genius to work on the same subject, and they will say ever so many the same things—but in what various lights will they place them—as they fall in different positions under the sun of truth? It is the glory of much of the best poetry of this age, that, full of imagination though it be, it deals nevertheless with man's homeliest interests—because that our best poets "have all one human heart." They do not take wings to themselves to soar away into the far-off skies, forgetful of the agitated bosom of their mother earth; but high as they float above her, with eagle-eyes they see all that is passing on that moving surface—and never are they happier than when they fold their wings, and drop down beside the cottage-door, and walk, no ways distinguished from its humblest inmate, towards the cottage-hearth. Therefore—

> "Blessings be with them, and eternal praise,
> The poets who on earth have made us fain
> Of Truth and pure delight by heavenly lays!"

We have seen from his Preface that Mr Bowles is friendly to the interspersion of the *comic*, provided the due mock-heroic stateliness be kept up in the language, thinking justly that it has often the effect of light and shade. We do not exactly know whether his *comic* be very good or not, yet we feel it to be amusing, and therefore are inclined to believe that it is meritorious. Here is a specimen :—

> "No villager was then a disputant
> In Calvinistic and contentious creeds;
> No pale mechanic, from a neighbouring sink
> Of steam, and rank debauchery, and smoke,
> Crawl'd forth upon a Sunday morn—with looks
> Sadd'ning the very sunshine—to instruct
> The parish poor in Evangelic lore:—
> To teach them to cast off—'as filthy rags'—
> 'Good works!' and listen to such ministers,
> Who all (be sure) 'are worthy of their hire,'
> 'Who only preach for good of their poor souls,
> That they may turn "from darkness unto light,"
> And—above all—fly, as the gates of Hell,
> Morality! and Baal's steeple-house,
> Where, without "heart-work," Doctor Littlegrace
> Drones his dull requiem to the snoring clerk!'
> True: he who drawls his heartless homily
> For one day's work, and plods, on wading stilts,
> Through prosing paragraphs, with 'Inference,'
> Methodically dull, as orthodox,
> Enforcing sagely, that 'we all must die
> When God shall call,'—Oh! what a pulpit-drone
> Is he!—The blue-fly might as well preach 'hum,'
> And so 'conclude!'
> But save me from the sight
> Of Curate-fop, half jockey and half clerk,
> The Tandem-driving Tommy of a town,
> Disdaining books, omniscient of a horse,
> Impatient till September comes again,
> Eloquent only of 'the pretty girl
> With whom he danced last night!' Oh! such a thing
> Is worse than the dull doctor, who performs
> Duly his stinted task, and then to sleep,
> Till Sunday asks another Homily
> Against all innovations of the age—
> Mad Missionary zeal, and Bible Clubs,
> And Calvinists and Evangelicals!"

The difficulty is, as he says, to steer happily from grave to gay—and back again; and certainly his return from that playful to the following serious passage is felicitous:—

"Yes! Evangelicals! Oh glorious word!
But who deserves that awful name? Not he
Who spits his puny Puritanic spite
On harmless recreation; who reviles
All who, majestic in their distant scorn,
Bear on, in silence, their calm Christian course.
He only is the Evangelical,
Who holds in equal scorn dogmas and dreams,
The Shibboleth of saintly Magazines,
Deck'd with most grim and godly visages;
The cobweb sophistry, or the dark code
Of Commentators, who, with loathsome track,
Crawl o'er a text, or on the lucid page,
Beaming with heavenly love and God's own light,
Sit, like a nightmare! Soon a deadly mist
Creeps o'er our eyes and heart, till angel forms
Turn into hideous phantoms, mocking us,
E'en while we look for comfort at the spring
And well of life, while dismal voices cry,
'Death!—Reprobation!—Woe! eternal Woe!'
He only is the Evangelical,
Who from the human commentary turns
With tranquil scorn, and nearer to his heart
Presses the Bible, till repentant tears,
In silence, wet his cheek,—and new-born Faith,
And Hope, and Charity, with radiant smile,
Visit his heart,—all pointing to the Cross.
He only is the Evangelical,
Who, with eyes fix'd upon that spectacle,
'Christ and him crucified,' with ardent hope,
And holier feelings, lifts his thoughts from Earth,
And cries, 'My Father!' Meantime, his whole heart
Is on God's Word: he preaches 'Faith,' and 'Hope,'
And 'Charity,'—'these three,' and not 'that one!'
And 'Charity,' the greatest of 'these three!'
Give me an Evangelical like this!"

Mr Bowles has, we understand, by his righteous boldness in the cause of Christianity, enraged against him a set of sanctified wasps and hornets, whose stings, though not deadly, cause swellings and irritation in the face and hands, wherein they have darted their venom. But the Muse herself, whom Religion loves, will drop honey on such slight wounds, and assuage their smart. The cant of Evangelism (what hideous

profanation of a holy word!) can be written down in no way more effectually than by genius such as his, kindled at the altar of religion. He does well to be angry—to be scornful—on such a theme—and here his satire is strong indeed—it smites and withers. Yet through its darkness he "scatters gleams of a redeeming tenderness!"

"But now,
The blackest crimes, in tract-religion's code,
Are moral virtues!—Spare the prodigal,—
He may awake when God shall 'call;' but Hell,
Roll thy avenging flames, to swallow up
The Son, who never left his father's home,
Lest he should trust to Morals when he dies!
Let him not lay the unction to his soul,
That his upbraiding conscience tells no tale
At that dread hour—bid him confess his sin,
The greatest that, with humble hope he looks
Back on a well-spent life! Bid him confess
That he hath broken ALL God's holy laws,
In vain hath he done justly,—loved, in vain,
Mercy, and hath walk'd humbly with his God!
These are mere Works!—but Faith is everything,
And all in all! The Christian code contains
No 'if,' or 'but!' Let tabernacles ring,
And churches too, with sanctimonious strains
Baneful as these; and let such strains be heard
Through half the land; and can we shut our eyes,
And, sadly wondering, ask the cause of crimes,
When Infidelity stands lowering here,
With open scorn, and such a code as this,
So baneful, withers half the charities
Of human hearts?—Oh! dear is Mercy's voice
To man, a mourner in the vale of sin
And death: how dear the still small voice of Faith,
That bids him raise his look beyond the clouds
That hang o'er this dim earth; but he who tears
Faith from her heavenly sisterhood, denies
The Gospel, and turns traitor to the cause
He has engaged to plead. Come, Faith, and Hope,
And Charity! how dear to the sad heart,
The consolations and the glorious views,
That animate the Christian, in his course!
But save, oh! save me from the tract-mad Miss,
Who trots to every Bethel-club, and broods
O'er some black Missionary's monstrous tale,
Reckless of want around her!"

"Let the gall'd jade wince." Some of his notes are equally cutting. How well does he observe that the effects of certain creeds may be traced in the *visages* that adorn sundry godly magazines, and which speak more than volumes of the feelings which could produce such effects on the *human* countenance! showing the analogy between the conformation of features and the creed-ruling passions of the mind. And difficult it is to say whether the effect is more hideous or ludicrous in some of these certainly not human, and yet not altogether diabolical aspects! Mr Bowles says, that, among a thousand others, he can avouch for the following fact, illustrating the effects of an abhorrence of morals characteristic of some sects. A young woman, of most respectable character, taught the children in a clergyman's village-school to read. After some time, she told the lady of the clergyman she should no longer superintend the school, as she had found, *too late*, she had been bred up herself in "a *sad moral way!*" She was soon put out of this *sad moral way*, Mr Bowles adds, and brought before the magistrate to *affiliate* the *first fruits* of her new *anti-moral* creed.

But though we do, from the very bottom of our hearts, agree with Mr Bowles *in the main*, in his most eloquent and powerful denunciations of the wicked and fatal creed, against which he launches the lightnings of his indignation, he treads, in a few instances, on dark and difficult ground, where we are unwilling to follow him, and where it is probable we should part company in the haunted gloom of metaphysics. There is a Calvinism, we believe, which is a dreadful and a fatal faith; but there is a Calvinism which, though dark, is, we believe, not dangerous;—witness moral and religious Scotland. But at present no more of this.

Mr Bowles, in exposing the folly—and worse than folly—of those knaves or idiots who speak of that "*wicked sinner*" Shakespeare, says truly, that the drama is far more effective as a corrector of crimes, in many instances (in *many instances* think you, sir?) than *some* places of worship where anti-moral doctrines of different shades are preached. Mr Corder, the murderer of Maria Marten, to whom he was betrothed, rose from his knees *in a chapel*, and hastened to dip his hands in her blood. What hideous work must *some* preaching make among all the thoughts produced on the mind by conscience! What utter confusion and reversal of all the sanctities of

nature! Minds so disturbed have not unfrequently rushed to the perpetration of the most horrid crimes. It is—to make use of perhaps a vulgar expression—*touch-and-go* with all weak and ignorant—to which add vicious and savage minds—who *sit under some* anti-moral expounders of God's holy word. So far we agree with all Mr Bowles has said, or can say, on such a dreadful subject; but he goes much too far, we cannot help thinking, when he says, speaking of the dialogue between Macbeth and his wife after the murder of Duncan, that if Corder could have endured that heart-rending scene, let him have waited till he saw that terrible picture of remorse, when Lady Macbeth appears in her sleep, and "I would venture to say, that this deed of blood would not have been done!" That is too much to venture to say; for, in the first place, the ignorant blockhead might not have understood it; and, in the second place, the callous monster might not have felt it; and, in the third place, the infatuated wretch might have been even stimulated to the crime by the very picture of its acting before his eyes, for God only knows all the mysteries of wickedness; and, fourthly, had the murderess struck him with kindred passions of fear and remorse, such passions are an agony to endure; and the lisp or leer of some prostitute on the street might have driven them out of his head, and let in upon it again the determined dream of blood.

The evils of conventicles are great to the wicked; but the blessings of theatres are to the wicked, we suspect, but small; while to the good, they serve, even at the best, chiefly to please and improve the taste and the imagination, and through their agency, to elevate, no doubt, our moral feelings, and to awaken our enthusiasm for virtue. But then it is to be remarked, that with all the inevitable corruptions—and inevitable they seem to be—of the drama, in a state of great wealth and high civilisation, theatres may be to many places rife with danger,—and that we allow, notwithstanding the senseless jeremiads against playhouses of the Master-Tailor of *The Age*, a Poem.[1] The influence of literature in general—the drama included—is benignant and beneficent, but it may be overrated; and the strength and stability of the moral soul of a people is in the Christian religion, and in the Bible. This, Mr Bowles indeed knows as well as we do; and how gloriously he expresses it!

[1] *The Age:* a Poem, in Eight Books. 1829.

" Therefore, without a comment, or a note,
We love the Bible, and we prize the more
The spirit of its pure unspotted page,
As pure from the infectious breath, that stains,
Like a foul fume, its hallowed light, we hail
The radiant car of Heav'n, amidst the clouds
Of mortal darkness, and of human mist,
Sole, as the Sun in Heav'n!"

We know not a more certain symptom of hypocrisy in religion than in minds, themselves obviously worldly in the extreme, an exaggerated condemnation of all little worldlinesses in all other honest people, gravely jogging, or gaily skipping along their path of life. Those people are often the least worldly, on whom they who make the loudest boast of their unworldliness, seek basely to affix that opprobrious epithet. For they walk the world with a heart pure as it is cheerful; they are, by that unpretending purity, saved from infection; and as there are as many fair and healthy faces to be seen in the smoke and stir of cities, as in the rural wilds, so also are there as many fair and healthy spirits. The world —the wicked world—has not that power over us Christians that the canters say; and as for the mere amusements of the world,—frivolous as they may too often be,—little or no power have they over that which is "so majestical." Yet, to listen to some folks, you would think that all the boys and girls one sees, "like gay creatures of the element," dancing under a chandelier pendant from the roof, like some starry constellation, were quadrilling away to the sound of music, into the bottomless pit. Is it not, for example, most disgusting and loathsome, to hear some broad-backed, thick-calved, greasy-faced, well-fed, and not-badly-drunk caitiff, of some canting caste, distinguished in private and public life for the gross greediness with which they gobble up everything eatable within reach of their hairy fists,—preaching, and praying, and exhorting young people, full of flesh and blood of the purest and clearest quality, to forsake and forswear the world,—to quell within them all mortal vanities, and appetites, and lusts? To whom is the hound haranguing? What means he by lusts, while the sweet face is before him of that innocent girl of fifteen or twenty? For what are years to her, into whose eyes God and the Saviour have put that light angelical?—that ineffable loveliness, as pure from taint as the beauty of the rose blushing on her lily breast, which she gathered in

the dewy garden a few hours ago, among the earliest songs of birds, while yet the pensive expression had not time to leave her countenance, still lingering there from the piety of her soul-breathed prayers? Shocking, to hear the ugly monster coarsely canting to such a creature of her—corruption! She knows that she belongs to a fallen nature. Oftentimes her tears have flowed to think how undeserving she was of all the goodness showered on her head from Heaven. Often hath she looked on the lilies of the field, and envied their innocence. Meek and humble is she, even in her most joyful happiness; contrite and repentant even over the shadows of sin that may have crossed her spirit, as the shadows of clouds suddenly over "a stationary spot of sunshine." Even for her sake, she knows that "Jesus wept." With what a reverent touch do these delicate hands of hers turn over the leaves of the New Testament! Her father and her mother intensely feel themselves to be Christians, while she reads to them the story of the crucifixion. She remembers not the time when she knew not Him who died to save sinners. For her parents were instructed by these words,—"Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of heaven." Fine are all the threads of holy feeling, by which her pure thoughts are linked and allied, as the lines of gossamer floating with their dewdrops all over the flower-garden, from which she culls garlands for those she loves,—her young companions, and her aged friends! The clown breaks through them all, with the slang of his tongue and his eye; and frightens her as with the bellowing of some wild and unclean beast in the bowers of paradise. And why will parents suffer such hoofs within their gates? Is not his rank smell sufficient to sicken the family? Are not the roses and the lilies insulted by his fetid breath? And Flora put to flight as by a Satyr?

Forsake the world, indeed! Who made it?—who fitted us for it?—who placed us in it?—what duties lie out of it? Not one. For love to our fellow-creatures is of God, and love to God is of our fellow-creatures, and both alike draw breath from "this bright and breathing world." We must not forsake the world, even though it should have been darkened by the sins of ourselves and others; birds of calm are often seen in storm; the primrose smiles on the brow of the windiest hill, nor cares for sleet or snow; and hath not a

Christian soul the same power to preserve itself from scathe, which has been given to insensate and inanimate things? And then what sort of a world is to be substituted for the one we are wickedly bid to abandon? A dark, narrow world, indeed,—yet, narrow as it is, haunted by thoughts that can, and too often do, debase and terrify into idiocy or madness. For nature thwarted, must dwindle into decay or distortion,—the very shape of the soul becomes deformed,—its lineaments ghastly, as with premature age; the spring is struck out of life; the gracious law of her seasons is disobeyed; and on the tree of knowledge we are to look for fruits before blossoms! Bad philosophy, and worse religion. Commend us to such Christianity as Mr Bowles preaches so eloquently in this poem. To use his own words, no priest is he,

> "Who deems the Almighty frowns upon his Throne,
> Because two pair of harmless Dowagers,
> Whose life has lapsed without a stain, beguile
> An evening hour with cards; who deems that Hell
> Burns fiercer for a Saraband."

We dare say Mr Bowles, like ourselves, has long given up dancing—and that though he may occasionally join in a rubber of whist for sixpenny points, he is, like ourselves, no very assiduous card-player. T'other evening we laid aside our crutch, and tried, not unsuccessfully, to stand up in a quadrille, rather than that fifteen young people should be disappointed of their *dos-à-dos*—and we acquitted ourselves like a Lancer. Same evening, we faced an old lady at whist, and with the exception of a single revoke, which had like to bring down an old house about our ears, we played to the delight of Hoyle's ghost, who kept looking all the while over our shoulder, pointing to each victorious card in our irresistible hand. Surely there was no sin in that, Dr Cantwell? Mr Bowles truly says, that the two great crimes of a professed Puritan, most truly the "NOMINAL" Christian, are, and have been, from the time of the Manicheans, the DRAMA and the DANCE. To these abominations, such Christians constantly add CARD-PLAYING, without distinguishing whether accompanied with the spirit of gaming. It is easy, he adds, to conceive the reason why the old Fathers were so horror-struck at *dancing*, considering the licentious character of the Eastern dance. But what resemblance is there in a social meeting of this kind, to which a father and a mother bring their sons and

daughters, and of which in their youth they have taken part, without one evil thought or feeling? He who can view such a meeting with impure feeling, certainly had better stay away; but what must be the impurity in his heart to confess such ideas? The spirit of Puritanism, he concludes, is as much like the spirit of Christianity, as the mermaid, which was carried about for a show, consisting of an ass's head and fish's tail, is like a beautiful woman.

The worthy Rector waxes uncommonly facetious on the idolatrous practices laid by the Cantwells to the charge of the youths of this age.

> There is a certain wicked and most idolatrous machine, called a Roundabout; and though we are commanded not to make "the *likeness* of anything above the earth, or under the earth," this machine has a number of idolatrous images, in wood, representing *horses!* But, far worse than this, boys and girls—instead of precocious edification, in the mysteries of destiny and decrees (to the horror of this age, of the "*march of intellect,*" be it spoken) —boys and girls together are found riding round, with the most impious tranquillity, and apparent sedate satisfaction, one after the other, on the same wooden likenesses of little *horses!*

In pleasant accordance with such views of the perfect harmlessness of many of the gaieties of this life, humble or high, Mr Bowles sketches a beautiful picture of a little rural festival, which ended, as we know, though we were not there to see, with a choral flower-dance:—

> "If we would see the fruits of charity,
> Look at that village group, and paint the scene.
> Surrounded by a clear and silent stream,
> Where the swift trout shoots from the sudden ray.
> A rural mansion, on the level lawn,
> Uplifts its ancient gables, whose slant shade
> Is drawn, as with a line, from roof to porch,
> Whilst all the rest is sunshine. O'er the trees
> In front, the village-church, with pinnacles,
> And light grey tower, appears; while to the right,
> An amphitheatre of oaks extends
> Its sweep, till, more abrupt, a wooded knoll,
> Where once a castle frown'd, closes the scene.
> And see, an infant troop with flags and drum,
> Are marching o'er that bridge, beneath the woods,
> On—to the table spread upon the lawn,
> Raising their little hands when grace is said;
> Whilst she, who taught them to lift up their hearts
> In prayer, and to 'remember, in their youth,'

God, ‘ their Creator,’—mistress of the scene,
(Whom I remember once, as young,) looks on,
Blessing them in the silence of her heart.
And we too bless them.”

Against what sins, then, ought the Christian preacher to denounce the judgments of offended Heaven? Listen to our Christian Poet:—

“ ‘ Cry aloud !’—speak in thunder to the soul
That sleeps in sin ! Harrow the inmost heart
Of murderous intent, till dewdrops stand
Upon his haggard brow ! Call Conscience up,
Like a stern spectre, whose dim finger points
To dark misdeeds of yore ! Wither the arm
Of the oppressor, at whose feet the slave
Crouches, and pleading lifts his fetter’d hands !
Thou violator of the innocent,
Hide thee ! Hence ! hide thee in the deepest cave,
From man’s indignant sight ! Thou Hypocrite,
Trample in dust thy mark, nor cry ‘ Faith—Faith,’
Making it but a hollow tinkling sound,
That stirs not the foul heart ! Horrible wretch,
Look not upon the face of that sweet child,
With thoughts which Hell would tremble to conceive !
Oh shallow, and oh senseless !—in a world
Where rank offences turn the good man pale—
Who leave the Christian’s sternest code, to vent
Their petty ire on petty trespasses—
If trespasses they are—when the wide world
Groans with the burden of offence, when crimes
Stalk on, with front defying, o’er the land,
Whilst, her own cause betraying, Christian zeal
Thus ‘ swallows camels, straining at a gnat ! ’ ”

That is fine vigorous writing; but the Poet rises into yet a loftier flight, and he takes us along with him on his wings:—

“ Oh ! whilst the car
Of God’s own glory rolls along in light,
We join the loud song of the Christian host,
(All puny systems shrinking from the blaze),
‘ Hosannah, to the car of light ! Roll on !
Saldanna’s rocks have echoed to the hymns
Of Faith, and Hope, and Charity ! Roll on !
Till the wild wastes of inmost Africa,
Where the long Niger’s track is lost, respond,
‘ Hosannah, to the car of light !’ Roll on !—
From realm to realm, from shore to farthest shore,
O’er dark Pagodas, and huge Idol-Fanes,
That frown along the Ganges’ farthest stream,

Till the poor widow, from the burning pile,
Starting, shall lift her hands to heaven, and weep
That she has found a Saviour, and has heard
The sounds of Christian love! —Oh! horrible,
The pile is smoking!—the bamboos lie there,
That held her down when the last struggle shook
The blazing pile! Hasten, oh! car of light!
Alas! for suffering nature! Jaggernaut,
Arm'd, in his giant car, goes also forth—
Goes forth, amid his red and reeling priests,
While thousands gasp and die beneath the wheels,
As they go groaning on, 'mid cries, and drums,
And flashing cymbals and delirious songs
Of tinkling dancing-girls, and all the rout
Of frantic Superstition! Turn away!
And is not Jaggernaut himself with us,—
Not only cold insidious sophistry,
Comes, blinking with its taper-fume to light,
If so he may, the Sun in the mid Heaven!
Not only blind and hideous blasphemy
Scowls in his cloak, and mocks the glorious orb,
Ascending, in its silence, o'er a world
Of sin and sorrow,—but a hellish brood
Of imps, and fiends, and phantoms, ape the form
Of Godliness, till Godliness itself
Seems but a painted monster, and a name
For darker crimes; at which the shuddering heart
Shrinks; while the ranting rout, as they march on,
Mock Heaven with hymns, till, see—pale Belial
Sighs o'er a filthy tract, and Moloch marks
With gouts of blood—his brandish'd Magazine!
Start, monster, from the dismal dream! Look up!
Oh! listen to the Apostolic voice,
That, like a voice from Heaven, proclaims, 'to Faith
Add Virtue!' there is no mistaking here;
Whilst moral Education, by the hand,
Shall lead the children to the House of God—
Nor sever Christian Faith from Christian Love."

From this high flight the Muse stoops her wing, and winnows her way with softly-gliding plumes along "the beautiful fields of England," as Southey so simply and truly calls them; in the neighbourhood of Banwell Hill, visiting the residences of some of the worthy Rector's most esteemed friends; and deservedly praising "Generous Hoare," the owner of the "Elysian Temple of Stourhead"—the Reverend Mr Skurry,

"distributor
Of bounties large, yet falling silently
As dews on the cold turf"—

the excellent Earl of Cork and Orrery at Marston — Mrs Heneage of Compton House,

> "who never turned her look
> From others' sorrows—on whose lids the tear
> Shines yet more lovely than the light of youth"—

Mrs Methuen of Corsham House, "fair as Charity's own form," and the Rev. Charles Hoyle, vicar of Overton, near Marlborough, of whom our Poet speaks with more than common affection and esteem;—a man, we believe, of genius, learning, and virtue. And so endeth Part Second of *Banwell Hill*.

Part Third is entitled "The Spectre and Prayer-Book, a Tale of a Cornish Maid," versified from an extraordinary and striking fact in Mr Polwhele's *History of Cornwall*. It has many touches true to nature, and is throughout elegantly written; but it is overlaid with ornament, and does not storm the heart through the imagination. Crabbe could have told the story far better in far fewer words; by merely keeping to it—grasping the soul of it—and scorning all unessential adjuncts. But no man—no Poet can at once be a Bowles and a Crabbe—any more than a Coleridge and a Wordsworth—a Campbell and a Moore—a Byron and a Scott. Let every man and poet stand on his own legs—a single pair; but let him take warning by Mr Atherstone, and beware of stilts.

Mr Bowles (we charged him some pages back with an occasional fib) would fain make us believe that it had been raining all the while he was telling a Tale of a Cornish Maid. That was a plumper. Yet we forgive the fib for his beautiful way of telling it. Part Fourth thus opens:—

> "The shower is past—the heath-bell, at our feet,
> Looks up, as with a smile, though the cold dew
> Hangs yet within its cup, like Pity's tear
> Upon the eyelids of a village-child!
> Mark! where a light upon those far-off waves
> Gleams, while the passing shower above our head
> Sheds its last silent drops, amid the hues
> Of the fast-fading rainbow,—such is life!—
> Let us go forth,—the redbreast is abroad,
> And, dripping in the sunshine, sings again."

Pity indeed that one who thus loves nature, and is by nature thus beloved, and rewarded by inspiration, should occasionally have so little regard to truth! This shower, however, so exquisitely described in its death, has not only refreshed earth and sea, but Mr Bowles' genius, till it glows as "green as

emerald." We cannot, at this late hour of the night, "(ae wee sma' hour ayont the twal,") accompany him in all his rambles along sea-shore, and through inland wood. But during all those descriptions, never has the influence of that shower—real or ideal—been out of his imagination, till at last it absolutely causes another Deluge. To be serious—we know not where to look in Modern Poetry—in Wordsworth, Southey, or James Montgomery—for a descriptive passage, fuller of feeling and fancy than the following "Vision of the Deluge."

"The Vision of the Deluge! Hark—a trump!
It was the trump of the Archangel! Stern
He stands, while the awak'ning thunder rolls
Beneath his feet! Stern, and alone, he stands
Upon Immaus' height!
No voice is heard
Of revelry or blasphemy so high!
He sounds again his trumpet; and the clouds
Come deep'ning o'er the world!—
Why art thou pale?
A strange and fearful stillness is on earth,
As if the shadow of th' Almighty pass'd
O'er the abodes of man, and hush'd at once
The song, the shout, the cries of violence,
The groan of the oppress'd, and the deep curse
Of Blasphemy, that scowls upon the clouds,
And mocks the deeper thunder!
Hark! a voice—
'Perish!' Again the thunder rolls—the Earth
Answers—from North to South, from East to West—
'Perish!' The fountains of the mighty deep
Are broken up—the rushing rains descend,
Like night—deep night, while momentary seen,
Through blacker clouds, on his pale phantom-horse,
Death, a gigantic skeleton, rides on,
Rejoicing, where the millions of mankind—
(Visible, where his lightning arrows glared)—
Welter beneath the shadow of his horse!
Now, dismally, through all her caverns, Hell
Sends forth a horrid laugh, that dies away,
And then a loud voice answers—'Victory!
Victory, to the rider and his horse!
Victory, to the rider and his horse!'
Ride on:—the Ark, majestic and alone
On the wide waste of the careering deep,
Its hull scarce peering through the night of clouds,
Is seen. But lo! the mighty deep has shrunk!
The Ark, from its terrific voyage, rests

On Ararat. The Raven is sent forth,—
Send out the Dove, and as her wings far off
Shine in the light, that streaks the sev'ring clouds,
Bid her speed on, and greet her with a song:—

Go, beautiful and gentle Dove,—
But whither wilt thou go?
For though the clouds ride high above,
How sad and waste is all below!

The wife of Shem, a moment to her breast
Held the poor bird, and kiss'd it. Many a night
When she was listening to the hollow wind,
She press'd it to her bosom, with a tear;
Or when it murmur'd in her hand, forgot
The long, loud tumult of the storm without.—
She kisses it, and at her father's word,
Bids it go forth.

The dove flies on! In lonely flight
She flies from dawn till dark;
And now, amid the gloom of night,
Comes weary to the ark.
Oh! let me in, she seems to say,
For long and lone hath been my way;
Oh! once more, gentle mistress, let me rest,
And dry my dripping plumage on thy breast.

So the bird flew to her who cherished it.
She sent it forth again out of the ark;
Again it came at ev'ning fall, and lo!
An olive-leaf pluck'd off, and in its bill.
And Shem's wife took the green leaf from its bill,
And kiss'd its wings again, and smilingly
Dropp'd on its neck one silent tear for joy.
She sent it forth once more; and watch'd its flight,
Till it was lost amid the clouds of Heaven:
Then gazing on the clouds where it was lost,
Its mournful mistress sung this last farewell:—

'Go, beautiful and gentle Dove,
And greet the morning ray;
For lo! the sun shines bright above,
And night and storm are pass'd away.
No longer drooping, here confined,
In this cold prison dwell;
Go, free to sunshine and to wind,
Sweet bird, go forth, and fare thee well.

'Oh! beautiful and gentle Dove,
Thy welcome sad will be,
When thou shalt hear no voice of love,
In murmurs from the leafy tree:
Yet freedom, freedom shalt thou find,
From this cold prison cell:

Go, then, to sunshine and the wind,
Sweet bird, go forth, and fare thee well.'

And never more she saw it; for the Earth
Was dry, and now, upon the mountain's van,
Again the great Archangel stands! the light
Of the moist rainbow glitters on his hair;
He to the bow uplifts his hands, whose arch
Spans the whole Heaven; and whilst, far off, in light,
The ascending dove is for a moment seen,
The last rain falls—falls gently and unheard,
Amid the silent sunshine! Oh! look up!
Above the clouds, borne up the depth of light,
Behold a Cross!—and round about the Cross,
Lo! Angels and Archangels jubilant,
Till the ascending pomp in light is lost,
Lift their acclaiming voice,—'Glory to thee,
Glory, and praise, and honour be to thee,
Lord God of Hosts; we laud and magnify
Thy glorious name, praising thee evermore,
For the great Dragon is cast down, and hell
Vanquish'd beneath thy cross, Lord Jesus Christ.'
Hark! the clock strikes!—The shadowy scene dissolves,
And all the visionary pomp is pass'd!
I only see a few sheep on the edge
Of this aerial ridge, and Banwell tower,
Grey in the morning sunshine, at our feet."

"The subject is stale—old—worn-out—threadbare—soiled—pawed upon"—ever and anon exclaims yon blockhead on opening a poem—or passage of a poem, thereby libelling the Great Globe itself, and all that it inherits. What does the blockhead mean? The age of the world is known to a nicety—which is more than you can say of that of many an elderly young lady, who was no chicken at the era of the French Revolution. The world is neither young nor old—but middle-aged; nothing about her is stale; she is as fresh, without being flat, as a flounder. But if she were as old as the hills, what would that signify to a Poet? He could wash six thousand years off her grey head, and restore her to a youthful Paragon. To genius, all creation is for ever new—in immortal youth. Towers and temples decay; but the "innocent brightness of the newborn day" that shall rise to-morrow, will be as lustrous to his eyes as the first morn that dawned on Eden.

"Seas will row and rivers flow" till time sinks in eternity; but seas and rivers will never be old—that is to say, older

than they ought to be—as long as there is one Poet's eye left to look on them, undimmed by dust. When all mankind are dead and buried—the last man perhaps in the same spot with the first—Peter Tomlinson, junior, with Father Adam, then this world will feel herself getting too old—will groan through all her skeleton, and disappear in Chaos. But while the soul of man lives, she, the mighty mother, will never complain of old age. Cybele will nurse her children at her thousand breasts, still flowing with milk and honey. There may be some truth in what Solomon said, "There is nothing new under the sun;" but there is far more truth in what *we say*, "There is nothing old under the sun." Nature is preserved by her elements in a perpetual youth, far more wonderful than that of Ninon D'Enclos—and her favoured lovers are the Poets. Prosers tell her to her face that she is waxing old—that her charms—O fie!—are stale; and for their pains get instantly kicked out of her presence by a foot whose dexterity would do credit to a youthful Newhaven fishwife. Yet to the old all things seem old; and blockheads are aged at thirty, as you may perceive from the exaggerated drivel and dotage of their drawling speech. But Genius is ever young, like the star of Jove, "so beautiful and large;" and therefore this earth—this world—shall never want her worshippers. The Deluge—though not perhaps in point of fact—certainly in point of feeling—happened last autumn[1]—the Creation of the world last spring. At least Mr Bowles writes of the Deluge as if he thought and felt so; and therefore doth that passage of his poem rise and subside like the flood he describes,—'tis green in its beauty as the reappearing hills. What heart could see again that dove without blessing her, and loving the olive more and more for her sake? "Songs of the Ark!"—wherefore are the lips mute that essayed to sing the hymns re-echoed from Mount Ararat?—Our poet now bids farewell to Banwell Cave, and Banwell Hill, and Banwell Church—

> "And farewell to the shores
> Where, when a child, I wander'd; and farewell,
> *Harp of my youth!*"

The close of the poem is so very beautiful—that long as our quotations have been—we do not fear but that our readers will thank us for such a strain.

[1] The great floods of 1829 are referred to.

"Yet, whilst the light
Steals from the clouds, to rest upon that tower,
I turn a parting look, and lift to heaven
A parting prayer, that our own Sion, thus,—
With sober splendour, yet not gorgeous,
Her mitred brow, temper'd with lenity
And apostolic mildness—in her mien
No dark defeature, beautiful as mild,
And gentle as the smile of Charity,—
Thus on the rock of ages may uplift
Her brow majestic, pointing to the spires
That grace her village glens, or solemn fanes
In cities, calm above the stir and smoke,
And list'ning to deep harmonies that swell
From all her temples!
So may she adorn—
(Her robe is graceful, as her Creed is pure)—
This happy land, till Time shall be no more!
And whilst her grey cathedrals rise in air,
Solemn, august, and beautiful, and touch'd
By time—to show a grace, but no decay,
Like that fair pile, which, from hoar Mendip's brow,
The traveller beholds, crowning the vale
Of Avalon, with all its towers in light;—
So, England, may thy grey cathedrals lift
Their front in heaven's pure light, and ever boast
Such Prelate Lords—bland, but yet dignified—
Pious, paternal, and beloved, as he
Who prompted, and forgives this Severn song!
And thou, oh Lord and Saviour, on whose rock
That Church is founded, though the storm without
May howl around its battlements, preserve
Its spirit, and still pour into the hearts
Of all, who there confess Thy holy name,
Peace,—that through evil or through good report,
They may hold on their blameless way."

WORDSWORTH.

[This Essay comprises several articles on Wordsworth, contributed by Professor Wilson to the early numbers of *Blackwood's Magazine*. It is interesting both as a comparatively early specimen of the Professor's critical powers, and as one of the first critiques (if not the very first) in which full justice is done to the commanding genius of the great Lake poet. As we once heard Hartley Coleridge remark, "to admire Wordsworth in those days (1810–1818) was to be kicked at," so that the Professor's eulogy has the merit of boldness as well as of truth to recommend it. The original articles contained a large amount of extract. This has been (for the most part) retrenched, as the poems of Wordsworth are now familiar as "household words."]

THE three great master-spirits of our day, in the poetical world, are Scott, Wordsworth, and Byron. But there never were minds more unlike to each other than theirs are, either in original conformation or in the course of life. It is great and enduring glory to this age, to have produced three Poets,—of perfectly original genius,—unallied to each other,—drinking inspiration from fountains far apart,—who have built up superb structures of the imagination, of distinct orders of architecture,—and who may indeed be said to rule, each by a legitimate sovereignty, over separate and powerful provinces in the kingdom of Mind. If we except the Elizabethan age, in which the poetical genius of the country was turned passionately to the drama, and which produced an unequalled constellation of great spirits, we believe that no other period of English literature could exhibit three such Poets as these, standing in conspicuous elevation among a crowd of less potent, but enlightened and congenial Worthies. There is unquestionably an ethereal flush of poetry over the face of this land. Poets think and feel for themselves, fearlessly and enthusiastically. There is something like inspiration in the works of them all. They are far superior indeed to the mere clever verse-writers of our Augustan age. It is easy to see

in what feelings, and in what faculties, our living Poets excel their duller prose brethren; and the world is not now so easily duped as to bestow the "hallowed name" upon such writers as the Sprats, and Yaldens, and Dukes, and Pomfrets, *et hoc genus omne*, whom the courtesy and ignorance of a former age admitted into the poetical brotherhood. Unless a Poet be now a Poet indeed,—unless he possess something of "the vision and the faculty divine,"—he dies at once, and is heard of no more. There is, of necessity, in so poetical an age as this, a vast crowd of deluded followers of the Muse, who mistake the will for the power. But the evil of this is not great. The genuine Poets, and these alone, are admired and beloved. Of them we have many; but we believe that we speak the general voice when we place on a triple throne, Scott, Wordsworth, and Byron.

Though greatly inferior in many things to his illustrious brethren, Scott is perhaps, after all, the most unequivocally original. We do not know of any model after which the form of his principal Poems has been moulded. They bear no resemblance, and, we must allow, are far inferior to the heroic Poems of Greece; nor do they, though he has been called the Ariosto of the North, seem to us to resemble, in any way whatever, any of the great Poems of modern Italy. He has given a most intensely real representation of the living spirit of the chivalrous age of his country. He has not shrouded the figures or the characters of his heroes in high political lustre, so as to dazzle us by resplendent fictitious beings, shining through the scenes and events of a half-imaginary world. They are as much real men in his poetry, as the "mighty Earls" of old are in our histories and annals. The incidents, too, and events, are all wonderfully like those of real life; and when we add to this, that all the most interesting and impressive superstitions and fancies of the times are in his poetry incorporated and intertwined with the ordinary tissue of mere human existence, we feel ourselves hurried from this our civilised age, back into the troubled bosom of semi-barbarous life, and made keen partakers in all its impassioned and poetical credulities. His poems are historical narrations, true in all things to the spirit of history, but everywhere overspread with those bright and breathing colours which only genius can bestow on reality; and when it is

recollected that the times in which his scenes are laid and his heroes act were distinguished by many of the most energetic virtues that can grace or dignify the character of a free people, and marked by the operation of great passions and important events, every one must feel that the poetry of Walter Scott is, in the noblest sense of the word, national; that it breathes upon us the bold and heroic spirit of perturbed but magnificent ages, and connects us, in the midst of philosophy, science, and refinement, with our turbulent but high-minded ancestors, of whom we have no cause to be ashamed, whether looked on in the fields of war or in the halls of peace. He is a true knight in all things,—free, courteous, and brave. War, as he describes it, is a noble game, a kingly pastime. He is the greatest of all War-Poets. His Poetry might make a very coward fearless. In *Marmion*, the battle of Flodden agitates us with all the terror of a fatal overthrow. In *The Lord of the Isles*, we read of the field of Bannockburn with clenched hands and fiery spirits, as if the English were still our enemies, and we were victorious over their invading king. There is not much of all this in any modern poetry but his own; and therefore it is, that, independently of all his other manifold excellencies, we glory in him as the great modern National Poet of Scotland,—in whom old times revive,—whose Poetry prevents History from becoming that which, in times of excessive refinement, it is often too apt to become—a dead letter,—and keeps the animating and heroic spectacles of the past moving brightly across our everyday world, and flashing out from them a kindling power over the actions and characters of our own age.

Byron is in all respects the very opposite of Scott. He never dreams of wholly giving up his mind to the influence of the actions of men, or the events of history. He lets the world roll on, and eyes its wide-weltering and tumultuous waves—even the calamitous shipwrecks that strew its darkness—with a stern, and sometimes even a pitiless misanthropy. He cannot sympathise with the ordinary joys or sorrows of humanity, even though intense and overpowering. They must live and work in intellect and by intellect, before they seem worthy of the sympathy of his inpenetrable soul. His idea of man, in the abstract, is boundless and magnificent; but of men, as individuals, he thinks with derision and con-

tempt. Hence he is in one stanza a sublime moralist, elevated and transported by the dignity of human nature; in the next a paltry satirist, sneering at its meanness. Hence he is unwilling to yield love or reverence to anything that has yet life; for life seems to sink the little that is noble into the degradation of the much that is vile. The dead, and the dead only, are the objects of his reverence or his love; for death separates the dead from all connection, all intimacy with the living; and the memories of the great or good alone live in the past, which is a world of ashes. Byron looks back to the tombs of those great men "that stand in assured rest;" and gazing, as it were, on the bones of a more gigantic race, his imagination then teems with corresponding births, and he holds converse with the mighty in language worthy to be heard by the spirits of the mighty. It is in this contrast between his august conceptions of man, and his contemptuous opinion of men, that much of the almost incomprehensible charm, and power, and enchantment of his Poetry exists. We feel ourselves alternately sunk and elevated, as if the hand of an invisible being had command over us. At one time we are a little lower than the angels; in another, but little higher than the worms. We feel that our elevation and our disgrace are alike the lot of our nature; and hence the Poetry of Byron, as we before remarked, is read as a dark, but still a divine revelation.

If Byron be altogether unlike Scott, Wordsworth is yet more unlike Byron. With all the great and essential faculties of the Poet, he possesses the calm and self-commanding powers of the Philosopher. He looks over human life with a steady and serene eye; he listens with a fine ear "to the still sad music of humanity." His faith is unshaken in the prevalence of virtue over vice, and of happiness over misery; and in the existence of a heavenly law operating on earth, and, in spite of transitory defeats, always visibly triumphant in the grand field of human warfare. Hence he looks over the world of life, and man, with a sublime benignity; and hence, delighting in all the gracious dispensations of God, his great mind can wholly deliver itself up to the love of a flower budding in the field, or of a child asleep in its cradle; nor, in doing so, feels that Poetry can be said to stoop or to descend, much less to be degraded, when she embodies, in words of

music, the purest and most delightful fancies and affections of the human heart. This love of the nature to which he belongs, and which is in him the fruit of wisdom and experience, gives to all his Poetry a very peculiar, a very endearing, and, at the same time, a very lofty character. His Poetry is little coloured by the artificial distinctions of society. In his delineations of passion or character, he is not so much guided by the varieties produced by customs, institutions, professions, or modes of life, as by those great elementary laws of our nature which are unchangeable and the same; and therefore the pathos and the truth of his most felicitous Poetry are more profound than of any other, not unlike the most touching and beautiful passages in the Sacred Page. The same spirit of love, and benignity, and ethereal purity, which breathes over all his pictures of the virtues and the happiness of man, pervades those too of external nature. Indeed, all the Poets of the age,—and none can dispute that they must likewise be the best Critics,—have given up to him the palm in that Poetry which commerces with the forms, and hues, and odours, and sounds, of the material world. He has brightened the earth we inhabit to our eyes; he has made it more musical to our ears; he has rendered it more creative to our imaginations.

We are well aware, that what we have now written of Wordsworth is not the opinion entertained of his genius in Scotland, where, we believe, his Poetry is scarcely known, except by the extracts from it, and criticisms upon it, in the *Edinburgh Review*. But in England his reputation is high,—indeed among many of the very best judges, the highest of all our living Poets; and it is our intention, in this and some other articles, to give our readers an opportunity of judging for themselves whether he is or is not a great Poet. This they will best be enabled to do by fair and full critiques on all his principal Poems, and by full and copious quotations from them, selected in an admiring but impartial spirit. We purpose to enter, after this has been done, at some length into the peculiarities of his system and of his genius, which we humbly conceive we have studied with more care, and, we fear not to say, with more knowledge and to better purpose, than any writer in the *Edinburgh Review*. Indeed, the general conviction of those whose opinions are good for anything

on the subject of Poetry is, that, however excellent many of the detached remarks on particular passages may be, scarcely one syllable of truth—that is, of knowledge—has ever appeared in the *Edinburgh Review* on the general principles of Wordsworth's Poetry, or, as it has been somewhat vaguely, and not very philosophically, called, the Lake School of Poetry. We quarrel with no critic for his mere critical opinions; and in the disquisitions which, ere long, we shall enter into on this subject, we shall discuss all disputed points with perfect amenity, and even amity, towards those who, *toto cælo*, dissent from our views. There is by far too much wrangling and jangling in our periodical criticism. Every critic, nowadays, raises his bristles, as if he were afraid of being thought too tame and good-natured. There is a want of genial feeling in professional judges of Poetry; and this want is not always supplied by a deep knowledge of the laws. For our own parts, we intend at all times to write of great living Poets in the same spirit of love and reverence with which it is natural to regard the dead and the sanctified; and this is the only spirit in which a critic can write of his contemporaries without frequent dogmatism, presumption, and injustice.[1]

Two things may be chiefly observed in Mr Wordsworth's poetry; namely, first, an attempt to awaken in the minds of his countrymen, certain *lumières* which they do not generally possess, and certain convictions of moral laws existing silently in the universe, and actually modifying events, in opposition to more palpable causes, in a manner similar to what is said to be taught by the philosophy of the Hindoos; and, secondly, a thorough knowledge of all the beauties of the human affections, and of their mutual harmonies and dependencies. In both of these things he has scarcely had any precursors, either among the poets or philosophers of his country. Some traces of the convictions above alluded to, may be found in Spenser, and some fainter traces in Milton; whose turn of genius was decisively ascertained by the circumstance of his greater success in handling a subject, taken from the historical parts of the Old Testament, than one from the Christian Gospel. As for those who came after Milton, scarcely anything above the level of actual existence appears in their writings; and, upon the whole it would seem that the kind of

[1] July 1818.

sublimity with which the English have always been chiefly delighted, consists merely in an exhibition of the strength of the human energies, which, in our most esteemed poems and plays, are frequently not even elevated by self-devotion; witness Coriolanus, Richard the Third, Satan in *Paradise Lost*, the Giaours and Corsairs, &c. of modern days. In these pieces, elements of human nature, which are by no means of the highest kind, are represented boiling and foaming with great noise, and their turbidity is falsely taken for the highest kind of nobleness and magnificence.

Mr Wordsworth has not followed out the national spirit in this, but has turned off into a totally different sphere of reflection, from whence no kind of strength appears great, because all strength is limited, and cannot appear sublime, if contrasted with strength a single degree above it. His contemplative Platonism searches for some image of perfection to admire, and perceives that the beauty of no limited being can consist in strength, but in its conformity to the moral harmony of the universe. Hence he can see no greatness in the movements of the mind, if they tend to no higher object than self-aggrandisement, which has ever its bounds that make it appear little; and, therefore, those objects, which appear to him endowed with poetical beauty, are often such as appear homely to the eyes of others who measure them by a different standard. The small admiration he entertains for the undisciplined energies of human nature leads him to a somewhat contemptuous estimation of active life, even when conduct is submitted to the restraints of morality. He thinks little has been done for the mind, unless those internal movements, also, which are without result in action, have been tuned into beauty and regularity, and a complete balance and subordination established among the feelings by dint of long-continued meditation. On this subject his ideas cannot fail to recall to remembrance those Indian doctrines, which taught that the first step towards the perception of high moral truth, was the establishment of a certain stillness and equability within the mind. But Mr Wordsworth should have proposed these Braminical notions elsewhere; for they are totally at variance with the stirring and tumultuous spirit of England. No philosophy or religion, purely contemplative, has ever taken a strong hold of the English mind; and no set of English devotees, however

much they professed to be dead to the world, have been able to keep their hands out of temporal affairs. They have always found something that called for their interference, and have exchanged the pleasures of abstract contemplation for the zeal of partisanship. Mr Wordsworth seems averse to active life, chiefly because he is afraid of losing sight of impressions which are only to be arrived at in the stillness of contemplation; and because he sees a risk, that the lower and coarser feelings being stirred into activity, amidst the bustle, may lose their subordination, and rise up so as to obscure the bright ideal image of human nature, which he would wish to retain always before him. Notions like these, however, must always appear ridiculous to the majority in England, where life is estimated as it produces external good or mischief. But, although Mr Wordsworth's ideas have not met with a very flattering reception, he seems no way blind to the manly integrity and substantial excellences of character that adorn his country, and which have so deep a root there, that, as Madame de Staël observes, they have never ceased to flourish, even under the influence of speculative opinions which would have withered them up elsewhere. Indeed, the moral speculations of England have been very much a separate pastime of the understanding, which began and ended there, without ever drawing a single reflection from the depths of human nature. A remarkable trait in the history of our philosophy is, that Christianity has been as it were transposed by Paley into a more familiar key, and adapted throughout to the theory of utility; so that David Hume himself might almost play an accompaniment to it. And Paley has obtained a great deal of credit for the performance of this good office to his countrymen.

One of the causes which have prevented Mr Wordsworth's writings from becoming popular, is, that he does not confine himself, like most other poets, to the task of representing poetical objects, or of moving our sympathies, but, also, proposes and maintains a system of philosophical opinions. In most of his poems, and in *The Excursion* especially, he scarcely makes poetry for its own sake, but chiefly as a vehicle for his doctrines, and the spirit of these doctrines is, unfortunately for his success, at variance with the philosophy at present most fashionable in this country. Although possessed of the

requisite genius, he does not seem to care for composing poems, adapted to the exclusive purpose of taking hold of the feelings of the people; and, among the philosophers, he is rejected, because he holds a different language from them. Besides, the habits of thought, in which he chiefly delights, are not calculated to produce that strength and vividness of diction which must ever constitute one of the chief attractions of poetry. Imagination seems insufficient of itself to produce diction always nervous and poetical, without the aid of human passion and worldly observation. It is from these that the greatest poignancy of words must spring. As for the saltness of sagacity and wit, Mr Wordsworth looks down upon it as a profane thing, and is well entitled to do so. If he were to descend into so low a region as that of jesting, he would probably succeed no better than old David Deans did, when he attempted a joke at his daughter's marriage dinner. But, as Mr Wordsworth never jests, so his writings, perhaps, have some claim to be exempted from the pleasantries of others; which, indeed, can scarcely be directed with much success or effect against a person who faces ridicule so systematically, and who has always counted upon it beforehand.

Mr Wordsworth has been thought to have more affinity to Milton than any other poet. If this is the case, the affinity is rather in manner than in substance. Milton has no idealism, not even in the *Paradise Regained*, where there was most scope for it. His poetry is, for the most part, quite literal; and the objects he describes have all a certain definiteness and individuality which separates them from the infinite. He has often endeavoured to present images, where everything should have been lost in sentiment. It is generally agreed, that among the most successful parts of *Paradise Lost*, are those which represent the character of the fallen angel; and yet these sublime and tragical soliloquies are founded chiefly on personal feeling; which, although it may be made a source of consummate pathos and dramatic beauty, is certainly not the region of the human mind from whence the highest possible impressions are to be drawn. Terrible acts of divine power, and, on the other hand, force of will, and obdurate pride in the rebel spirits, are the highest moral elements exhibited; but if we look to what composes some of the finest passages in Wordsworth, we shall be inclined (theoretically at least) to prefer

them to the best of Milton, as conveying more exalted meaning, whether the poetical merit of the vehicle be equal or not. The sublimity drawn from terror, collision, tumult, or discord of any kind, has always the disadvantage of being transient; and, therefore, cannot be considered as equal to those openings into immutable brightness and harmony, which are sometimes to be met with in Wordsworth. One beauty cannot fail to strike the reader of his poetry; and that is, the perfect homogeneousness of its spirit. A systematic correspondence pervades the whole, so that the perusal of one piece frequently leads the reader's own mind into a tract of thought, which is afterwards found to be developed by the poet himself, in some other performance. The defects of his poetry originate in the same system of thought which produces its beauties. They are not the result of casual whims, or imperfections of taste. Certain great convictions of sentiment have so completely pervaded his mind, as to produce a degree of consistency in all its emanations, that we vainly look for in works founded upon observation. It is remarkable that even the external characteristics of his poetry are similar to what we are told an analogous turn of internal thought anciently produced among the Hindoos. "From the descriptive poems of the Indians," says Schlegel, in his lectures on the history of literature, "we must seek to gather what influence those opinions had on human life and all its relations and feelings; what sort of poetry, and what sort of feeling of the lovely and beautiful, were produced among the Indians by the adoption of ideas to us so foreign and unaccountable. The first things which strike us in the Indian poetry are, that tender feeling of solitude, and the all-animated world of plants, which is so engagingly represented in the dramatic poetry of the Sokuntola; and those charming pictures of female truth and constancy, as well as of the beauty and loveliness of infantine nature, which are still more conspicuous in the older epic version of the same Indian legend. Neither can we observe, without wonder and admiration, that depth of moral feeling with which the poet styles conscience 'the solitary seer in the heart, from whose eye nothing is hid,' and which leads him to represent sin as something so incapable of concealment, that every transgression is not only known to conscience, and all the gods, but felt with a sympathetic shudder by those elements themselves which we call inanimate,

by the sun, the moon, the fire, the air, the heaven, the earth, the flood, and the deep, as a crying outrage against nature, and a derangement of the universe."

Whoever wishes to understand Mr Wordsworth's philosophical opinions, will find them developed in their most perfect form in *The Excursion;* but those who wish to judge merely how far he possesses the powers commonly called poetical, will do best to read his *Lyrical Ballads*, and smaller Poems, where pathos, imagination, and knowledge of human nature, are often presented by themselves, without any obtrusive or argumentative reference to a system. At the same time, the reverential awe, and the far-extended sympathy with which he looks upon the whole system of existing things, and the silent moral connections which he supposes to exist among them, are visible throughout all his writings. He tunes his mind to nature almost with a feeling of religious obligation; and where others behold only beautiful colours, making their appearance according to optical laws, or feel pleasant physical sensations resulting from a pure atmosphere, or from the odoriferous exhalations of herbage, or enjoy the pleasure of measuring an extended prospect as an amusement for the eye, this poet (whether justly or not) thinks he traces something more in the spectacle than the mere reflection of his own feelings, painted upon external objects, by means of the association of ideas; or, at least, seems to consider what we then behold as the instantaneous creation of the mind.

> "Oh then what soul was his, when on the tops
> Of the high mountains, he beheld the sun
> Rise up, and bathe the world in light! He looked—
> Ocean and earth, the solid frame of earth,
> And ocean's liquid mass beneath him lay
> In gladness and deep joy. The clouds were touched,
> And in their silent faces did he read
> Unutterable love. Sound needed none,
> Nor any voice of joy. His spirit drank
> The spectacle; sensation, soul, and form,
> All melted into him; they swallowed up
> His animal being.—
> "All things there
> Breathed immortality; revolving life
> And greatness still revolving; infinite;
> There littleness was not; the least of things
> Seemed infinite; and there his spirit shaped
> Her prospects, nor did he believe; he saw."

The relation which the consideration of moral pain or deformity bears to this far-extended sympathy with the universe, is alluded to in another passage of *The Excursion.*

> "My friend, enough to sorrow you have given;
> The purposes of wisdom ask no more;
> Be wise and cheerful; and no longer read
> The forms of things with an unworthy eye.
> She[1] sleeps in the calm earth, and peace is there.
> I well remember that those very plumes,
> Those weeds, and the high spear-grass on that wall,
> By mist and silent rain-drops silver'd o'er,
> As once I passed, did to my heart convey
> So still an image of tranquillity,
> So calm and still, and looked so beautiful,
> Amid the uneasy thoughts that filled my mind,
> That what we feel of sorrow and despair,
> From ruin and from change, and all the grief
> The passing shows of being leave behind,
> Appeared an idle dream, that could not live
> Where meditation was."

Notions like those of Mr Wordsworth are evidently suited only to a life purely contemplative; but that universality of spirit, which becomes true philosophy, should forbid, in persons of different habits, any blind or sudden condemnation of them. No individual can say what are all the internal suggestions of the human faculties, unless he has varied his mode of existence sufficiently to afford fit opportunities for their development.—The facts of consciousness are admitted to be as much facts as those of the senses; but, at the same time, we cannot get individuals to agree what they are, and, while things remain in this state of uncertainty, the first duty is certainly that of liberality of mind.

Wordsworth's habit of dwelling as much upon the rest of the universe as upon man, has given his poetry an air of greater joyfulness and sunshine than it could have possessed if human life had been his more constant theme. He turns with ever new delight to objects which exhibit none of the harshness and discrepancy of the human world.

> "The blackbird on the summer trees,
> The lark upon the hill,
> Let loose their carols when they please,
> Are quiet when they will.

[1] One who had died of a broken heart.

With nature do they never wage
A foolish strife; they see
A happy youth, and their old age
Is beautiful and free."

"Down to the vale this water steers,
How merrily it goes,
'Twill murmur on a thousand years,
And flow as now it flows."

When he does turn his attention upon life, we find always the most beautiful echoes of Christian tenderness and sorrow. In an elegy, suggested by a picture representing a storm, he alludes to the bitter recollection of a domestic loss which had befallen him, and is pleased to see the image of pain reflected in external nature.

"Oh 'tis a passionate work! yet wise and well;
Well chosen is the spirit that is here;
That hulk that labours in the deadly swell,
This rueful sky, the pageantry of fear.
And this huge castle, standing here sublime,
I love to see the look with which it braves,
Cased in the unfeeling armour of old time,
The lightning, the fierce wind, and trampling waves.
Farewell, farewell the heart that lives alone,
Housed in a dream, at distance from the kind;
Such happiness, wherever it is known,
Is to be pitied: for 'tis surely blind.
But welcome fortitude, and patient cheer,
And frequent sights of what is to be born,
Such sights, or worse, as are before me here.—
Not without hope we suffer and we mourn."

Surely nothing can be finer than this. It is impressed with the true character of that kind of social sentiment, which is drawn from a source not liable to fail. In his sonnets, we see what form citizenship is made to assume, when growing up in contiguity with the other habits of mind cultivated by Wordsworth. How these compositions, so pregnant with feeling and reflection, upon the most interesting topics, should not have been more generally known, is a problem difficult to be solved. The following is one of them, containing reflections on the moral effects of slavery.

"There is a bondage which is worse to bear
Than his who breathes, by roof, and floor, and wall,
Pent in, a Tyrant's solitary Thrall:

'Tis his who walks about in the open air,
One of a Nation who, henceforth must wear
Their fetters in their Souls. For who could be,
Who, even the best, in such condition, free
From self-reproach, reproach which he must share
With Human Nature? Never be it ours
To see the Sun how brightly it will shine,
And know that noble Feelings, manly Powers,
Instead of gathering strength must droop and pine,
And Earth with all her pleasant fruits and flowers
Fade, and participate in Man's decline."

Wordsworth is a man of high intellect and profound sensibility, meditating in solitude on the phenomena of human nature. He sometimes seems to our imagination like a man contemplating from the shore the terrors of the sea, not surely with apathy, but with a solemn and almost unimpassioned sense of the awful mysteries of Providence. This seeming self-abstraction from the turmoil of life gives to his highest poetry a still and religious character that is truly sublime—though, at the same time, it often leads to a sort of mysticism, and carries the poet out of those sympathies which are engendered in human hearts by a sense of our common imperfections. Perhaps it would not be wrong to say, that his creed is sometimes too austere, and that it deals, almost unmercifully, with misguided sensibilities and perverted passions. Such, at least, is a feeling that occasionally steals upon us from the loftiest passages of *The Excursion*, in which the poet, desirous of soaring to heaven, forgets that he is a frail child of earth, and would in vain free his human nature from those essential passions, which, in the pride of intellect, he seems unduly to despise!

But the sentiment which we have now very imperfectly expressed, refers almost entirely to the higher morals of *The Excursion*, and has little or no respect to that poetry of Wordsworth in which he has painted the character and life of certain classes of the English People. True, that he stands to a certain degree aloof from the subjects of his description, but he ever looks on them all with tenderness and benignity. Their cares and anxieties are indeed not his own, and therefore, in painting them, he does not, like Burns, identify himself with the creatures of his poetry. But, at the same time, he graciously and humanely descends into the lowliest walks

of life—and knowing that humanity is sacred, he views its spirit with reverence. Though far above the beings whose nature he delineates, he yet comes down in his wisdom to their humble level, and strives to cherish that spirit

> "Which gives to all the same intent,
> When life is pure and innocent."

The natural disposition of his mind inclines him to dwell rather on the mild, gentle, and benignant affections, than on the more agitating passions. Indeed, in almost all cases, the passions of his agents subside into affections—and a feeling of tranquillity and repose is breathed from his saddest pictures of human sorrow. It seems to be part of his creed, that neither vice nor misery should be allowed, in the representations of the poet, to stand prominently and permanently forward, and that poetry should give a true but a beautiful reflection of life. Certain it is, that of all the poets of this age, or perhaps any age, Wordsworth holds the most cheering and consolatory faith—and that we at all times rise from his poetry, not only with an abatement of those fears and perplexities which the dark aspect of the world often flings over our hearts, but almost with a scorn of the impotence of grief, and certainly with a confiding trust in the perfect goodness of the Deity. We would appeal, for the truth of these remarks, to all who have studied the Two Books of *The Excursion* entitled, "The Churchyard among the Mountains." There, in narrating the history of the humble dead, Wordsworth does not fear to speak of their frailties, their errors, and their woes. It is indeed beautifully characteristic of the benignant wisdom of the man, that when he undertakes the task of laying open the hearts of his fellow mortals, he prefers the dead to the living, because he is willing that erring humanity should enjoy the privilege of the grave, and that his own soul should be filled with that charity which is breathed from the silence of the house of God. It is needless to say with what profound pathos the poet speaks of life thus surrounded with the images of death—how more beautiful beauty rises from the grave—how more quietly innocence seems there to slumber—and how awful is the rest of guilt.

For our own parts, we believe that Wordsworth's genius has had a greater influence on the spirit of poetry in Britain,

than was ever before exercised by any individual mind. He was the first man who impregnated all his descriptions of external nature with sentiment or passion. In this he has been followed—often successfully—by other true poets. He was the first man that vindicated the native dignity of human nature, by showing that all her elementary feelings were capable of poetry—and in that too he has been followed by other true Poets, although here he stands, and probably ever will stand, unapproached. He was the first man that stripped thought and passion of all vain or foolish disguises, and showed them in their just proportions and unencumbered power. He was the first man who in poetry knew the real province of language, and suffered it not to veil the meanings of the spirit. In all these things,—and in many more,—Wordsworth is indisputably the most ORIGINAL POET OF THE AGE; and it is impossible, in the very nature of things, that he ever can be eclipsed. From his golden urn other orbs may draw light; but still it will be said of him—

> ——— "Then shone the firmament
> With living sapphires. HESPERUS, WHO LED
> THE STARRY HOST, RODE BRIGHTEST."

Accordingly, what living poet is not indebted to Wordsworth? No two minds can be imagined, for example, more unlike each other, than his and Sir Walter Scott's; and yet many of the most beautiful passages of the Mighty Minstrel, wherein he speaks not of knights, squires, and steeds, but of himself perhaps, or of other men, living or dying in a peaceful world, are manifestly coloured and inspirited by the light and soul of the Genius of the Lakes. And not a few of the most touching and pathetic conceptions in his glorious Novels we owe to the same source. A few beautiful Wordsworthian verses, quoted at the heads of chapters, show to the skilful eye how the genius of one man may kindle that of another, though cast by prodigal Nature in very different moulds, and animated in general by a very different spirit. The two last cantos of Childe Harold, although sufficiently original to place Lord Byron in the first rank of genius, are in many places absolutely written, it may be said, by Wordsworth. He it was that taught Byron how to look on a mountain, and how to listen to a cataract or the sea. Here, with slight alteration, we may venture to use the language of Milton:—

———"To nobler sights
Michael from Adam's eyes the film removed,
Which that false fruit, that promised clearer light,
Had bred; then purged with euphrasy and rue
The visual nerve, *for he had much to see;*
And from the well of life three drops instill'd—
So deep the power of these ingredients pierced,
Even to the inmost seat of mental light!"

These are the other two great Poets of the Trio; but every other living poet of any eminence, without one single exception, owes much of his power or inspiration to Wordsworth. Coleridge—Southey—even Campbell—lately Crabbe—Bowles, who by nature has much of Wordsworth's pure sentiment—nay Moore, with all his false feeling and meretricious ornament—Rogers, with his puny elegance—Wilson—Hunt—Milman—Montgomery—&c. &c. &c. &c. &c., all are indebted to Wordsworth, to a prodigious extent, indeed far more than they can ever repay. But such debts are honourable to them—at least as long as they are gratefully acknowledged and proclaimed; and we mention them now not to their disparagement, but simply as a fact regarding the poetical character of the age.

The objects which Mr Wordsworth had in view in the composition of his *Ecclesiastical Sketches*, will best appear in his own words:

During the month of December 1820, I accompanied a much-loved and honoured friend in a walk through different parts of his estate, with a view to fix upon the site of a new church which he intended to erect. It was one of the most beautiful mornings of a mild season,—our feelings were in harmony with the cherishing influences of the scene; and, such being our purpose, we were naturally led to look back upon past events with wonder and gratitude, and on the future with hope. Not long afterwards, some of the Sonnets which will be found towards the close of this series, were produced as a private memorial of that morning's occupation.

The Catholic Question, which was agitated in Parliament about that time, kept my thoughts in the same course; and it struck me that certain points in the Ecclesiastical History of our Country might advantageously be presented to view in verse. Accordingly, I took up the subject, and what I now offer to the reader was the result.

These fine Sketches are divided into three parts:—the first embraces many interesting topics, from the introduction of Christianity into Britain to the consummation of the Papal dominion; the second, from the close of the troubles in the reign of Charles the First; and the third, from the Restoration

to the present times. Mr Wordsworth, with a fine philosophic eye, fixes on those incidents, events, actions, and characters, which were most influential for good or evil on the religious state of England, down through those long and various ages. And in the form of Sonnets, he gives expression to his thoughts or feelings, so that there is hardly one subject of magnitude in the ecclesiastical history of England on which we do not find a thought that breathes or a word that burns. It is obvious that no one regular connected poem could have been written on so vast a subject. But although each Sonnet, according to the law of that kind of composition, is in itself a whole, yet frequently two or three of the Series are beautifully connected and blended together, so as to read like connected stanzas of one poem. And indeed when the whole series—all its three parts—is perused, the effect is magnificent, and great events, and deeds, and minds, seem to have been passing processionally before us over the floor of an enchanted stage. Mr Wordsworth's mind is familiar with all these as with matters of to-day, and therefore he speaks of them all as of things known and felt by every man of liberal education. He flings a beam of light on some transaction dark in antiquity, and it rises up for a moment before us—he raises the coffin-lid in some old vault, and we behold the still face of one formerly great or wise on earth—he rebuilds, as with a magic wand, the holy edifice that for centuries has lain in ruins—monks and nuns walk once more in the open sunlight, and all the fading or faded pageantries of faith reappear and vanish in melancholy and sublime mutation.

The sentiments and feelings that embalm all these fine Compositions, are peculiarly important at the present day. It is thus that Christianity, and great Establishments for the preservation of its doctrines pure and unsullied, ought to be thought of in the meditative mind of genius. In those beautiful sketches we see the power of religion—true or false—working to effect the elevation or the overthrow of the human soul. We see, in short but impressive glimpses, the history of our forefathers remembering or forgetting God, and how their empire was great on earth, as their spirit aspired to heaven. The ecclesiastical picture reveals political truth; and never was the alliance between church and state so philosophically illustrated as by this prevailing poet. Contrast

those benign, solemn, and pious breathings of one of the noblest spirits of the age, with the heartless, arrogant, and blasphemous ravings of those disturbers of the clear waters of the well of life, whose cause, when they were suffering under the just infliction of the law misnamed persecution, too many who might have known better have been found to espouse; and with what a divine lustre shines forth the countenance and the figure of Faith! Here we see the highest intellect bowing down in reverence and adoration before the spirit of Christianity—the most splendid imagination overpowered by its sanctities, whether sleeping silently in the dark depths of bosoms agitated by mortal hope and fear, or embodied, to outward eyes, in beautiful or magnificent rites. Here we see that genius can conceive no image so august, no emotion so affecting, as those that rise up at the feet of the altar. And even the enthusiast of nature, who has followed Wordsworth through his woods and valleys—across his lakes and meres, and over his own cliffs and mountains, "haunted as by a passion," by images of beauty, must have felt, as he finished the perusal of these *Ecclesiastical Sketches*, that a profounder pathos and sublimer interest lie among the ruined walls of old religious houses, and round the yet undecaying temples of the living God, than can be ever found in the solitude of the great hills; for the shadows that fall there and the echoes that are heard, are all spiritual; the creature is brought nearer to the Creator, and the communion is felt to be more divine.

But, beautiful and majestic as these *Ecclesiastical Sketches* must be felt to be by all capable of feeling poetry, their full power can be known only by those who are familiar with Mr Wordsworth's Sonnets dedicated to Liberty. In these he unfolds the true principles of national greatness in the kingdoms of Christendom. He shows how thrones are supported, and by what fatalities they are laid prostrate. His mind is not darkened by the veil of the present; but it penetrates, through gloom or glitter, into the vital spirit of human power; and if there be a speck of decay or disease there, his eye discerns it, and he gives warning of dissolution. He shows how virtue, religion, independence, and freedom, are the ministers of morality, and that the science of politics is simple to the wise and good. He sees final abasement in the temporary triumphs of the wicked, and when all is wrapt in mist

and sleet, and howling darkness, he beholds the reappearing of the mountain-tops. Nor does he deal, in that splendid series of sonnets, with mere stately generalities—but he grasps the truth as it has been shown on the stage of real life, either in joyful events, or terrible catastrophes, in the sunshine of smiles or in showers of blood. The poet of the peaceful vale has not feared to walk among moral earthquakes; revolution and anarchy have been food for his meditations, and in his boldest language he has called "Carnage the Daughter of the Lord." We never read these compositions without thinking of these fine verses of Cowper,—

> "A terrible sagacity informs
> The poet's heart; he looks to distant storms,
> He hears the thunder ere the tempest roar,
> The billow ere it breaks upon the shore."

These Sonnets of Wordsworth have been compared with those of Milton; and Mr Jeffrey has said, that Milton's are as far superior to them as they themselves are superior to all other English Sonnets. The critic could have said this only with the vain hope of mortifying the poet—for he cannot think so. But it is easy to overshadow living merit by some mighty name from the dead.—Milton's sonnets furnished a model to Wordsworth; but he has far surpassed his model both in thought and expression. A few of Milton's sonnets are exceedingly fine; but even these owe much of their power over our minds to ideas and feelings associated with his personal character and high and unhappy destiny. In future times, Wordsworth's will be read with somewhat similar emotions; for although his own existence has been tranquil, aloof from all agitating public affairs, and unconnected with the goings-on of governments, yet his spirit has been often among them as vividly and energetically as Milton's own; and the whole heart and soul of his poetry has been poured over human life, to ameliorate and dignify it, to expose error and delusion stript of all their pretences, and to show the foundations of all true national greatness. Independently of all such personal associations, Wordsworth's sonnets, we repeat it, are infinitely superior to Milton's. They embrace a wide and various range—and of themselves constitute a great Work. Considered as to composition merely, they are per-

fect;—the music flows on like a stream, or rolls like a river, or expands like the sea, according as the thought is beautiful, or majestic, or sublime; and often as the soul listens to the harmony, swelling and deepening to a close, it is as if

> "Through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault,
> The pealing anthem swell'd the note of praise."

The *Memorials of a Tour on the Continent in* 1820, is perhaps, on the whole, a still more delightful volume than *The Ecclesiastical Sketches*. It is certainly more likely to be popular, for it deals in more familiar matter of human interest.

> "In pure religion, breathing household laws."

In a foreign land even the dullest soul is inspired; the internal senses are enlightened; and ordinary intellects understand more important truths. The inner man is aroused from his torpor, and exults in new-born energy. Proofs of this are visible in the journals of the least gifted travellers; and there are few books of the kind in which gleams of tenderness or fancy do not occasionally play over the surface of the leaden or brazen page. But when a true and great poet leaves his fatherland, and carries his spirit into other realms, he alights there, as it were like an untired eagle, and with a keen bright eye sees far and wide through the atmosphere. One of our greatest poets has been one of our greatest travellers, perhaps too much so, for Byron has often forgotten, and often misremembered, his native country. But Wordsworth takes with him his household gods, his Lares and Penates, into other climes; and he never long loses from his vision the mountains, and the temples, and the cottages of his own beloved England. He is no discontented politician, scanning the institutions of his own great and free country with a distorted and jaundiced eye, and seeking to delude himself and others into the belief that "we who are sprung of the earth's first blood," and have "titles manifold," need beg, borrow, or steal anything from the nations of the Continent. The soil of his mind is English — and every tree of the forest, and every flower of the field, can grow there, beautiful in bloom, or magnificent in umbrage. Wordsworth never compromises the dignity of his own character, or of that of his country, in the delight breathed upon him by the scenic or social charms of a

foreign land. He holds fast his integrity, as Milton did of yore on his travels—and returns to his own house, and garden, and lake, the same high-minded and uncorrupted Englishman, "with his stainless banner white," as he left his native shores; having derived more new wisdom from the recollections of the past, of the greatness, and goodness, and glory of his own dead or living compatriots, than he did from the insight which, when abroad, he had given to him into the character and constitution of modern empires, and all their fluctuating population. "Why weeps the muse for England," is a thought that seems to arise in his mind whenever he indulges in a melancholy or foreboding dream, of the possibility of her decline or fall. His fears are but the passing shadows—his hopes are the steady light; and when the thick mist of a poet's apprehensions dissolves, the creations of his soul appear more pure, fair, and kindling, like a long wide vale from which the sun and breeze have cleared off the shrouding showers in a moment, or like a great metropolitan city, from whose structures the smoke has been driven by a strong healthful blast from the sea.

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